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THE

WORKS

Of the late

Reverend and Learned

Mr. *Joseph Stennett.*

VOL. IV.

Containing his POEMS, and LETTERS on various Subjects.

LONDON:
Printed in the YEAR M.DCC.XXXII.

To the Reverend

Mr. *Joseph Stennett*:

By JOSEPH COLLET, *Esq*; *Governour of* Bencolen, *in the* East-Indies.

York-Fort, Aug. 22, 1713.

I Early ſought to join the muſes train;
And gooſe-like, gabling, tho't my ſelf a ſwan;
Long idle hours to love of verſe betray'd:
That love a little ſooth'd, ſo ſtrong impreſſion made,
That now advanc'd in years, by cares poſſeſs'd,
And various kinds of urgent buſineſs preſs'd,
I ſtill the coy one court to be my gueſt.

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In vain! From court, and camp, and mart
ſhe flies,
To ſilent ſhades and ſacred privacies.
Your city bard ſhe viſits in his coach:
But mine, tho willing, ſhe could not approach;
By guards ſurrounded and a numerous train,
As on the ſands I drive, or o'er the plain.
When to the ſtreams or ſhady groves I bend
My ſteps, the needful troublers ſtill attend:
The deſart's peopled; and the gloomy ſhade,
By arms and colours is refulgent made.

I with regret, yet pleas'd, review the hours
To friendſhip ſacred, and celeſtial pow'rs;
When we far from the crowd retir'd have ſate,
On things ſublime engag'd in high debate.
My ſoul ſtill feels the manly eloquence,
The piercing force of truth, the nervous ſenſe,
With which you talk of virtue's charming
cauſe,
Religious bliſs, and nature's perfect laws,
Of love divine, and of obedience pure,
And faith that will the fiery teſt endure.
The ſong begins: the praiſes we rehearſe
Of God, and god-like men, in flowing verſe:
Alternate verſe the lofty theme ſuſtains;
The lofty theme ſupports th' alternate ſtrains.

The muſe grown warm exerts her utmoſt
force,
And ſtrains and ſtretches in the higher courſe:
But gently ſooth'd, I guide her to the plains:
She now begins her wanton rural ſtrains.

My

My homely ſeat, built on a riſing ground,
The cocoa, orange, and the lime ſurround.
The fragrant bloom and glowing fruit appear
Thro' all the months, and crown the circling year.
The verdant fields ſuſtain the ſmiling ſun
Unparch'd, his rays directly pouring down.
Moiſt dews by night ſupply the liquid ſtore;
And fountain nymphs around unwearied pour
From unexhauſted urns; their ſtreams are ſeen
On each ſide crown'd with everlaſting green.
To theſe my lowing kine returning home,
With ſtrutting udders ev'ry evening come:
There ſlake their thirſt; retreat thence with the light,
Quitting the plains where tygers range by night.
Then to my yard return the bleating dams,
With all their wanton kids and ſporting lambs;
A medly there of animals one ſees:
Hens, capons, ducks and doves, eagles and geeſe,
Hogs, dogs and monkies, red-coats and great guns:
A ſcene unuſual in your country towns.

Theſe chaſte delights relieve the active mind,
Whom weighty cares would elſe too ſtrictly bind:
Unbent ſhe with freſh vigour can purſue
Her daily taſk, and labours known renew.

But when, my friend! when will the day
ariſe,
Shall bleſs me with the ſight of native ſkies?
O when ſhall I repaſs the liquid main,
With reputation bleſt and mod'rate gain?
When ſee my offspring, or their deſtin'd race?
Or when be lodg'd within thy ſtrict embrace?

Joſeph Collet.

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A POEM *to the memory of the Reverend Mr.* Joſeph Stennett.

By JOHN QUINCY, *M. D.*

TO mourn the loſs of a departed friend;
To others his example to commend;
To raiſe thoſe actions eminently bright;
And draw his virtues in a proper light;
That growing ages may the ſcene live o'er,
And be that pattern he has been before:
For this has STENNETT's muſe employ'd her art,
With pious ſorrow touch'd each generous heart;
'Till ev'ry breaſt with emulation ſwells,
As the great loſs, with decent grief, ſhe tells.

By thee, oh STENNETT! *Cruſo* yet ſurvives;
And *Taylor*, in thy verſe inſtructive lives.
Their bright examples ſtill our boſoms warm;
And ſhew in every grace its proper charm.

Religion here appears a heavenly thing ;
And firmeſt joys from conſcious virtue ſpring.
Thy country too, (ſuch was thy tuneful ſkill)
In manly verſe enjoys her NASSAU ſtill :
In him the ſoldier and the patriot views,
And thro' each ſcene his glorious life purſues.
Urg'd by th' ungrateful, who their harps unſtrung,
Thou could'ſt not ſee that glorious theme unſung :
The ſtrings were touch'd by thy harmonious hand,
And airs divine aroſe at thy command.

But who with equal ſkill thy worth ſhall raiſe,
Embalm thy name, and celebrate thy praiſe?
Who can with equal ſtrength and charms rehearſe
Thy matchleſs virtues, in becoming verſe ;
Tell o'er a life ſo eminently great ;
Thy wond'rous worth and pious cares repeat;
In proper order every action dreſs ;
And in each line ſome ſhining grace expreſs?

Oh ! *Collet*, had not heaven for unknown ends
Far call'd thee from thy country and thy friends ;
Thy STENNETT's hearſe ſhould ne'er go unadorn'd,
But with becoming ſolemn grief be mourn'd;

Thy

Thy ſelf would be harmonious in thy woe;
Thy ſorrow would in tuneful numbers flow;
Such tuneful numbers as did thee inſpire,
When firſt thy raviſh'd ſoul hung on his lyre;
And dwelling on this melancholy theme
Repay thoſe numbers which were learn'd from him.
If yet in burning climes and painful ſtrife
Of dangerous toils, heaven ſtill preſerves thy life;
When firſt thou hear'ſt the mournful ſtory told,
Start not —— but firmly keep thy hold
On that ſure hope that makes the virtuous bold.
As thou'rt a man, ſome ſilent tears will flow;
A groaning breaſt thy bitter ſorrow ſhow:
But yet! oh! yet, be moderate in thy woe.
Think ſtill thy country worthy thy return,
Worthy thy friends, who thy long abſence mourn.
Where ſhall the muſe begin her mournful tale,
And STENNETT in harmonious tears bewail?
How will ſhe trace the ſaint in ev'ry line?
And how the poet with the prophet join?
How will ſhe this advent'rous taſk purſue,
And in full luſtre the bright image ſhew?

In faithful lines his private virtues tell;
Say how in every part he did excel,
Regardful always of a heavenly end,
The warmeſt chriſtian, and the trueſt friend.

Tell o'er the parent in his pious care,
Happy in filial love, and filial fear:
The husband view thro' life's uneven way,
His faith, his truth, his constancy display.

Mourn him, ye friends, to whom he did impart
The free discoveries of an honest heart:
Who with him oft in sweetest converse join'd,
And from his clear ideas stor'd your mind.
Lament your loss, depriv'd of him below;
And in your tears unfeigned sorrow show.

Ye tender relicts, weep around his urn:
The best of friends, the best of fathers, mourn.
Your sure support, snatch'd from your early years,
Demands the tribute of your pious tears.

From hence pass o'er the too afflicting tale;
And in soft numbers next the bard bewail.
Religion only could his muse inspire,
And friendship's sacred warmth his bosom fire.
No pleasing flattery sooth'd the crimes of men,
Nor Pagan deities defil'd his pen:
But to his God and conscience ever true,
First justly thought, then did those thoughts pursue.
Oh! how our souls have on his numbers hung,
Unheeded, drawn by the inchanting song!

How

How juſt his thoughts appear; his turns how fine!
How bright his figures in deſcription ſhine!
In eaſy ſtrokes the pleaſing image lies,
And ſoft perſwaſions from his accents riſe.

But who can follow him with equal fire,
When his REDEEMER does his thoughts inſpire?
When he addreſſes his immortal king,
What tuneful notes the praiſeful tribute bring?
How does he on the pleaſing ſubject dwell,
And what he'as done for us in tranſport tell!
Who can purſue him in the gloomy way,
And trace his Saviour up to Golgotha?
View all the horrors in his boſom met,
While every pore diſcharg'd a bloody ſweat;
[a] *Deſerted by his friends, by one betray'd,*
And with a treacherous kiſs a captive made!
See the rocks rend by his expiring groans,
Whilſt the torn veil his ſacred prieſthood owns!
What heart ſo hard but muſt relenting lie;
What tears muſt flow from the diſſolving eye,
To ſee his God, to ſee his Saviour die?

Such was the poet; ſuch his charming voice;
And ſuch the ſubjects of his pious choice.
Such thoughts he lov'd; ſuch ſacred notes he ſung;
The ſofteſt poet, with the ſweeteſt tongue.

[a] *The lines in Italic, are borrow'd from Mr.* STENNETT's *own works.*

But

But now, my muſe, begin a nobler view;
Forſake the poet, and the ſaint purſue:
Trace him to Zion's hill, the mount of God,
And ſee the prophet in his work employ'd:
Tell how his mind was turn'd to finiſh'd ſenſe,
And how his words to ſtrongeſt eloquence.
How did he knowledge to the mind impart,
The firmeſt reaſon with the richeſt art;
Sublimeſt truths in eaſy words convey,
And ſacred wiſdom's force divine diſplay!
How ſwift our ſouls to pure religion move,
Drawn by the tidings of a Saviour's love?
His gentle words an eaſy paſſage find,
To calm the troubles of a wounded mind;
Lead the poor ſinner to the cleanſing flood,
And bathe his couſcience in redeeming blood.
How did he teach to curb each wild deſire,
And quench the kindling heat of lawleſs fire;
Tell us the bliſs that from right reaſon flows,
And the true joys of piety diſcloſe?
Struck and o'ercome by virtue's brighter charms,
We yield ourſelves to her all-conquering arms;
Body and ſoul to her juſt rules reſign,
And all our deeds conform to laws divine.

But we no more that charming voice ſhall hear;
No more the ſaint will in our ſtreets appear.

For

For ſuch a loſs how faſt our ſorrows grow ;
What floods of tears on ſuch occaſion flow ?
When ſuch a man of God, a prophet dies,
No vulgar grief ſhould wait his obſequies :
A common loſs for common ſorrow calls ;
A nation trembles when a prophet falls.

Ye little flock, whom oft your preacher warm'd,
(Whoſe ſouls exulted while his accents charm'd)
Where is your father, where your paſtor fled ?
What ſins have robb'd you of your reverend head ?
What crime could prayer of all its force diſarm,
And deafen heaven to her all-conquering charm ;
Whoſe cries have gates, and bars, and fetters broke,
And Lazarus in his ſilent tomb awoke ?

Oh wond'rous man ! whom haſt thou left behind ?
And where ſhall we the prophet's mantle find ?
Who has poſſeſſion of thy humble heart ?
To whom didſt thou thy holy ſkill impart ?

Where is that goodly look, inviting mein,
The juſt reſemblance of his ſoul within ?
Divine perſuaſions, with a heav'nly grace,
Dwelt on his lips, and pity on his face.

No

No preacher's accents ever did reveal
Such tender love, mixt with ſuch ardent zeal.
How did his words like heav'nly lightnings dart;
Scarce touch the body while they melt the heart!
That orator muſt ſurely be obey'd,
Whoſe mein is eloquent, whoſe looks perſwade;
Who with his own does others paſſions raiſe,
And to their breaſt his very ſoul conveys.

But now prepare thy farewel-tears to ſhed,
As thou draw'ſt near the confines of the dead:
Behold the chriſtian in the laſt great ſtrife;
Recount his actions on the cloſe of life;
Say how becoming he reſign'd his breath,
And calmly yielded to the ſtroke of death.

How Zion mourns! how hangs her widow'd head,
To ſee her envoy death's dark regions tread;
The gloomy vale from whence there's no return,
And where no more life's lambent flame will burn,
Where blackeſt night, without one glimpſe of day,
Does all its horrors to our thoughts diſplay.

The awakening *Piggott* firſt reſigns his breath,
Nor cou'd our prayers retard his early death;

Seiz'd

Seiz'd in his ſtrength of life, his work is done,
Call'd from his labours to poſſeſs his crown.

Oh! *Piggott*, little did we think thine end
Would ſoon be follow'd by thy deareſt friend.
Tho weighty cares employ'd his thoughtful breaſt,
And for thy loſs with deepeſt grief oppreſs'd;
Yet this he conquer'd, and with pious dread
Paid his laſt office to the reverend dead[b].
How did thy STENNETT tell thy bleſt abode!
How did he trace thee to the ſeat of God!
How charm our ſouls, and raiſe each ſtrong deſire,
And by his heav'n-born thoughts the mind inſpire!
Oh how the audience on his accents hung,
When thy bright memory employ'd his tongue!
In what tranſporting ſtrains did he ſet forth
Thy wond'rous goodneſs, and thy matchleſs worth!
But, oh! what agonies transfix'd each ſoul,
While down his cheeks the pious tears did roul,
When broken pauſes had untun'd his breath,
And interrupted accents ſpoke thy death!

Oh! may thy name for ever have a part
With thy dear friend in every grateful heart.
Had heav'n his precious life but longer ſpar'd,
For thee his tuneful notes he had prepar'd,

[b] *In his funeral ſermon.*

To

For thee had poured out the beſt perfume,
And ſcatter'd choiceſt odours o'er thy tomb:
But heav'n thought fit the prophet to remove,
From mourning here with us, to ſing with thee above.

See how the muſe avoids th' approaching pain,
And ſhifts inſenſibly the mournful ſcene;
In day-light fain would longer draw her breath,
And turns reluctant from the paths of death.
But 'tis decreed: and STENNETT now muſt fall
By that deſtructive hand that levels all.
Protracted ills weigh down the yielding frame,
And noxious vapours damp the vital flame:
Inſenſibly the conſtitution wears
With painful ſtudy, and aſſiduous cares:
The organs moſt employ'd, now firſt refuſe
Their wonted taſk, and vital functions loſe:
The lungs forget t'expire the ſtagnant air,
The ſpirits ceaſe to run their ſwift career:
The heart irregular begins to beat,
Nor warms the purple ſtreams with wonted heat:
Relaxed muſcles all the limbs unbrace;
And death erects his image in the face.

Ye ſolemn mourners, who his bed attend,
Take your laſt leave of your departing friend:
And as you weep, obſerve the awful ſtrife,
The dying groan, and the laſt tugg of life;

How

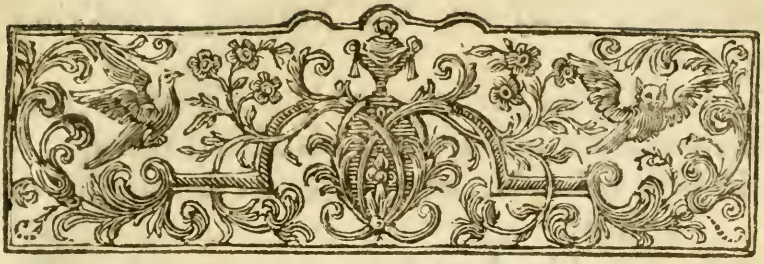
How the decaying fire but faintly burns,
Now ſeems to diſappear, and then returns;
Streaks o'er the features with a flatt'ring red,
Then quite forſakes them, ghaſtly, pale, and dead.
See how the ſoul ſtruggles to make her way
From long confinement, to her native day:
The heavenly proſpect opens to her ſight,
And airy miniſters ſuſtain her flight.
To keep the prophet here we ſtrove in vain,
His toils are finiſh'd, and diſſolv'd his chain:
To all the cares below he bids farewel,
And mounts the regions where juſt ſpirits dwell.

Bleſs'd man! who conquer'd all the ills below,
Bleſs'd in his God, ſhall laſting pleaſures know.
No more he grieves the churches mournful ſtate;
But views the various turnings of her fate:
He ſees how regular the winding turns,
Fir'd with th' approaching ſcene, in tranſport burns.

Reſt now, bleſs'd ſoul, ſecure from care and grief,
Till the laſt trump ſhall wake a world to life.
Then all the good thy works have wrought below,
In beauteous order God, thy God ſhall ſhow;
Thy

Thy pray'rs, thy tears, all for acceptance
preſs ;
And not one virtue fail of wiſh'd ſucceſs :
Then all whom thou to piety haſt form'd,
Thoſe ſouls, who firſt were by thy teaching
warm'd,
Whoſe hands were ſtrengthned by thy pious
care,
And feet deliver'd from the tempter's ſnare,
Shall give thee joys beyond our reach ſublime,
Joys only known by ſouls above the ſpheres
of time.

Stop here, my muſe, a too impetuous flight,
Leſt thou grow giddy with exceſſive height :
Too ſteep th' aſcent for infant wings to fly,
The view too diſtant for a mortal eye,
To leave earth, clouds, and air, and trace
the ſtarry ſky.
Oh ! who can point the place, who mark
the way
To thoſe bright manſions of eternal day,
Where no rude ſcenes the perfect peace annoy,
But endleſs praiſe and love the mind employ ;
Where rich unmingled joys the ſoul will
know,
Which in one conſtant courſe, without ceſ-
ſation flow.



On the DEATH *of the Reverend Mr.* Joſeph Stennett.

By JONATHAN BLENMAN *Eſq;*
Attorney-general of Barbadoes.

FOrgive, bleſs'd ſaint, forgive th' aſpiring muſe,
Whoſe ready will unequal paths purſues.
I, like the mournful lover, fly to verſe,
And eaſe my mind, whilſt I thy charms rehearſe.
But ah! what ſighs does the reflection bring;
Not what thou art, but what thou waſt, I ſing.
The man who once ſuch wond'rous things cou'd ſay,
Lies there, a dead unactive lump of clay!

He's gone! and will no more the pulpit grace
With his melodious voice, and ſweet addreſs:
No more ſhall we, his hearers, wond'ring ſtand,
And feel each paſſion mov'd at his command.
How did his geſture and his action ſhow,
He firſt believ'd, what we were taught to know!
Juſt were his thoughts, nervous and ſtrong his ſenſe;
But ſmooth his ſtyle, and full of eloquence.
His muſe (the muſe that ſung great *Naſſau*'s praiſe)
Will warble out no more her tuneful lays.
How ſweet her notes on ſubjects all divine!
How bright the chriſtian ſhone in ev'ry line!
'Tis hard to ſay (he both perform'd ſo well)
Whether in proſe or verſe he did excel.
When ſuch a prophet, ſuch a poet dies,
Who is there ſtarts not with the ſad ſurprize,
Nor ſhews his virtue by his flowing eyes?
His converſe yielded ſomething always new;
Inſtructive his diſcourſe, and pleaſant too.
Whate'er he ſaid was with a juſt allay;
Tho grave, not dull; tho chearful, yet not gay.
Smartly he rally'd, but without offence;
None made more mirth with ſo much innocence.
Tho oft by ſickneſs and by pains oppreſs'd,
When was his wit, or wanting, or miſplac'd?
So conſtant was his temper, and ſo mild;
Tho fortune often frown'd, he always ſmil'd.

But

But hold —— to paint a STENNETT's worth,
will aſk
A STENNETT's genius, nor tranſcend the
taſk.
Then, infant muſe, forbear: nor try in vain
To ſweep the ſurface of a boundleſs main.
His living works to future ages ſhew,
How much from this was to his merit
due.

A

Pindarique ODE;

To incite the Author to write on the Great Tempeſt *in* 1703.

HEaven's dreadful voice ſo high,
and your's ſo low!
Dear charming muſe, why are
you ſilent now?
You that the lofty lyra ſtrung,
In notes as ſoft as ever poet ſung:
You that the ſacred choir can repreſent,
And ſung dear WILLIAM thro' the firmament:
'Tis you the lofty ſubject waits:
The lofty ſubject its own ſong creates.
Themes make the poets; and a thought ſo high
Inſpires the maſs of poetry:
But ſtill the artful hand performs the beſt,
And meaner muſick's found among the reſt.

Your

Your tow'ring fancy, lofty as the wind,
Like air capacious, and as unconfin'd,
Commands high ſtrains; and freely ſings
The ſtorms of nations or the fall of kings:
Then teach us, heav'nly muſe: for none like thee,
Can make theſe ſtorms and thy ſoft verſe agree;
Sure none like thee
Of theſe diſcording ſtrings can make a harmony.

Then triumph in thy lofty verſe;
And heaven's avenging providence rehearſe.
Inſult the furies; who, let looſe below,
Could yet no farther go.
Then louder praiſes ſing with awful joy,
To that all-powerful breath, which can the world deſtroy.
The darker works of providence deſcribe:
This is the ſacred province of the tribe.
Nor are you dedicated ſo in vain:
With you the heavenly muſes all remain.
Strange bounty! that it ſhould beſtow
The argument, and numbers too;
And in one ſacred treaſure join,
What ſeldom can together ſhine:
The poet rarely meets in the divine.

Could I perform the part I ſee remains;
Had I the voice, the words, the heavenly ſtrains;
I'd lead the way, and ſo invite
You, who by far know better how to write.

But me nor wit, nor art inſpire,
To raiſe my humbl'd fancy higher:
I'm not a member of the ſacred choir.
I bluſh to ſing my humble part,
Barren of wit, barren of art:
Among the tuneful tribe I claim no place;
And hardly reach to touch the baſe.

While you the ſacred hymns of praiſe rehearſe,
And write ſublimer thoughts in your immortal verſe;
While you the fatal night record,
And ſing the terrors of the Lord;
The nobleſt text improve, and ſhow
The cauſe of winds, the how, and why they blow;
Deſcribe the fury of the element,
And all the dark diſaſters repreſent:
I'll let my ſatirs looſe upon the crimes,
And ſcourge the people who debauch the times:
I'll draw the ſtrange amazing ſcenes:
Their crimes may tell them what the tempeſt means.

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A

VERSION

OF

SOLOMON's SONG of SONGS,

TOGETHER WITH

The XLVth PSALM.

Isa. 54. 5. —— *Thy Maker is thy Husband, the Lord of Hosts is his Name.* ——

Eph. 5. 32. *This is a great Mystery: but I speak concerning Christ and the Church.*

THE

PREFACE.

THO *'tis generally agreed that this poem was compoſed by Solomon; yet ſome have denied that he wrote it by divine inſpiration; and make his deſign to be only that of celebrating his amours with Pharaoh's daughter, or ſome other perſon. This was formerly the opinion of Theodorus Mopſueſtanus, and was condemned in the ſecond council of Conſtantinople. And Grotius of late in his annotations on this Book declares himſelf to be* [a] *much of*

[a] [Hoc canticum] eſt ὁαειτεὺς inter Solomonem & filiam regis Ægypti, interloquentibus etiam choris duobus, tum juvenum tum virginum, qui in proximis thalamo locis excubabant. Nuptiarum arcana ſub honeſtis verborum involucris hic latent; quæ etiam cauſa eſt cur Hebræi veteres hunc librum legi noluerunt niſi à jam conjugio proximis. Creditur autem Solomon, quò magis

the ſame mind; *tho to qualify the matter a little he tells us*, " *'Tis thought that* " *Solomon, the better to eternize this* " *Book, compoſed it ſo artificially, that* " *without much ſtraining there might be* " *allegories enough found in it to ex-* " *preſs the love of God to the Iſraelitiſh* " *nation*; *which the Chaldee paraphraſt* " *perceived and declared, and Maimo-* " *nides underſtood it no otherwiſe. And* " *this love being a type of the love of* " *Chriſt to his church, chriſtians have* " *laudably exerciſed their minds in ap-* " *plying the words of this poem to this* " *purpoſe.*" *But with how little reaſon any have preſumed to deny the divine authority and ſpiritual deſign of this book, will appear when 'tis conſidered*; *that it has always been numbered among the canonical books of the old teſtament both by Jews and Chriſtians. The title given it by the Chaldee paraphraſt is*, Songs and hymns, which Solomon the prophet, the king of Iſrael, uttered by the ſpirit of prophecy before the Lord, the Lord of

magis perennaret hoc ſcriptum, eâ arte id compoſuiſſe, ut ſine multa diſtortione ἀλλαγορίαι in eo inveniri poſſent, quæ Dei amorem adverſus populum Iſraeliticum experimerent: quod & ſenſit & oſtendit Chaldæus hic paraphraſtes; nec aliter accepit Maimonides. Ille autem amor typus cùm fuerit amoris Chriſti erga eccleſiam, Chriſtiani ingenia ſua ad applicanda ad eam rem hujus carminis verba exercuerunt laudabili ſtudio. *H. Grot. in Cant.*

all

all the world. *The extreme reverence the Jews had for it, as containing divine myſteries of the higheſt rank, was the reaſon of their prohibiting their children to read it (as well as the firſt chapter of Geneſis, and both the beginning and end of the prophecy of* Ezekiel) *till they arrived at thirty years age. They call it* the [b] holy of holies ; *and ſay its divine authority was never ſo much as controverted among them by any but the profane. They ſay the name* [Solomon] *mentioned in this ſong is ſacred, and to be aſcribed to the* Meſſiah, *the prince of peace. And the moſt celebrated chriſtian writers, both antient and modern, ſo generally agree in the divine original of this ſong, that it is as needleſs as it would be endleſs to name 'em.*

[b] קדש קדשים

'Tis true, this poem treats of two lovers, ſometimes under the character of a ſhepherd and ſhepherdeſs, and ſometimes under that of a prince and princeſs. But does it thence follow that it has not a myſtical ſenſe, deſigning to ſet forth the mutual love of Chriſt and his church, when 'tis ſo uſual a thing to find allegories in the divine writings ? The forty-fifth Pſalm celebrates the ſame myſtical eſpouſals, and very much in the ſame ſtrain (a verſion of which I have therefore added at the end) and John the baptiſt John 3. 29. *gives*

gives the character of bridegroom *to our blessed Saviour, as well as John the apostle. The apostle Paul uses the same kind of language, when he alludes to marriage, in speaking of the mystical union of Christ and the church. Indeed it may be allow'd, that here are divers allusions to Solomon and his queen, their court and gardens, &c. and the rather, because Solomon was an eminent type of Christ: but* longè majora canuntur, *and* a greater than Solomon is here; *as is evident not only from what has been already said, but from the improbable things that will result from the contrary supposition. For instance, if Solomon were one of the principal subjects of this song, is it to be imagin'd that he would speak so largely in his own praise, and magnify his own beauty to so high a degree? On the other hand, is it likely he should one while so plainly set forth the defects and imperfections of his bride, and at another time extol her to the skies? Is it to be thought he would make her so amorous and importunate in her inquiries after him? or that he would represent his queen running unattended thro the streets of* Jerusalem *in the night to seek him; and so exposing herself to all manner of affronts and abuses, contrary to the rules of decency? This no way agrees with the modesty*

Rev. 19. 7, 9. Eph. 5. 22—33. 2 Cor. 11. 2.

modeſty and reſervedneſs of her ſex, (eſpecially in thoſe times, and in that place) nor with the greatneſs of her quality: for in this part of the ſong ſhe is not conſidered as a ſhepherdeſs in a country-cottage, but as a princeſs in her city-palace. Now all this, and much more to the ſame purpoſe, which for brevity ſake I forbear to mention, will very well bear a myſtick ſenſe, and may eaſily be accommodated to Chriſt and the Church. For 'tis no wonder if Solomon ſpeaks highly in the praiſe of this heavenly bridegroom, and repreſents this bride ſometimes veiled with blemiſhes and infirmities, and ſometimes without any defect, ſhining with beauty and glory; becauſe the various conditions and frames of the church of Chriſt make her appear very much to differ from herſelf, when view'd in different reſpects and at different times. 'Tis no treſpaſs on her modeſty, but an addition to her glory, to repreſent her love to Chriſt extremely fervent. Her diligent inquiry after him in the night, when withdrawn from her; after ſhe refus'd him admiſſion, her ſorrows and afflictions in ſeeking him, her tranſports of joy when ſhe finds him, all ſuit very well with what paſſes between our Saviour and his ſpouſe, while ſhe continues in this lower World.

It is likewiſe worth obſervation, that
Chap. 7. 4. *the* tower of Lebanon *ſpoken of in this book, which, in all appearance, is the ſame with the* houſe of the foreſt of Lebanon, *mentioned* 1 *Kings* 7. 2. *was not built till a conſiderable time after the temple was finiſhed: and yet Solomon was married to Pharaoh's daughter at leaſt ſome time before the finiſhing of it; as appears by comparing* 1 *Kings* 3. 1. *with chap.* 6. 38. *and chap.* 7. 1, 2. *And therefore, if this ſong had been a kind of epithalamium made immediately on their marriage, this building in Lebanon would not have been alluded to in it.*

As to the nature of this poem; 'tis a kind of paſtoral, tho ſome parts of it contain deſcriptions more agreeable to a prince's court than to a ſhepherd's cottage. This mixture of city and country, and ſudden paſſing from ſimple and ruſtick to noble and magnificent deſcriptions, was no doubt highly eſteemed in the Hebrew poeſy (whatever account our moderns make of it) ſince we have ſuch inſtances of it in this poem, which was compoſed by the wiſeſt of men, and the choiceſt piece of a thouſand and five, whereof he was the author; as appears by the title
Rev. 19. 16. *given it, of* the ſong of ſongs, *which ſignifies; the moſt excellent ſong; as* the king of kings and lord of lords, *denotes in ſcripture the ſupreme king and lord.*

The

The form of it is dramatick: the perſons ſpeaking and ſpoken to, are the bridegroom, the bride, the friends or companions of the bridegroom, and the companions of the bride, who are called the daughters of Jeruſalem. *As by the bridegroom Chriſt is repreſented, and the church in general by the bride; ſo the companions of the bridegroom ſeem to ſignify the prophets, apoſtles, and other miniſters of the word of God; and the daughters of Jeruſalem, young converts, or ſuch as are inquiring after Chriſt and his religion.*

If any are ſhocked at the ſtyle and manner of compoſure, as thinking the figures ſome of them too bold, and not natural, the tranſitions too abrupt, &c. let 'em conſider that the guſt of all ages and nations is not the ſame; and that that is a very graceful expreſſion in one language, which ſeems very mean in another. They that would judge accurately of the ſtyle of this poem, ſhould be well acquainted with the language in which it was originally written, and with the genius and cuſtoms of the age and nation in which it was firſt publiſhed. Theſe none can now pretend to be throughly verſed in: therefore 'tis more modeſt and becoming to lay the fault on our own ignorance, if we don't ſee that beauty and

elegancy

elegancy, which the antient Hebrews did, in a piece compoſed by one, who, by the teſtimony of God himſelf, had the higheſt intellectual accompliſhments of any man in the world, and who wrote it by the ſpecial inſpiration of the Holy Spirit too: and inſtead of puzzling ourſelves and others by too nicely criticizing on its external form, to ſeek a more uſeful and agreeable entertainment, in getting a ſolid and experimental knowledge and reliſh of thoſe ſpiritual myſteries it contains.

I have attempted in the enſuing ſheets to give a verſion of this divine drama: in which I have endeavoured to keep as cloſe as I well could to the terms, or however to the ſenſe; to be modeſt and ſparing in paraphraſing; to leave paſſages capable of various probable interpretations, in ſuch terms as might be differently applied. I have endeavoured carefully to purſue the ideas of the divine poet; yet not to tie myſelf only to his terms ſo ſcrupulouſly as quite to neglect the air of our engliſh poetry. No body expects a tranſlation in verſe from any language can be performed verbatim, *or as ſtrictly as one in proſe. I have conſulted the original text, and various commentators on occaſion, and taken the liberty to differ from our engliſh tranſlation in ſome places*

places where I thought it reaſonable. For inſtance: chapter 1. 17. *inſtead of* [*rafters of fir*] *I ſay* [*galleries of Brutine-tree.*] *Chapter* 2. 7. *chap.* 3. 5. *and chap.* 8. 4 *I take to be the words of the bridegroom, and that he charges the daughters of Jeruſalem not to awake the* bride till ſhe pleaſes; *whereas our tranſlators ſuppoſed the bride now ſpeaking, and charging them not to awake the* bridegroom till he pleaſes. *And ſince I am ſpeaking of theſe texts: it may not be amiſs to adverti ſe by the way, that the abjuration here made* by the roes and hinds of the field, *is not to be underſtood as if the party ſpeaking ſwore by theſe creatures: for as God ſwears only by himſelf* becauſe he *can* ſwear by no greater, *ſo it is unlawful for his creatures to ſwear by any thing below him. But theſe words may either ſignify,* I adjure you who are by [*or among*] the roes and hinds, *&c. or elſe may be taken for a kind of obteſtation, whereby theſe creatures are called to witneſs againſt the daughters of Jeruſalem, if they ſhould not obſerve the ſolemn charge given 'em: as heaven and earth are, by a proſopopœia, called on by Moſes to teſtify againſt the Iſraelites; and the ſtone that Joſhua erected, is termed* a witneſs, *and hearing aſcribed to it. Chapter* 5. 10. *the bridegroom*

Heb. 6. 13. *Deut.* 6. 13. *Matt.* 5. 34—35. *Deut.* 30. 19. *Joſh.* 24. 27.

groom in our Engliſh tranſlation is ſaid to be the chiefeſt of ten thouſand: *this I think might better be rendered* [c] *[carrying the banner over ten thouſand men] I therefore turn it thus:*

Under his ſtandard marſhal'd are
Ten thouſand youths, but none ſo fair.

What is called moſt fine gold *in our Bible, I render [the fineſt gold, the gold of Fez:] for there is* [d] *another word juſt before* פז *that ſignifies fine gold; therefore I take this to be the proper name of a part of Africa ſtill called the kingdom of Fez: and perhaps becauſe there was plenty of pure gold in this country, the Arabians term fine gold Fez, (for Mr. Ainſworth in his annotations on this place, tells us, 'tis ſo called in the Arabick Tongue.) I have thro'out noted which party is ſpeaking, according to the beſt judgment I could make. How I have ſucceeded in theſe matters, muſt be left to others to judge.*

[d] חתם.

I have compoſed it in ſuch a meaſure, and divided it into ſuch parts, as might render it fit and eaſy to be ſung in the worſhip of God. If any ſhould ſcruple

[c] דגול מרכבה Vexillum gerens, cui ſubſint decem hominum millia. *Ayant une enſeigne de dix mille hommes.* Mercer. in loc.

ſo to uſe it, becauſe the ſenſe of it is (in many places at leaſt) obſcure and difficult; I deſire them to conſider that many of the Pſalms are liable to the ſame objection (particularly the 45th, which treats of the ſame ſubject of divine love) and yet theſe are not laid aſide as uſeleſs to this purpoſe, becauſe dictated by the ſame Spirit with thoſe that are more plain and eaſy to be underſtood. The obſcurity that is found in this or other parts of the ſacred writings, ſhould excite us to the greater diligence in ſearching after the mind of the Holy Spirit, that we may improve both in grace and knowledge. And the providence of God has furniſhed various helps to this end, and ſome in our own language: the learned and judicious Mr. Ainſworth's annotations on this book very well deſerve to be peruſed by ſuch as aſpire after the knowledge of thoſe excellent things of which it treats.

What is repreſented to paſs between Chriſt and the church in general in this ſong, is in a great meaſure applicable to the tranſactions between him and every particular chriſtian. Here we may diſcern the pious ſoul convinced of Chriſt's lovelineſs and worth, inflamed with love toward s him, and earneſtly deſiring and ſeeking intimate communion with him, tho ſhe meets with many difficulties in her

her way. We afterwards find her tranſported with joy upon the reception of many ſignal favours from him, and very ample demonſtrations of his love, which are attended with the moſt grateful expreſſions of love on her part. After this, thro her negligence and the power of temptation, ſhe grows cool and languid in her affection to him; upon which he; as it were, retires and hides himſelf from her; he withdraws the manifeſtation of his kindneſs, the want of which alarms and awakens her from her ſlothful frame, and ſeems to fill her with almoſt as much ſorrow as his ſmiles gave her pleaſure: her joyful raptures are now turn'd into ſighs and complaints. However, ſhe reſolves to ſeek her abſent lord, till ſhe finds him: her zeal revives: ſhe makes great proteſtations of the ſincerity of her love, and reſolutions of her future conſtancy: ſhe diligently inquires after him, and at length, after having paſt thro many dangers and difficulties, ſhe meets with him. Their renewed communion then furniſhes them both with the ſublimeſt and moſt endearing expreſſions of joy and love; and they take the greateſt complacency in each other's ſociety, by turns deſcribing one another's beauty, till at laſt ſhe ſeems impatient of longer delays, and to deſire a yet fuller and more perfect enjoy-

enjoyment of her beloved Lord, by a tranſlation from the kingdom of grace into that of glory. This ſeems to be the general plot and deſign of this divine poem.

And thoſe gracious ſouls, who are truly converted to God, and have experienced the renewing Influences of the divine Spirit to maintain their ſpiritual life; who have a ſpiritual reliſh, or (to uſe our Saviour's phraſe) ſavour the things that be of God (*tho themſelves are accounted* the fooliſh things of this world) *will eaſily find much intelligible and inſtructive matter in this holy ſong, while* the wiſe men of the world *are poſed with myſtery, and ſtumble at it. Not but that the wiſeſt and moſt learned chriſtian may find ſome difficulties in it (as well as in many other parts of the ſcripture) capable to exerciſe his pious induſtry.*

To conclude, if the whole ſcripture is given by inſpiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for inſtruction in righteouſneſs, that the man of God may be perfect, throughly furniſhed to all good works: *then this part of it is uſeful to theſe purpoſes: and we ſhall do well to attend to the apoſtle's exhortation, who ſays,* let the word of Chriſt dwell in you richly in all wiſdom, teaching and admoniſhing one another in

2 *Tim.* 3. 16, 17.

Col. 3. 16.

pſalms

pſalms and hymns and ſpiritual ſongs, ſinging with grace in your hearts to the Lord.

And if this ſmall performance ſhall by the divine bleſſing any way contribute to the ſtrength of thoſe pious affections which devout ſouls bear to the bleſſed Jeſus; it will be the ſatisfaction and joy of him who eſteems it the higheſt honour in the world to be a ſervant and friend to the heavenly bridegroom; and heartily wiſhes Grace may be with all them that love our Lord Jeſus Chriſt in ſincerity. *Amen.*

Eph. 6. 24.

J. S.

TO

Mr. JOSEPH STENNETT.

On his excellent Verſion of the Book of CĀNTICLES.

LET untun'd ſouls poetic flights deſpiſe,
Who to the heights of verſe could never riſe;
Inſenſible to all the charms of wit,
And lofty ſenſe, in flowing numbers writ:
Whilſt I (unſkill'd to imitate) admire
The Hebrew ſong of ſongs *tun'd to an Engliſh lyre.*

Sublime the theme! this ſacred poem treats
Of love divine, with all its charming ſweets.
Under a king's and ſhepherd's name conceal'd:
The love of Chriſt is to his church reveal'd:
He, tho the ſovereign Lord, God over all
Bleſſed for ever, *condeſcends to call*
His church, collected from the wretched race
Of ſinful Adam (when adorn'd with grace)

His royal bride; and as a bridegroom loves,
With ſoft endearments all her paſſions moves.
Her mighty joys ſhe does in tranſport tell,
As on the ſubject ſhe could ever dwell.
But ah! too ſoon forgetful of her bliſs,
She grows ſecure; and then ſhe grows remiſs,
Till her provok'd yet conſtant lord withdraws,
And gives her time to mourn her fault and loſs,
Then cares and fears poſſeſs her troubled ſoul,
And anxious doubts within her boſom roll.
No eaſe, no quiet can the fair one find,
Till his return reſtores her peaceful mind.

Th' inſpired poet thus in myſtic lays,
The church's duty ſings, her Saviour's praiſe.
The prince and preacher both in one combine,
And with ſtrong reaſon courtly language join,
To beautify a ſubject ſo divine.
But all theſe beauties were to us obſcur'd
By diſtant time and place (yet juſt ſecur'd
Of the true ſenſe in rough unpoliſh'd proſe)
Till you (preacher and poet too) aroſe
To ſtorm the heights of ſacred poetry,
And boldly ſet the ſmiling captive free,
Tho in an Engliſh, yet a charming dreſs:
Great the attempt, and equal the ſucceſs!

Joſ. Collet.

CHAP.

CHAP. I.

Solomon's Song of Songs.

PART I.

Verſe.] *The* BRIDE.

2
Let him ſeal his lips on mine,
His kiſſes breathe a love divine:
No juice the generous Vine can bear,
May with thy ſweeter love compare.

3 The precious ointments on thee ſhed,
Around their liberal odors ſpread,
And with their odors ſpread thy fame,
Sweet, as rich oils diffus'd, thy name,
Thy name the virgins hearts inſpires
With ſacred love and pure deſires.

4 Draw me by thy almighty charms;
We'll run, we'll fly into thy arms.
Me, happy me! the king of kings
Into his bridal chambers brings!

Joy ſits upon our hearts and tongues;
Joy tunes our thoughts, and tunes our ſongs.
We'll think upon this love of thine,
More than full bowls of ſparkling Wine:
For every ſoul that's good and juſt,
Loves thee, dear Lord, and love thee muſt.

PART II.

5 O daughters of Jeruſalem,
(Fair offspring of a noble ſtem)
Tho, I confeſs, my skin is brown,
My comely features you muſt own:
I'm black as tents of Kedar are;
As Solomon's curtains bright and fair.

6 O do not with cenſorious eyes
Survey my face, and then deſpiſe:
The ſun has view'd me many days,
And ſcorch'd my beauty with his rays.
My mother's ſons againſt me fir'd
With an uncomely rage, conſpir'd
To make me keep and dreſs their Vines,
Thro winter-ſtorms and ſummer-ſhines;
While that lov'd vineyard of my own
With weeds and thorns is all o'ergrown.

7 Dear object of my ſoul's deſire!
O tell me whither doſt retire
With thy lov'd flock, thy joy and care?
Where doſt thou feed 'em? tell me where.
Where giv'ſt 'em ſoft repoſe at noon?
For why ſhould I, as ſome have done,
To other paſtures turn aſide,
Where thy companions flocks abide?

The

The BRIDEGROOM.

8 Fair one, who haſt more charms ingroſt
Than all thy ſex beſide can boaſt!
I'll be thy guide, if thou wouldſt know
How to my fields and folds to go.
The footſteps of my flock you ſee:
Follow them, as they follow me:
Beſide thoſe ſhepherds tents repair;
There feed thy kids, and fold 'em there.

PART III.

9 Thy ſteps and port ſo graceful are,
Thee, O my love, I may compare
To a fair ſet of goodly ſteeds
Of that fam'd race which Egypt breeds,
To Pharaoh's pompous chariot ty'd,
When he in ſolemn ſtate does ride.
10 Thy cheeks with rows of jewels ſhine;
(Jewels become ſuch cheeks as thine)
And chains of gold, fit to be worn
On royal necks, do thine adorn.
11 We'll golden borders for thy ſake,
Pouder'd with ſtuds of ſilver, make.

The BRIDE.

12 While the glad king at table ſits
Among his welcome favourites,
My ſpikenard ſhall the board perfume,
And breathe its ſweets all round the room.
13 A heap of myrrh, for fragrancy,
Is my beloved Lord to me:

Him in my arms I will embrace,
My boſom make his reſting place.
14 My deareſt love appears to me
A cluſter from the camphire-tree,
Whoſe odorous gum in drops diſtill'd,
Engedi's fertile vineyards yield.

The BRIDEGROOM.

15 How fair, my love, how wondrous fair
Art thou, beyond what others are!
Thy eyes, that flame with ſpotleſs loves,
Are chaſt and bright, like thoſe of doves.

The BRIDE.

16 How fair art thou! my only dear,
How amiable doſt thou appear!
Come let us here ſecurely reſt,
Our Bed with pleaſant greens is dreſt;
17 And all we have delightful ſeems:
Our houſe is built with cedar beams;
The galleries, contriv'd to be
For ſpacious walks, with brutine-tree.

CHAP. II.

PART I.

The BRIDEGROOM.

1 I Am the roſe of Sharon's field,
The lilly that the vallies yield;
Which paint the fields with white and red,
And far and near their odors ſpread.

2 Juſt

2 Juſt as the lilly, which adorns
The vale beſet around with thorns;
So bright my love appears among
The brighteſt of the virgin-throng.

The BRIDE.

3 Juſt as a tree with apples crown'd,
Amidſt wild ſhrubs encompaſs'd round;
So fair my dear appears among
The faireſt of the youthful throng.
To his cool ſhade I did retire,
There ſat me down with great deſire
To pluck his fruit, which gave delight
Both to my taſte, and to my ſight.
4 He led me to the joyful place,
Which ſplendid banquets us'd to grace:
To entertain me there, he ſpread
Love's conqu'ring banner o'er my head.
5 O chear this fainting heart of mine
With goblets crown'd with gen'rous wine!
Treat me with apples; theſe will prove
A cordial, now I'm ſick of love.
6 May his left hand my head uphold,
May his right arm me round enfold.

The BRIDEGROOM.

7 O Daughters of Jeruſalem,
(Fair offspring of a noble ſtem)
Since here my love now reſts ſecure,
I with a ſolemn charge adjure
You, by the nimble roes and fawns,
That run and ſkip along the lawns;

Permit her ſoft repoſe to take,
And no indecent clamour make;
Nor jog her as ſhe ſlumb'ring lies,
Till ſhe herſelf is pleas'd to riſe.

PART II.

The BRIDE.

8 I hear the voice of him I love;
And now I ſee him ſwiftly move:
O'er haughty mountains how he trips!
O'er hills and rocks how faſt he ſkips!
9 My love is like a roe or fawn,
That runs and leaps along the lawn:
Now by the wall he ſtands I ſee,
Now thro the window looks at me:
His face now thro the lattice ſhows,
His beautys all their charms diſcloſe.
10 Nor ſtands my deareſt ſilent there;
His voice, his charming voice I hear:
" Riſe, riſe, my love, make no delay,
" Riſe, my fair one, and come away;
11 " For ſee the frozen winter's gone,
" The rains abate, the ſpring comes on;
" On the earth's boſom flowers ariſe,
" To pleaſe the ſcent, and pleaſe the eyes:
" The birds begin to chirp and ſing,
" To welcome the returning ſpring:
" The turtle in our plains we hear
" Proclaiming the reviving year:
" The fig-tree her green fruit diſcloſes,
" And to the warmer air expoſes:

" The

" The fruitful vine begins to bloom,
" Her tender buds the air perfume.
" Riſe, riſe, my love, make no delay;
" Riſe, my fair one, and come away.

PART III.

14 " My dove, who in a rock doſt hide,
" And in the ſecret cliffs reſide,
" O let thy face to me appear!
" Nor let me fail thy voice to hear!
" That melting voice of thine is ſweet;
" And in thy face all graces meet.
15 " The foxes, thoſe young foxes take,
" Which in our vineyards ravage make:
" Strive to defeat their ill deſigns;
" For tender grapes adorn our vines.
16 My love is mine, and I am his,
His paſture 'mong the lillies is.
17 Until the welcome dawn of day,
When gloomy ſhadows fly away,
Turn, my beloved, turn again,
Nor let me call and beg in vain:
Be like a roe or nimble fawn,
That runs and ſkips along the lawn;
Such as the hills of Bether breed,
Such as the hills of Bether feed.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

PART I.

1 'TWas dark, as on my bed I lay,
My dreams and ſlumbers fled away;
Waking I miſs'd my ſoul's delight,
I miſs'd him in the ſhades of night:
I call'd aloud, and call'd again;
I ſought him, but I ſought in vain.
2 I'll riſe, ſaid I, and ſearch the town,
View every corner up and down;
Search every lane, and every ſtreet,
Till I my ſoul's delight can meet.
For him I aſk'd, and aſk'd again:
I ſought him, but I ſought in vain.
3 I found not him, but I was found
By them that walk the city round,
The watch that guard the walls by night;
Saw ye, ſaid I, my ſoul's delight?
4 From theſe not many ſteps I paſt,
And found my ſoul's delight at laſt:
Faſt in my arms my dear I caught,
And to my mother's lodgings brought,
Into the joyful chamber, where
I drew at firſt my vital air.

The BRIDEGROOM.

5 O daughters of Jeruſalem,
(Fair offspring of a noble ſtem)

Since

Since here my love now reſts ſecure,
I with a ſolemn charge adjure
You, by the nimble roes and fawns,
That run and ſkip along the lawns;
Permit her ſoft repoſe to take,
And no indecent clamour make,
Nor jog her as ſhe ſlumbering lies,
Till ſhe herſelf is pleas'd to riſe.

PART II.

The FRIENDS *of the bridegroom.*

6 Who's this that from the deſart comes,
Exſpiring aromatick gums,
Sweet as the altar's fumes, that riſe
In pillars to propitious ſkies?
Such ſacred odors flow from her,
Perfum'd with frankincenſe and myrrh;
And all rich pouders of the ſtore
The merchant brings from th' eaſtern ſhore.

7 Behold great Solomon's bed of ſtate,
Where threeſcore mighty champions wait:
All other champions theſe excel,
That head the tribes of Iſrael;

8 All vers'd in arms, know how to wield
The warlike ſword, and warlike ſhield;
Each on his thigh his weapon bears,
To guard the court from nightly fears.

9 The chariot of king Solomon
Was made of wood from Lebanon:

10 The

10 The pillars ſilver finely wrought,
The bottom gold from Ophir brought,
With Tyrian purple lin'd above,
The middle pav'd with myſtick love
For th' daughters of Jeruſalem,
(The offspring of a noble ſtem.)
11 Come, Sion's daughters, bright and fair,
Like that bleſt ſtock that did you bear;
See how king Solomon appears,
How bright the diadem he wears!
Crown'd by his mother's royal hand,
This ſmiling day the nuptial band
Him to his lovely bride has join'd,
And tides of joy o'erflow his mind.

CHAP IV.

PART I.

The BRIDEGROOM.

1 HOw fair, my love, how wondrous fair
Art thou beyond what others are!
Thy eyes that flame with ſpotleſs loves,
Are chaſt and bright like thoſe of doves.
They ſhine beneath thy curling locks,
Which ſeem like goats in num'rous flocks,
That on mount Gilead's brow appear,
Climbing to find ſweet paſture there.
2 Within thy lovely mouth there grows
A ſet of teeth in even rows,
Like flocks of ſheep of equal ſize,
Juſt as they from the water riſe,

And

And to be ſhorn from waſhing come,
Bearing their ſnowy fleeces home;
Or like the pretty twins they bear,
When none of 'em abortive are.

3 Thy lips, that wear a lively red,
Are like a ſcarlet-colour'd thread:
When with thy ſweeteſt voice they move,
Their graces ſtill more charming prove.
Thy temples, ſhaded with thy hair,
And cheeks, like cut pomegranates are;
As thoſe abound with purple veins,
In theſe a bluſhing tincture reigns.

4 Such majeſty and beauty ſhine
In that illuſtrious neck of thine;
Like David's tower it ſeems to be,
Built for a royal armory:
Thy necklace, ſtrung with glittering gems,
Like thouſand ſhining bucklers ſeems,
All ſhields by mighty captains born,
Which that bright tower around adorn.

5 Thy breaſts, which equal beauties ſhare,
Are like two fawns, an equal pair,
The lovely twins o'th' fruitful roe,
Feeding where ſnow-white lillies grow.

6 Until the welcome dawn of day,
When gloomy ſhadows fly away,
To th' mount of myrrh I'll get me hence,
And to the hill of frankincenſe.

PART II.

7 All beauties reign, my love, in thee:
From every blemiſh thou art free.

8 From

8 From Leb'non come with me, my bride;
From Leb'non come with me, thy guide.
From high Amana take thy view,
From Shenir's top, and Hermon's too;
From dens where lions do reſide,
From hills where ſavage leopards hide.
9 My ſiſter and my lovely bride,
(To me by many ties ally'd)
My heart is raviſh'd with thy charms;
My heart is conquer'd by thy arms.
One glance of love ſhot from thy eye
Has won the eaſy victory:
One chain, wherewith thy neck's array'd,
Has me a willing captive made.
10 My ſiſter and my lovely bride,
(To me by many ties ally'd)
How pleaſant is this love of thine!
How much more ſweet than generous wine!
How much thy precious oils in ſmell
The beſt of ſpices all excel!
11 Thy lips, my ſpouſe, that move with ſkill,
Drops like the hony-comb diſtil.
Hony and milk's beneath thy tongue,
Which feeds the weak as well as ſtrong.
Thy garments with rich ſcents abound,
Such as in Lebanon are found.

PART III.

12 My ſiſter and my lovely bride,
(To me by many ties ally'd)

Is like a garden round inclos'd,
Not, as the common field, expos'd:
A ſpring ſhut up, a fountain ſeal'd,
And ne'er to vulgar eyes reveal'd.
13 Thy plants, all ſet in decent rows,
A fruitful paradiſe compoſe:
There trees, with fair pomegranates crown'd,
And all delicious fruits abound:
There camphire drops, and ſpikenard grows,
14 With ſpikenard fragrant ſaffron blows:
Sweet cane, and cinnamon are there,
With aloes, frankincenſe, and myrrh:
And all choice ſpices there are found,
Which fill the air with odors round.
15 From thee the gardens all derive
The ſtreams that keep their plants alive;
From thee their ſpring and ſacred well,
Whoſe living waters all excel:
From Lebanon theſe waters flow,
And bleſs with fruit the vale below.
16 Awake, O north-wind, and at laſt
Give thou, O ſouth, a warmer blaſt;
Upon my garden kindly blow,
That all ſweet ſpices there may flow.

The BRIDE.

To's garden let my love repair,
Pluck his rare fruits, and eat 'em there.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

PART I.

The BRIDEGROOM.

1 MY ſiſter and my lovely bride,
(To me by many ties ally'd)
I'm come into my garden, where
I pleaſe myſelf in gathering myrrh,
In gathering every ſpice, and gum:
I eat my Hony from the comb;
My wine and milk go ſweetly down,
With plenty theſe my table crown.
Come eat with me, my welcome friends,
Eat of the gifts heaven kindly ſends;
Drink, as our joys and wines abound;
Drink, dear companions, freely round.

PART II.

The BRIDE.

2 I laid me down my reſt to take;
I ſlept, yet was my heart awake:
A voice ſalutes my waking ear,
One knocking at the door I hear.
My love, it ſeems, was pleas'd to wait,
Calling and knocking at the gate:
" My ſiſter, loud he cry'd, my love,
" My fair, my chaſt, my ſpotleſs dove;
" Be kind, as I to you have been,
" Unlock the door, and let me in:

" With

" With trickling dew my head is fill'd,
" My locks with drops by night diſtill'd.
3 My garments I have laid aſide,
How ſhall I dreſs me? I reply'd:
I've lately waſh'd my feet, and how,
My dear, ſhall I defile 'em now?
4 Unkindly thus I let him ſtand,
Till thro' the door he thruſt his hand;
At laſt my heart began to move
With all the tender thoughts of love.
5 I roſe: ah that I roſe ſo late!
I had no ſooner touch'd the gate,
My hands with drops of myrrh were fill'd,
My fingers ſweeteſt myrrh diſtill'd;
The handles of the lock I found
With dropping myrrh perfum'd around.
6 I open'd to my love the door,
O that I'ad open'd it before!
For now alas! my love was gone,
Was gone! and I left all alone!
My ſoul was ready to expire
With fear, with ſorrow, with deſire.
When his kind words I call'd to mind,
I thought how I had been unkind!
I ſought him, but I ſought in vain;
I call'd, but could no anſwer gain.
7 I found not him; but I was found
By guards that walk the city round:
Theſe treated me with wounds and blows,
And aggravated all my woes:
The watch that guard the walls by night,
E'en took away my veil in ſpight.

8 O daughters of Jeruſalem,
(Fair offſpring of a noble ſtem)
You I moſt ſolemnly adjure,
Whene'er you find my love, be ſure
With my complaints his pity move,
And tell him I am ſick of love.

PART III.

The DAUGHTERS *of Jeruſalem.*

9 O thou, who haſt more charms ingroſt,
Than all our ſex beſide can boaſt!
What charms in thy beloved dwell,
To make him other loves excel!
Deſcribe his beauties, let us know,
Fair one, why thou adjur'ſt us ſo?

The BRIDE.

10 In my love's cheeks, pure white and red
In juſt degrees their mixture ſpread.
Under his ſtandard marſhal'd are
Ten thouſand youths, but none ſo fair.
11 His head with fineſt gold is crown'd,
The gold of Fez ſo much renown'd:
His hair in decent curls appears,
Black as the plumes the raven wears.
12 His eyes, that flame with ſpotleſs loves,
Are pure and bright like thoſe of doves,
When in clear ſtreams their heads they wet;
They're waſh'd in milk, and fitly ſet.
13 His cheeks a bed of ſpices are,
Or flowers, as ſweet as they are fair.

His

His lips with balmy myrrh do flow;
Within 'em ſnowy lillies grow.
14 His hands diſplay their lovely white,
Deck'd with gold rings and chryſolite.
His breaſt of poliſh'd ivory made,
And all with ſapphirs overlaid.
15 His legs like marble pillars ſhow,
In golden ſockets fixt below.
His preſence bears a noble air,
As *Leb'non* and its cedars fair.
16 But O how ſweet his mouth doth prove!
He's all made up of charms and love!
O daughters of Jeruſalem,
(Fair offspring of a noble ſtem)
This is my deareſt! this is he
Who loves, and is belov'd of me!

CHAP. VI.

PART I.

The DAUGHTERS *of Jeruſalem.*

1 O Thou, who haſt more charms ingroſt,
Than all our ſex beſide can boaſt!
Whither is thy beloved gone?
Tell, whither is thy love withdrawn?
Which way he turn'd let us but know,
We'll all to ſeek him with thee go.

The BRIDE.

2 To's garden he's gone to retire,
Where beds of ſpice their ſweets expire.
To's gardens, where he feeds, and where
He gathers lillies ſweet and fair.
3 My love is mine, and I am his;
His paſture 'mong the lillies is.

The BRIDEGROOM.

4 As Tirzah fair, my love, you ſeem,
And comely as *Jeruſalem.*
Among thy milder graces now
An awful dread reigns on thy brow;
Like armies that for war prepare,
And to the field their enſigns bear.
5 O turn from me thoſe conquering eyes,
Whoſe powerful charms my heart ſurprize!
Thy hair, all curl'd in curious locks,
Seem like thoſe goats in numerous flocks,
That on mount Gilead's brow appear,
Climbing to find ſweet paſture there.
6 Within thy lovely mouth there grows
A ſet of teeth in even rows;
Like flocks of ſheep of equal ſize,
Juſt as they from the waters riſe,
And to be ſhorn from waſhing come,
Bearing their ſnowy fleeces home;
Or like the pretty twins they bear,
When none of them abortive are.
7 Thy temples ſhaded with thy hair,
And cheeks, like cut pomegranates are:

As

As thoſe abound with purple-veins,
In theſe a bluſhing tincture reigns.

PART II.

8 Not all the train of threeſcore queens,
And fourſcore beauteous concubines,
Innumerable virgins too,
May e'er compare, my love, with you.
9 My only dove, my ſpotleſs one
Tranſcends 'em all herſelf alone;
The only one her mother bare,
Her mother's tender joy and care.
The virgins ſaw her, and confeſt
None with ſuch beauty e'er was bleſt:
The queens and concubines admir'd,
And in her praiſes all conſpir'd.

The DAUGHTERS *of Jeruſalem.*

10 Who's this ſo cheerful and ſo bright,
Gay as the riſing morning light?
Ne'er did the moon ſo fair appear;
Nor is the ſun more bright and clear.
Among her milder graces now
An awful dread reigns on her brow;
Like armies that for war prepare,
And to the field their enſigns bear.

PART III.

The BRIDEGROOM.

1 To the nut-garden I went down,
To ſee what fruits the valley crown;

To ſee how well the vines were grown,
How the pomegranate-trees were blown.

12 Surpriz'd I know not how, I find
Fervent deſires tranſport my mind;
And raptures wing my wondrous ſoul,
That nothing can my ſpeed controul:
So volunteers in chariots fly,
Reſolv'd to overcome or die.
Return, return, O Shulamite,
Thy preſence will rejoice our ſight:

13 Return, return, what ſhall we ſee,
O faireſt Shulamite, in thee?
In thee bright pomp and terror ſhine,
As when two ſhouting armies join.

CHAP. VII.

PART I.

1 IN thee, O Prince's daughter, meet,
Numberleſs charms from head to feet!
Thoſe feet become the ſhoes they wear,
Become the lovely weight they bear;
Two beauteous pillars they ſuſtain,
Whoſe joints the fineſt work contain;
Like precious gems, more precious ſtill
When cut and ſet with wondrous ſkill.

2 Thy navel's like a goblet round,
Which does with vital juice abound:

Thy

Thy belly promiſes a race,
Heirs to thy honour, and thy grace.
'Tis like a heap of wheat, when crown'd
With ſnowy lillies all around.
3 Thy breaſts, which equal beauties ſhare,
Are like two fawns, an equal pair,
The lovely twins o'th' fruitful roe.
4 Above theſe hills of driven ſnow
Stand that fair neck, which ſeems to be
A tower of poliſh'd ivory.
Thoſe eyes, thoſe ſparkling eyes of thine,
Like the clear pools in *Heſhbon*, ſhine
Juſt by Bath-rabbim-gate. Thy noſe
Methinks like ſome fair turret ſhows,
Like that of Leb'non, which deſcries
The plain where great Damaſcus lies.
5 Thy head's with many graces bleſt,
(Thy head, whoſe beauty crowns the reſt)
It looks like Carmel's fields, and bears
A lovely fleece of purple hairs.
By theſe dear chains the king is bound,
When in the galleries he's found.

PART II.

6 Thou lov'd, and lovely one; how fair,
How charming all thy features are!
How they inſpire refin'd delight!
7 Thy ſtature's like the palm upright:
Thy breaſts like cluſters of the vine,
When ripe, and full of generous wine.
8 The ſtately palm I'll climb, ſaid I,
I'll reach its fruitful boughs on high;

Thy breaſts, like cluſters of the vine,
Shall now abound with generous wine.
Thy noſtrils breathe a fragrant air,
Like apples, ſweet as they are fair.
9 Thy mouth, the ſeat of eloquence,
Shews the right guſt of truth and ſenſe;
Like ſparkling wine, that briſkly moves,
Such as my deareſt love approves;
Which can inſpire the dull, and rouze
The ſilent lips of them that drouze.

The BRIDE.

10 I am my love's, I am his own;
And his deſire's to me alone.
11 Come, my beloved, let's repair
To th' open fields, and take the air;
Into the country we'll retreat,
And there a quiet lodging get:
12 We'll riſe up with the dawning day,
And thro' the ſmiling vineyards ſtray;
See if the vine begins to ſhoot,
And promiſes good ſtore of fruit;
See if her tender grapes ſhe ſhows;
See how the fair pomegranate blows.
There will I give my loves to thee.
13 The mandrakes breathe their fragrancy:
Our gates with choiceſt fruits abound,
Fruits new and old with us are found.
This ſtore, my love, I did provide
For thee, who haſt my heart beſide.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

PART I.

1 O How I wiſh, that thou, my love,
Wouldſt to me as a brother prove!
Fed by thoſe breaſts, born on that knee,
Which ſuckled and ſupported me.
With how much joy I ſhould thee meet,
Or in the field, or in the ſtreet!
There I'd embrace thee, there I'd kiſs;
Nor ſhould I be deſpis'd for this.
2 How gladly would I lead thee home!
Whither thou wouldſt as gladly come,
To my dear mother's pleaſant ſeat,
Where thou ſhouldſt many welcomes meet.
Thy kind inſtructions all ſhould find
A liſtening ear, and pliant mind:
Wine mix'd with ſpices I'd prepare,
And thou ſhouldſt freely drink it there.
The fruit of my pomegranate-tree
Should yield its grateful juice to thee.
3 His left hand ſhould my head uphold,
His right arm ſhould me round enfold.

The BRIDEGROOM.

4 O daughters of Jeruſalem,
(Fair offspring of a noble ſtem)
Since here my love now reſts ſecure,
You I moſt ſolemnly adjure;

Permit

Permit her ſoft repoſe to take,
And no indecent clamour make;
Nor jog her as ſhe ſlumbring lies,
Till ſhe herſelf is pleas'd to riſe.

PART II.

The DAUGHTERS *of Jeruſalem.*

5 Who's this that from the deſart moves,
Leaning upon the arm ſhe loves?

The BRIDEGROOM.

At firſt, my love, I rais'd up thee
Under the fruitful apple-tree;
There many a pang, and many a throw
Did thy fair mother undergo;
But after many pangs and throws,
Did her bleſt fruit at laſt diſcloſe.

The BRIDE.

6 O let my name be deep impreſt,
Like a fair ſignet, on thy breaſt!
Engrave it on thy arm, and wear
The precious ſeal for ever there:
For there's ſo great a power in love,
Not death itſelf ſo ſtrong can prove;
The king of terrors in his pride
By fiercer jealouſy's outvy'd:
Thoſe darts ſhine with celeſtial fire,
Thoſe darts a love divine inſpire,
7 A love whoſe flame can never be
Extinguiſh'd by th' o'erflowing ſea:

The

The ſwelling floods in vain conſpire
To quench ſo pure and bright a fire.
He whoſe large ſtores do moſt abound,
Too poor to purchaſe love is found;
His offers would ſucceſsleſs prove,
Should he give all his wealth for love;
Love at ſo high a rate is priz'd,
His treaſures would be all deſpis'd.

PART III.

The BRIDEGROOM.

8 A little ſiſter, fair and young,
Does to our family belong:
Her breaſts appear not yet, 'tis true;
What ſhall we for our ſiſter do,
When ſhe begins to get a name,
When growing beauties ſpread her fame?
9 If, by the firmneſs of her mind,
She ſeems a wall, for ſtrength deſign'd;
A palace on that wall we'll found,
Glittering with ſilver all around:
If like a gate, built to defend
From foes, and to admit a friend;
With cedar boards we'll fence her well,
Of laſting ſtrength and fragrant ſmell.

The BRIDE.

10 Such is the firmneſs of my mind,
I am a wall for ſtrength deſign'd;
My breaſts are grown, and now appear
Like two fair towers built for my dear.
When thus I ſpake, his ſmiles I gain'd,
With them his very heart obtain'd.

PART

PART IV.

11 King Solomon a field poſſeſt,
Baal-hamon field with plenty bleſt:
With vines of nobleſt kind 'twas ſet
This vineyard he to keepers let;
Theſe for the fruit agreed to bring
A thouſand ſhekels to the king.

12 That fertile vineyard I poſſeſs,
I always keep, and fence, and dreſs:
A thouſand ſilver ſhekels are,
O Solomon, thy rightful ſhare;
And thoſe two hundred which remain,
To them that keep the fruit pertain.

The BRIDEGROOM.

13 O thou who dwelſt in gardens fair,
And art the faireſt flower there!
Thy voice our glad companions hear,
Which melts the heart, and charms the ear.
Give me the ſame delight, my dear;
Thy ſweeteſt voice O let me hear.

The BRIDE.

14 Haſte, my beloved, haſte away,
Nor let me vainly beg and pray:
Flee like a roe or nimble fawn,
That runs and ſkips along the lawn;
Such as the ſpicy mountains breed,
Such as the ſpicy mountains feed.

PSALM XLV.

To the chief muſician upon Shoſhannim, for the ſons of Korah, Maſchil:

A ſong of loves.

PART I.

Verſe.]

1 MY heart a noble theme indites:
What I compoſe concerns the king:
My tongue the ſwifteſt pen that writes
Outvies, while I attempt to ſing.

2 None among all the human race
Like thee for lovelineſs appears:
Thy lips, bedew'd with heavenly grace,
Raviſh each wondring ſoul that hears.

For

For God will ever from on high
His conſtant bleſſings thee afford.
3 O mighty one, upon thy thigh
Make haſte to gird thy conquering ſword.

4 Thy majeſty and glory ſhow:
Along in proſperous grandeur ride:
Let meekneſs, truth, and juſtice go
In ſolemn triumph by thy ſide.

Thy right hand, vers'd in warlike arts,
Thee terrible exploits ſhall teach:
5 O king, thy foes rebellious hearts
Thy keeneſt darts ſhall ſurely reach:

The nations under thee ſhall fall.
6 Thy throne, O God, ſhall ſtand ſecure;
And, as its power extends o'er all,
It ſhall for evermore endure.

The ſcepter of thy kingdom proves
A ſcepter of impartial right:
7 Thy ſoul unſpotted juſtice loves,
And ſin is odious in thy ſight.

For God, thy God, in plenteous ſhowers
On thee the oil of gladneſs ſheds:
More of that holy ointment pours
On thine, than thy companions heads.

8 Myrrh, aloes, caſſia, rich perfumes
Thy robes of glory more expire,
When paſſing from the ivory rooms,
Than all thy deareſt friends attire.

9 Kings

9 Kings daughters there were waiting ſeen,
And in the croud of virgins preſt:
On thy right-hand the brighter queen
Stood all in gold of Ophir dreſt.

PART II.

10 O royal daughter, bow thy ear,
Attend with ſerious thoughts to me:
Forget thy people once ſo dear,
Nor long thy father's houſe to ſee.

11 So the king's heart ſhall be thy own,
He ſhall thy beauty ſtill admire:
For he's thy Lord, thy Lord alone,
And does thy worſhip all require.

12 Tyre's ſtately daughter ſhall attend
With coſtly preſents at thy gate:
The richeſt of the people bend,
And for thy favour beg and wait.

13 The king's fair daughter's pious heart
All inward glories does enfold: [art,
Her outward garments wrought with
Are made of threads of pureſt gold.

14 She ſhall be led in ſolemn ſtate,
In robes of fine embroidery:
Her virgin friends that on her wait,
Shall all be introduc'd to thee.

15 As to the palace they reſort,
Full joys in every heart ſhall reign,
Till the bright gate o'th' royal court
Receives the welcome nuptial train.

16 In-

16 Inſtead of fathers ſoon there ſprings
A ſtock of ſons, that owe their birth
To thee: a noble race of kings,
Whom thou ſhalt place o'er all the earth.

17 And I, O king, will make thy name
To all ſucceſſive times deſcend:
All nations ſhall thy acts proclaim,
And thy loud praiſes ne'er ſhall end.

HYMNS

In Commemoration

Of the SUFFERINGS

OF

Our Bleſſed SAVIOUR

JESUS CHRIST,

COMPOSED

For the CELEBRATION of his

Holy SUPPER.

Mat. 26. 30. *And when they had ſung an hymn, they went out to the Mount of Olives.*

WHereas our Saviour inſtituted the ſacrament of his body and blood to be a perpetual memorial of his death, and concluded the ſame by ſinging an hymn together with his diſciples; his authority and example are ſufficient to oblige us to do ſo likewiſe.

And that this duty may be performed with an humble reverence of the divine majeſty, and a deep contrition for our numerous ſins, with faith in the aſſiſtance of the Holy Spirit, and ſteddy reſolution of obedience to all the laws of Jeſus Chriſt; we recommend the following hymns, the deſign and performance of which render them very proper to raiſe ſuch affections in us, as are ſutable to ſo ſolemn an occaſion.

To which may be added the verſion of Solomon's ſong, by the ſame author;

whereby we may arrive at a knowledge of the meaning of that divine poem, and which may ſerve to excite becoming affections in our minds on other occaſions.

Joſ. Maiſters,
John Shower,
Tho. Reynolds,
Will. Harris,
Jabez Earle,
Sam. Roſewel,
Tho. Bradbury,
Benj. Stinton.

Dan. Williams,
Rich. Allen,
John Piggott,
John Foxon,
Benj. Groſvenor,
Nat. Hodges,
Eben. Wilſon.

A N

AN ADVERTISEMENT TO THE READER.

MAny of the following hymns were compos'd only for the uſe of the congregation under my peculiar charge; but by means of the copies taken by ſome perſons who heard them dictated in publick, they were diſperſed into many hands.

To hinder the propagation of thoſe miſtakes that ſlide into copies haſtily written, and which are multiplied by being often tranſcribed from different hands; and to oblige thoſe of my friends who deſired perfect copies for themſelves, and who endeavoured to perſuade me they would be acceptable and uſeful to many

other congregations, I consented to make them publick.

The two first impressions being gone off, and a third for some time desired; I thought meet to review them, that I might render them less imperfect, by correcting them in several places: which I have done, as well as added a few hymns not published before.

I have prescribed to myself, in the composition of them all, to keep the cross of Christ continually in view: seeing his
Gal. 3. 1. *holy supper is designed* evidently to set him forth before our eyes, crucified among us. *I have endeavoured to assist the devotion of those who communicate at his sacred table, by suggesting what I thought most proper to dispose them to humility and repentance, to faith and hope, to admiration and joy, to love and gratitude. And tho the matter of them, as well as the expression, may seem very much diversified, so that some of them are much more directly adapted to excite this or that pious affection or christian virtue than others; yet they are generally so ordered as to have an obvious regard to them all.*

I have cited those scriptures in the margin, from whence the thoughts, and frequently the very words, are taken: by which means the reader, if he is pleased to

to turn to the paſſages refered to, may eaſily explain to himſelf thoſe phraſes and alluſions, which at the firſt glance appear ſomewhat hard and obſcure.

I have choſen thoſe meaſures which ſute the tunes in moſt common uſe among us, tho they are not very favourable to a vein of poeſy; it being impoſſible to expreſs the ſenſe ſo elegantly, when 'tis cramped and confined to very ſhort lines, as when a larger ſcope is allow'd.

I have carefully avoided thoſe very bold flights and thoſe heatheniſh phraſes which ſome have indulged even in divine poeſy; for I cannot think them conſiſtent with the gravity, purity, and perſpicuity which ought to be preſerv'd in hymns calculated for the immediate ſervice of God, and for the common edification of chriſtians.

And becauſe ſome few words that are leſs common here and there occur, where ſome plainer words as expreſſive of the ſenſe, or as grateful to the ear, did not preſent; leſt theſe ſhould amuſe any reader, and render ſome paſſages difficult to him, I have ſubjoin'd a table at the end to explain thoſe terms; that perſons of a mean capacity, and not converſant with other writings beſides thoſe of the Bible, or ſome plain books of devotion, might be able to ſing theſe hymns with underſtanding.

They who reflect on what I have already ſaid, will make conſiderable allowances for the defects they find in the poetry. And perhaps the imperfection of this eſſay may be an occaſion of ſetting ſome better hand to work, to oblige the publick with politer compoſitions of this kind.

The love of truth, and a charitable regard to ſome very ſerious and pious chriſtians, whoſe minds have been ſo perplext with ſcruples about the lawfulneſs of ſinging in the ſervice of God, that they wholly omit this ſo very uſeful and agreeable part of divine worſhip, mov'd me to deſire a very worthy and ingenious friend to prefix to this book of hymns ſome arguments on that ſubject, with the ſubſtance of which he had before entertained me, in giving me an account how thoſe prejudices againſt ſinging of pſalms, &c. himſelf was formerly under, had been removed.

His friendſhip, and the hope I endeavoured to make him conceive that what had convinced him, might (by the bleſſing of God) have the ſame effect on ſome other perſons under the like circumſtances, made him willing not to refuſe my requeſt; tho he has not given me the liberty of mentioning his name.

To

To this edition I have alſo prefixed a ſhort eſſay in verſe by way of dedication to our BLESSSED SAVIOUR; *to whom theſe hymns of right belong, as being conſecrated to the ſervice of his holy table.*

If any thing I have attempted ſhall redound to the glory of his ſacred name, and to the ſpiritual advantage of any part of his church; as I ſhall account it an honour, ſo it will be an occaſion of joy and ſatisfaction to me.

J. S.

THE

THE

PREFACE:

By another hand.

I Have, at the requeſt of the reverend author, prefix'd this brief diſcourſe to the following hymns, in vindication of the practice of ſinging the praiſes of God, as a part of chriſtian worſhip. And I the more readily complied, becauſe I have myſelf laboured under the prejudices of education to the contrary; till convinced of what I now eſteem my duty, by the higheſt authority, viz. that of Chriſt and his apoſtles.

I will not doubt of a becoming reception from thoſe chriſtians who have different ſentiments. I ſhall only intreat the favour, not to ſay juſtice, of any ſuch who

who ſhall read this preface, to think it poſſible for them to have been miſtaken, and to be equally willing to receive the truth, on which ſoever ſide of the queſtion it ſhall appear to be.

One that reads over the new teſtament with any attention, muſt obſerve a frequent mention of ſinging pſalms, and hymns, and ſpiritual ſongs.

The evangeliſts [a] *Matthew and Mark both inform us, that our bleſſed Saviour, together with his diſciples,* ſung an hymn *at the concluſion of the Lord's ſupper, then inſtituted a ſtanding ordinance in the church.*

St. Luke in his hiſtory of the acts of the apoſtles tells us, that Paul and Silas being in priſon, and having been ſcourged on account of their miniſtry, at midnight prayed and ſung praiſes to God, *ſo that* the priſoners heard them. *Acts* 16. 25.

The apoſtle Paul reproving the Corinthians for a vain oſtentation of their gifts, particularly that of ſpeaking in foreign languages, tells [b] *them, that they ought to* ſing with underſtanding; *which could not be, whilſt they were ignorant of the language ſung, tho it might be un-*

[a] *Mat.* 26. 30. *and Mark* 14. 26. And when they had ſung an hymn, &c.

[b] 1 *Cor.* 14. 15. I will ſing with the ſpirit, and I will ſing with the underſtanding alſo.

derſtood

derſtood by the precentor, or perſon who dictated to the reſt.

The ſame apoſtle exhorts both the [c] *Epheſians and* [d] *Coloſſians to* ſing pſalms, and hymns, and ſpiritual ſongs.

The apoſtle [e] *James alſo exhorts the ſcatter'd chriſtians of the twelve tribes to whom he writes, to expreſs their joy on all occaſions by* ſinging pſalms *of praiſe to God.*

Now what is to be collected from all theſe examples, precepts, and regulations of this practice, but that ſinging the praiſes of God is a part of divine worſhip in the chriſtian church? And certainly any one would make this concluſion from reading theſe paſſages, who had never heard of any controverſy about it. It is indeed poſſible to raiſe objections againſt any thing. Grammatical criticiſms may be pretended, and a forced conſtruction may be put on the plaineſt words: but if

[c] *Epheſ.* 5. 19, 20. Speaking to yourſelves in pſalms, and hymns, and ſpiritual ſongs; ſinging and making melody in your hearts to the Lord; giving thanks always for all things to God and the father, in the name of the Lord Jeſus Chriſt.

[d] *Coloſ.* 3. 16, 17. Let the word of God dwell in you richly in all wiſdom; teaching and admoniſhing one another in pſalms, and hymns, and ſpiritual ſongs; ſinging with grace in your hearts to the Lord. And whatſoever ye do in word or in deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jeſus, giving thanks to God and the father by him.

[e] *James* 5. 13. Is any among you afflicted? let him pray: is any merry? let him ſing pſalms.

the

the ſame rules be allowed for the interpretation of ſcripture in general, as muſt be made uſe of to evade the force of the texts I have mentioned; the plaineſt precepts may be rendered doubtful, and the cleareſt doctrines overthrown. However, ſince there are ſome who ſtill remain unconvinced of this duty, I ſhall endeavour, without ſtating them particularly, to obviate all their objections, and confirm the truth, by ſhewing,

1. *That the ſinging mentioned in the ſeveral recited texts is proper.*
2. *That it was practiſed as a part of divine worſhip.*
3. *That it was perform'd by joint Voices.*

1. *That the ſinging mentioned in the ſeveral recited texts, muſt be underſtood in a proper, and not a metaphorical ſenſe. To this there can no objection be made, but from ſome pretended criticiſm on the original: for every one that underſtands Engliſh, knows that* to ſing *is to expreſs words with a tuneable voice, according to the rules of muſick; as proper ſpeaking is to expreſs words according to the rules of grammar: both being to be performed by imitation and practice, without an acquaintance with the*

the theory of either; for they are equally natural, tho both reducible to artificial rules. Singing in Engliſh is taken in no other ſenſe; nor can any bare Engliſh reader doubt whether this be the meaning.

As to the original: the word made uſe of by the [f] *evangeliſts is deriv'd from a verb, whoſe primary ſignification is* to ſing an hymn *or ſong of praiſe.*

Sometimes indeed it is taken abſolutely to praiſe, *without determining the manner. But this is a certain rule in the interpretation of all writings; to take words in their firſt and moſt proper ſignification, unleſs ſome good reaſon be aſſigned why that ſenſe cannot be admitted in the place in queſtion. Now in the inſtances under conſideration no ſuch reaſon can be produced; and therefore it ought to be rendered, as in our tranſlation, they* ſung an hymn *or ſong of praiſe.*

In the epiſtle to the [g] *Corinthians, and that of* [h] *St. James, the word uſed in the original ſignifies properly* to ſing. *It is alſo ſometimes uſed for ſinging to or playing on a muſical inſtrument; but when*

[f] *Mat.* 26. 30 Ὑμνήσαντες. *Mark* 14. 30. Ὑμνήσαντες. *Acts* 16. 25. Ὕμνεν.

[g] 1 *Cor.* 14. 15. Ψαλῶ τῷ πνεύματι, ψαλῶ δὲ καὶ τῷ νοΐ.

[h] *James* 5. 13. Εὐθυμεῖ τις; ψαλλέτω.

applied

applied to the voice, is never taken in any other ſenſe than that of ſtrictly ſing-ing. *In the epiſtle to the* [i] *Coloſſians we find another word which alſo ſignifies properly to ſing, but is ſometimes uſed to expreſs the writing a poem or copy of verſes; which is a ſenſe of the word that I ſuppoſe no body will contend for in this place, and beſides which no other ſenſe can be put on the word, but that of proper ſinging.*

In the epiſtle to the [k] *Epheſians both the words laſt mentioned are made uſe of. So that had St. Paul ever ſo much deſigned to ſpeak of proper ſinging, it was impoſſible for him by words to have expreſſed himſelf more clearly and determinately.*

All this, I think, amounts to a full proof, that our tranſlation is in this matter every where juſt, and that proper ſinging is ſpoken of in all the inſtances given. As to the particular tunes in which the words are to be expreſſed, they are left as much at liberty as the tone or different elevation and accenting the voice in ſpeaking. Decency is the only limitation: and as the tone of the voice ought not to be wanton and ludicrous, ſo neither ſhould the muſical tunes be light

[i] *Coloſ.* 3. 16. Ἀδουσες.

[k] *Eph.* 5. 19. Ἀδουσες καὶ ψάλλουσες.

and

airy: both ought in divine worſhip to be grave and ſolemn, becoming our addreſſes to God.

2. *That this ſinging mentioned in the ſeveral recited texts was performed and enjoined as a part of divine worſhip.*

The euchariſtical hymn performed by our Lord and his apoſtles, is acknowledged, even by thoſe who deny that it was ſung, to have been an act of praiſe and thankſgiving to God. For it is agreed on all ſides, that hymning is praiſing, whether by ſong or without; and to be ſure God was the object with whom they were then converſant.

In the inſtance of Paul and Silas the words are expreſs, they ſung praiſes unto God.

To the Epheſians the apoſtle thus expreſſes it: ſpeaking to yourſelves in pſalms and hymns, and ſpiritual ſongs; ſinging and making melody in your hearts to the Lord; giving thanks always for all things unto God and the father, in the name of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt. *And to the Coloſſians he ſays, in almoſt the ſame words:* let the word of God dwell in you richly in all wiſdom, teaching and admoniſhing one another in pſalms and hymns, and ſpiritual ſongs; ſinging with grace in your hearts to the Lord: and whatſoever you do in word or deed, do all

all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the father by him. *In both which places we may observe the action*, giving thanks *or praise*; *the object*, God, thro' the mediator; *and the external mode*, singing.

The apostle James has it, is any among you afflicted, let him pray? is any merry, let him sing psalms? *Which amounts to thus much: that as prayer is a proper manner of expressing our wants and griefs to God, so is singing a proper way of expressing our joy and gratitude. And indeed musick and poetry are both proper to express and move the passions. They heighten and improve the affections of love and joy, whilst they gently calm the uneasy sensations of grief and sorrow. Thus we find the royal psalmist singing one while lofty hymns of praise, anon a mournful penitential song, and again fervent prayers and supplications for needful blessings. So that nothing which is fit to be addressed to God, can be unfit to be sung before him.* Jam. 5. 13.

What St. Paul says of this matter to the Corinthians; I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with understanding also; *plainly appears to be spoken of the publick worship in the church, being joined with prayer: which had suffered the same abuse with singing, from the va-* 1 Cor. 14. 15.

nity and affectation of some in the church, who had received the gift of tongues, and prided themselves in speaking before the people in an unknown language; whereas they ought both to pray and to sing the praises of God in such a tongue, as that all present might understand, and join in the same act of worship with a sincere devotion and a due knowledge.

Now from what has been said under this head it appears, that in all the recited places singing is spoken of as being performed to God as the immediate object: which is all that is necessary to constitute any action religious, or a part of divine worship.

3. *I now come to shew that singing the praises of God was performed by the conjoint voices of several persons together. It is said of our Lord and his disciples, by both Matthew and Mark, that* they sung *an hymn* [*in the plural number*] *whereas Christ's blessing the bread, and giving thanks when he took the cup, are both expressed* [*in the singular number*] *as performed by Christ speaking singly, and the rest joining mentally only. And that they did so join with Christ in that action, I suppose no body doubts; tho it be said,* he gave thanks and he blessed, *that is, he in the name of them all, and on their behalf as well as for himself,*

solemnly

ſolemnly pronounced their joint ſupplications and thankſgivings to God. But here the phraſe is altered, and the evangeliſts tell us, that they ſung an hymn; *that is, with joint voices, as well as with united hearts. Which as it is the plain and obvious meaning of the expreſſion, ſo there can no other reaſon be aſſigned for the variation of the phraſe.*

St. Luke tells us, that the priſoners heard Paul and Silas both performing their joint devotions to God. I ſuppoſe no body imagines they pronounced their prayers together. It muſt therefore be the praiſes which they ſung jointly, and that with a voice ſo raiſed, as that their fellow priſoners heard them.

There is another paſſage in the hiſtory of the Acts, which, I think, if duly conſidered, is to this purpoſe. In the 4th chapter the 24th verſe it is ſaid, that they [*i. e. the apoſtles that were then at Jeruſalem, and the believers that conſorted with them, being aſſembled together*] lift up their voice to God with one accord, and ſaid, *&c. From the context it appears, that the worſhip then offered was a ſolemn thankſgiving (tho concluded with a petition) and that on a very eminent occaſion, the deliverance of Peter and John from the rage of the Sanhedrim; by whom, after examination, they were*

dismissed without punishment, and this in accomplishment of David's prophecy, Psalm 2. 1. Now the matter being praise and thanksgiving, and that expressed with united voice as well as heart, I see no room to doubt but that it was performed as an hymn or sacred song: unless it should be thought that they pronounced a bare oration with united voices; which is a sense I believe none ever yet contended for. We no where read of a prayer being pronounced by joint voices, but of praises being sung by joint voices I have already given instances. And the action here being solemn praise offered up by joint voices, tho it be not said they sung, *yet it is more than probable that they did sing; for tho all* saying (*which is the word used) be not* singing, *yet to be sure all singing is saying.*

These instances, I think, are sufficient to prove, that singing by conjoined voices was practised in the christian church.

The sum of what has been said, is; that from divers texts of scripture, collected out of the new testament, it does appear, that the praises of God were sung by conjoint voices in the christian church, as a part of divine worship; and that this duty is on several occasions regulated, injoined and recommended to the several churches to whom the apostles

ſtles wrote their epiſtles. From all this it naturally follows, that it is now the duty of all chriſtians to ſing the praiſes of God, both in their publick aſſemblies, and in their more private religious exerciſes.

To this account from ſcripture, I ſhall add one foreign teſtimony, to prove that it was the conſtant practice of the primitive chriſtians, in their religious aſſemblies, to ſing with conjoint voices, hymns or ſongs of praiſe to Chriſt as God. And that is of Pliny the younger: who was governor of all Pontus, and Bithynia in Aſia Minor, together with the city of Byzantium; not as an ordinary proconſul, but as the emperor's immediate lieutenant with extraordinary power. This great man had for ſome time, in obedience to his maſter's commands, exerciſed his authority in a vigorous proſecution of the chriſtians: but finding that if he proceeded to puniſh all that acknowledged themſelves chriſtians, he muſt in a manner lay waſte his provinces, he thought it neceſſary to write a letter to the emperor himſelf about this matter: wherein after having given a particular account of his procedure againſt the chriſtians, and of their obſtinacy in perſiſting to death, and of the great numbers that had embraced this

new ſuperſtition, as he calls it; he relates what upon examination he had found to be the ſum of the chriſtian practice. "*They affirmed, ſays he, that the whole "ſum of that offence or error lay in this: "that they were wont on a ſet day to "meet together before ſun-riſe, and to "ſing together a hymn to Chriſt as a "God, and oblige themſelves by a ſacra-"ment, not to commit any wickedneſs, "but to abſtain from theft, robbery, "adultery, to keep faith, and to reſtore "any pledge intruſted with them; and "after that they retired, and met a-"gain at a common meal, in which was "nothing extraordinary or criminal." This epiſtle was written to Trajan then emperor, about ſeventy one years after the death of our bleſſed Saviour, A. D. 104. and in the ſeventh year of Trajan's reign. By this unqueſtionable authority we ſee what account the chriſtians of that time gave of their own practice: viz. that in their religious aſ-*

* Affirmabant autem hanc fuiſſe ſummam vel culpæ ſuæ, vel erroris; quod eſſent ſoliti ſtato die ante lucem convenire, carmenque Chriſto, quaſi Deo, dicere ſecum invicem, ſeque ſacramento, non in ſcelus aliquod obſtringere, ſed ne furta, ne latrocinia, ne adulteria committerent, ne fidem fallerent, ne depoſitum appellari abnegarent: quibus peractis morem ſibi diſcedendi fuiſſe, rurſuſque coeundi ad capiendum cibum promiſcuum tamen & innoxium. *Plin. ep. lib.* 10. *ep.* 97.

ſemblies

ſemblies they ſung ſongs or hymns to Jeſus Chriſt as God.

Concerning the following compoſures I ſhall only ſay, that the ſubjects are well choſen, and admirably adapted to the occaſion, proper to excite becoming affections at that great feaſt of love, the Lord's ſupper, inſtituted in commemoration of that perfect ſacrifice, by which alone we are delivered from everlaſting deſtruction, and intitled to eternal bleſſedneſs. The poetry is chaſt and polite, the expreſſion clear and juſt, in every reſpect becoming the noble theme: as ſuch I recommend it both to the publick and private uſe of thoſe devout chriſtians, whoſe breaſts are warmed by a heavenly fire, and whoſe ſouls are tranſported with a lively ſenſe of divine love.

A HYMN, *written by the ſame hand, upon his being convinced that* SINGING *is a part of divine worſhip.*

ETernal intellectual light,
With pure illapſe my mind inſpire;
And whilſt I ſing thee great and bright,
Inflame my breaſt with heav'nly fire.

Tho long miſtaken, I withheld
Harmonious ſong divine, thy due;
Yet better knowledge now inſtill'd,
Thy tuneful praiſe my voice ſhall ſhew.

Subſtantial glory, from thy throne
Around diffus'd, illumines heaven;
With life and love fills ev'ry one,
To whom thoſe happy ſeats are given.

Nor there confin'd, thy beams divine
Irradiate all thy church below:
Thy choſen with thy brightneſs ſhine,
And by their love, thy grace they ſhow.

To every heart, by ſecret ways
Convey'd, myſterious influence!
The bright effuſion of thy rays,
Gives knowledge, truth and innocence.

When in deep trouble, and oppreſt,
Thy conſolating light ſuſtains
Thy drooping ſaints; tho ſore diſtreſt,
Calm peace and joy ſucceed their pains.

So the returning ſummer's ſun
Does with freſh vigor bright appear;
The clouds diſpell'd, the winter gon,
Glad plenty crowns the ſmiling year.

THE

THE DEDICATION.

O Thou whom angels with their hymns addreſs !
To whom all knees muſt bow, all tongues confeſs !
Sacred to thee, this ſacrifice of praiſe
A willing hand upon thy altar lays ;
Encourag'd by that goodneſs which approves
A poor man's gift, tho but a pair of doves.
May I have one accepting ſmile from thee ;
'Tis more than all the world's applauſe to me.
Happy ! if I a contrite ſpirit bring,
And feel my breaſt warm'd with the love I ſing ;
Happy ! if theſe my ſongs ſucceſsful prove
To make one ſinner look on thee, and love ;
To make one prodigal confeſs thy charms,
And fly for pardon to thy dying arms ;

To fan their pious flame who thee adore,
And make the ſouls that love thee, love thee more ;
Make 'em their praiſes and their vows renew,
And give their all to thee, to whom all hearts are due.

Lord, what a train of woes attend thy way
From dark Gethſemanè to Golgotha!
What gloomy terrors did conſpire to roll
Thro' all th' apartments of thy inmoſt ſoul!
What troubles in thy lab'ring boſom met,
And flow'd in tears, flow'd in a bloody ſweat !
What clouds, with thunder charg'd, black horror ſpread !
And broke with ſtorms of vengeance on thy head !
This diſmal night a darker morn portends:
Seiz'd by thy foes, abandon'd by thy friends:
By one of them abjur'd, by one betray'd,
And with a treacherous kiſs a priſ'ner made:
From one tribunal to another led,
New pretexts ſought thy ſacred blood to ſhed :
Charg'd with thoſe crimes thy righteous ſoul abhor'd,
And there condemn'd where thou ſhouldſt be ador'd.
Humble and meek the paſſive victim ſtands,
By vileſt tongues blaſphem'd, and ſtruck by rudeſt hands.

A prince to univerſal empire born,
Scepters his hand, and crowns his head had worn,
Now holds a reed, and wears a wreath of thorn.
The ſavage croud the king of glory jeers,
With loud reproaches wound his patient ears,
And mix their foaming ſpittle with his tears,

And now with ſlow and feeble pace I try
To trace thy footſteps up mount Calvary:
There ſee thoſe hands, that made and ſcatter'd bread,
And thouſands with the growing banquet fed,
Thoſe hands that heal'd the ſick, and rais'd the dead;
That oft returning ſinners did embrace,
And for them oft implor'd forgiving grace,
With pious ardor lifted up to heaven,
Now pierc'd with nails, amid their ſinews driven:
Thy ſacred feet the ſame rude treatment know,
And both in purple ſtreams their torment ſhow.
I ſee that face which angels bow'd before,
Clouded with ſorrow, bath'd in ſweat and gore:
Thoſe eyes that, mov'd with pity, did condole
The various woes of every human ſoul,

And

And ſtain'd their luſtre with their pious
ſtreams,
In ſhades of death now quench their ſet-
ting beams.
With cruel men the powers of hell below
The laſt efforts of active malice ſhow,
And at thy breaſt their fiery arrows throw.

Thy father, who, before the world, de-
creed
His only ſon for human kind ſhou'd bleed,
His hand with thunder arms, his brow
with dread,
To ſtrike thee to the regions of the dead:
My God, my God, aloud the Saviour cries,
Why haſt forſaken me? then bows his head
and dies.

His paſſion univerſal nature moves,
Except ungrateful ſinners whom he loves:
The trembling earth her maker's ſufferings
feels,
Her pillars ſhake, her low foundation reels:
The rocks are torn by his expiring groans;
The rending vale his ſacred prieſthood
owns:
The ſun aſham'd withdraws his ſickly light,
And turns bright noon into ſubſtantial night,
Afraid to view thoſe ghaſtly wounds agen:
Nothing relentleſs but the hearts of men!

Dear Lord! I in thy croſs ſuch wonders ſee,
Nothing beſides has any charms for me;
Beneath

Beneath thy croſs, O may I ſtill reſide;
View and review thy feet, thy hands, thy
head, thy ſide!
O how thy ſighs do from my heart rebound!
And all thy dying pangs my boſom wound!
Nor is it pity only makes me weep:
No ſingle paſſion ſtrikes the heart ſo deep:
Hatred of ſin, and love of thee combine,
With holy rage repenting ſorrows join
To make thy torments intimately mine.
Since 'twas my ſin for which my Saviour
dy'd,
'Tis juſt I ſhould with him be crucify'd:
My ſins procur'd the croſs, the whip, the
ſteel,
Made thee unutterable tortures feel:
My ſins! O that they never had been mine!
I hate them as my enemies and thine:
My ſins! O how their horror makes me
ſtart,
While I behold their ſtains, and feel their
ſmart,
And ſee 'em pierce thy limbs, and break
thy heart!
But ſince the balm, that from thy wounds
(did ſlide,
Could heal a ſinner dying at thy ſide;
Thy ſmiles could calm frail Peter's guilty
fears,
And thy blood cleanſe the ſtain that he had
ſoak'd in tears:
Since thou haſt borne th' unſufferable weight
Of a world's ſins, both numberleſs and great;
Lord,

LORD, hear a penitent that proſtrate lies,
And at thy feet for pard'ning mercy cries;
To be reveng'd on ſin implores thy aid,
Bathing with tears thy wounds, the wounds his ſins have made.
O let thy hands that bled, their balm apply!
Tho ſin cries loud, thy blood does louder cry;
Thy ſmiles will make me live, thy frowns will make me die.

But if I die, I'll periſh at thy feet,
And waiting at thy croſs thy ſentence meet.
Sure he, who dy'd for ſinners, won't deſpiſe
A ſinner's broken heart and flowing eyes.
O LORD, reſolve my doubts, diſpel my fears,
Suppreſs my ſighs, and wipe away my tears;
Or while thy charms my wondring thoughts employ,
Turn floods of ſorrow into tears of joy.

'Tis done —— Thy groans and cries thy love reſound,
Writ with thy blood, ingrav'd in ev'ry wound:
The torture of thy croſs my pain allays,
Changing my mournful ſighs to hymns of praiſe.

O JESUS! how divinely fair thou art!
Thy charms have reach'd the center of my heart;

Thy

Thy graces all excite refin'd deſire;
How pure the flame fed by celeſtial fire!
Strong are the bands that hearts in friend-
ſhip join,
But ſtronger ties have link'd my ſoul to
thine.
Had I ten thouſand hearts, thoſe hearts
ſhould be
A voluntary ſacrifice to thee;
To thee, whoſe every ſcar ſo fully proves
Thy flame exceeds ten thouſand other loves.
O'ercome with love and wonder, I reſign
My captive heart, which now no more is
mine:
I yield my ſoul to thy victorious charms,
And fly for grace to thy inviting arms:
Life will be death, if I'm exil'd from thee;
Death will be life, if I thy face may ſee.

Thy lovelineſs is equal to thy love,
And far out-ſhines angelick forms above.
LORD, if thy croſs could ne'er thy beauties
hide,
How doſt thou ſhine at thy great Father's
ſide!
Where the ambitious flames of glory now
With emulous beams ſalute thy lightning
brow;
Pointing, as in bright clouds they dart
around,
Where each rude thorn thy ſacred head
did wound.

While

While others thee and their own ſouls
abuſe,
Debaſe their love, and proſtitute their muſe;
O thou to whom all love and praiſe belongs!
To thee I give my heart, to thee my ſongs.
Waters will riſe as high as whence they
flow:
So minds, that came from heaven, to
heaven ſhould go;
With holy fervor to their author move,
Who gave 'em pow'r to think, and pow'r
to love.

Eternal beauty! I thy rays admire,
Kindling my flame at that immortal fire,
Where ſhining ſeraphs light and cheriſh
theirs:
Thou ſhalt my praiſes have, and thou my
prayers.

May all harmonious ſouls their numbers
join,
And each a pious offering add to mine;
Make earth below reſemble heav'n above,
Sing holy ſongs, and ſing of holy love.
'Tis love does with eternal joys inſpire
All the bright orders of the heav'nly choir:
Seraphick pſalmiſts to this noble theme
Owe their ſweet muſick and poetick flame.
O may the liſtning ſaints on earth aſpire
To reach the ſound, and catch the holy
fire!

And

And in their turn with pure devotion ſing
The praiſes of their Saviour and their King;
Till echo thro' heav'n's arches loud repeats
The ſound, inviting angels from their ſeats
To hear the muſick of the church below,
While this from t'other heav'n they ſcarce can know:
Nor an eclipſe of light and pleaſure fear,
Where they ſo much of grace, ſo much of glory hear.

J. S.

A TABLE

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Happy are they our Lord has choſe,	xxxv.
Haſt thou, my ſoul, thy Saviour view'd,	xxvi.
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Wherewith shall I, a sinful worm, xvii.
While thy love's pledges we receive, xliv.
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You that the holy Jesus love, xxx.
You who our Lord's great banquet share, vii.

The more difficult WORDS explained.

ANtitype, *that which is repreſented by a type or figure.*
Aſſume, *receive.*
Attract, *draw.*
Commemorate, *bring to remembrance.*
Deplore, *bewail.*
Effuſion, *pouring forth.*
Exil'd, *baniſhed.*
Expiate, *make ſatisfaction for.*
Extinguiſh, *quench.*
Hero, *a man of a noble ſpirit.*
Imbibe, *drink up.*
Infernal, *helliſh.*
Myſtick, *ſecret*, or *obſcure.*
Odor, *ſweet ſmell.*
Proſtrate, *with the face to the ground.*
Revere, *reſpect or reverence.*
Satiate, *ſatisfy.*
Vital, *living.*
Victim, *ſacrifice.*
Symbol, *a ſign.*

HYMNS
FOR THE
LORD's SUPPER.

HYMN I.

JEhovah, we in hymns of praiſe
Thy matchleſs grace adore,
That grace that gave thy only ſon: Rom. 8. 32.
What couldſt thou give us (more?

He's all in all: his ſaints in him Col. 3. 11.
Divine perfection view: Eph. 1. 23.
'Tis of his fulneſs they receive John 1. 16.
All grace and glory too. Pſ. 84. 11.

1 Pet. 1. 18, 19. He freely gave his blood, the price
Of our eternal bliſs:
Heb. 9. 22, 23. Since no leſs could atone for ſin,
His love would give no leſs.

Lam. 1. 15. He in the wine-preſs of thy wrath
For guilty men was cruſht;
Phil. 2. 8. Humbled himſelf to die, and laid
His honour in the duſt.

That we might at his table ſit,
And be repleniſh'd there
1 Cor. 11. 20. With theſe dear pledges of his grace,
Till we his glory ſhare.

HYMN II.

1 John 4. 8, 16. Cant. 5. 16. Pſ. 27. 4. THou art all love, my deareſt Lord,
Thou art all lovely too:
Thy love I at thy table taſte,
Thy lovelineſs I view.

Iſa. 53. 2, 3. Thy divine beauty, veil'd with fleſh,
Thy enemies deſpiſe;
Thy mangled body they diſdain,
And turn from thee their eyes.

Cant. 5. 9, &c. But thou more lovely art to me
For all that thou haſt borne:
John 13. 31, 32. Each cloud ſets off thy luſtre more;
Thee all thy ſcars adorn.

Thy

Thy garments tinctur'd with thy blood, Iſa. 63. 1, 2.
The beſt and nobleſt dye,
Out-ſhine the robes that princes wear; Pſ. 45. 2.
Thy thorns their gems out-vie.

That I may be all love to thee, Pſ. 73. 25. Cant. 1. 15, 16.
And lovely like thee too,
O cleanſe me with thy precious blood, Zech. 13. 1.
And me thy beauty ſhew. 2 Cor. 3. 18.

My former vows I now renew: Pſ. 119. 106.
O Lord, as thou art mine;
I freely give my heart to thee, Cant. 2. 16.
For ever I'll be thine.

HYMN III.

[*As the* 100 *pſalm.*]

THat doleful night, when our dear Lord Joh. 18.
Into the garden did retreat,
To vent his grief in groans, and cries, Luk. 22. 44.
In tears, and in a bloody ſweat;

That ne'er to be forgotten night,
When our redeemer was betray'd; 1 Cor. 11. 23, 24, 25.
Before his ſufferings he took bread,
Gave thanks to God, broke it, and ſaid:

Take, eat; this is my body broke Mat. 26. 26, 27, 28.
For you upon the curſed tree:
Perform this ord'nance as I do,
And when you do't, remember me.

He took the cup too, crown'd with wine,
Bleſs'd it, and to's diſciples ſaid,
'Tis the new teſt'ment in my blood,
For you and many others ſhed.

All you, my friends, muſt drink of this,
Your ſin's remiſſion here you ſee;
Perform this ord'nance as I do,
And when you do't, remember me.

Cant. 1. 4. Yes, Lord, we will remember thee,
And thy love more than fragrant wine:
Rev. 5. 9, 10. How can we e'er thy croſs forget,
Which made thee ours, and made us thine?

Our right hand firſt ſhall loſe its art,
Pſ. 137. 5, 6. Our tongue forget to ſpeak or move,
Ere we'll prove thoughtleſs of thy wounds,
Thoſe everlaſting marks of love.

1 Cor. 11. 26. We'll thus commemorate thy death,
Till thou appear on earth again:
And, Lord, remember us, we pray;
Rev. 11. 17. Make haſte to take thy power, and reign.

HYMN IV.

Pſ. 24. 7. Cant. 1. 12. BEhold the king of glory ſits
At table with his gueſts:
Welcomes them all with gracious ſmiles,
Them all with dainties feaſts.

No

No common food he here preſents,
No common drink provides :
For meat he gives his fleſh ; for wine
The ſpear his heart divides.

John 6. 50—58. John 19. 34.

Lord, give us faith to raiſe our thoughts
Beyond the views of ſenſe :
Teach us thy myſt'ries to diſcern,
And draw new joys from thence.

1 Cor. 11. 28, 29.

Let's know thy wounded body fell
An offering for our guilt ;
Let's know, to waſh us from our ſins,
Thy heart's pure blood was ſpilt.

Iſa. 53. 5, 6.

So ſhall our minds and voices join
In ſacred harmony,
To celebrate thy grace, and ſing
Hallelujah to thee.

1 Cor. 14. 15.

HYMN V.

TO us our God his love commends,
When by our ſins undone ;
That he might ſpare his enemies,
He would not ſpare his ſon ;

Rom. 5. 8.

Rom. 8. 32.

His only ſon, on whom he plac'd
All his delight and love,
Before he form'd the earth below,
Or ſpread the heavens above.

Prov. 8. 22—30.

He

John 3. 16, 17. He charg'd the darling of his ſoul
To veil his glorious face,
To wear our mortal fleſh, and feel
The pains of human race;

Gal. 3. 13, 14. Our ſorrows and our ſins to bear,
Our heavy croſs ſuſtain;
Upon a tree to bleed and die,
That we might life obtain.

Col. 3. 3, 4. This life is hid in God with him,
Who fell a ſacrifice,
Heb. 2. 14. And dying conquer'd death for us,
Phil. 3. 21. That we like him might riſe:

Acts 2. 24. For he ſoon triumph'd o'er the grave,
Acts 1. 9. And went to heaven again;
ver. 11. There intercedes, and thence will come:
Rev. 20. 4. Among his ſaints to reign.

Heb. 10. 37. His word aſſures he'll quickly come:
Rom. 8. 19—22. Saints for his coming pray:
The whole creation for it groans,
Rev. 22. 20. Lord Jeſus, come away.

HYMN. VI.

[*As the* 100 *pſalm.*]

John 14. 18. Pſ. 51. 12. DEſcend, O king of ſaints, deſcend:
By thy free ſpirit's vital heat
Freſh joys to every ſoul extend,
That at thy table finds a ſeat.

O

O prince of peace, bleſs thou this board
With thoſe ſweet ſmiles which angels chear. Mat. 18. 10.
O give us peace; and tell us, Lord, Luke 7. 47, 48.
We're pardon'd, and accepted here.

As thou our hungry ſouls haſt fed,
Our thirſty ſouls ſuſtain'd with wine; Mat. 5. 6.
Nouriſh us with this heav'nly bread, John 6. 55, 56.
And with this ſacred blood of thine.

Teach us to waſh our garments clean Rev. 7. 14.
In the pure fountain of thy blood; Zech. 13. 1.
Lord, purge our ſouls from every ſtain
I'th' ſtreams of that all-cleanſing flood.

Each ſin of ours has been a thorn, Iſa. 53. 4, 5, 6.
A cruel nail, a whip, a ſpear;
By theſe thy ſacred fleſh was torn,
Theſe did thy ſoul with horror tear.

Yet every wound of thine does yield Luke 10. 34.
A balſam for a contrite heart,
Which, on the painful ſore diſtil'd,
Heals and allays the tort'ring ſmart.

Amazing love! 'tis infinite! Eph. 3. 18, 19.
No thoughts its endleſs depth can ſound;
It heaven's high arch exceeds for height, Pſ. 108. 4.
And for extent, the world's vaſt round.

Lord, to advance thy praiſes here, Pſ. 51. 15.
Increaſe our light, inlarge our love;
And by thy grace our ſouls prepare Rev. 5. 9.
For better ſongs and tunes above.

HYMN VII.

YOU who our Lord's great banquet (ſhare,
Mat. 26. 30. And welcome places find
His table round, his praiſes ſound
With well-tun'd voice and mind.

Remember all his acts of love,
His torments every one:
Heb. 1. 6. Whom angels fear'd, him mortals jeer'd,
Mat. 27. 30. Blaſphem'd and ſpat upon.

Ver. 29. Cant. 5. 10, 16. Iſa. 52. 14. See's head all torn with thorns, his face
(Divinely bright before)
Now mar'd more than the ſons of men,
Reaking with ſweat and gore.

Pſ. 22. 16. See in his hands and feet the nails
Piercing the tender veins:
See how each wound the bluſhing ground
With precious tincture ſtains.

John 19. 34. 1 John 1. 7. See his ſide ſpout a ſtream of blood
And water thro' the wound;
A ſtream wherein we're waſh'd from ſin,
And all our guilt is drown'd.

But, oh! what terrors wrack'd his ſoul
In that laſt agony,
Mat 27. 46. When (ere he dy'd) *my God*, he cry'd,
Why haſt forſaken me!

Thus

Thus groan'd and dy'd the ſon of God, John 10.
That we might ever live 10, 11.
There, where all bliſs our ſouls can wiſh, 1 Cor. 2. 9.
Or can contain, he'll give.

Mean while the myſt'ries of his grace
His table here diſplays; 1 Cor. 11.
O how his love our ſouls ſhould move, 26.
And tongues to ſing his praiſe!

HYMN VIII.

MY ſoul, let all thy nobler powers, Pſ. 104. 1.
And faculties combine:
Awake my tongue, and to my thoughts Pſ. 578.
Thy tuneful numbers join.

All that's within me, bleſs and praiſe Pſ. 103.
My Saviour and my king: 1, 2.
When he's the ſubject of the ſong, Rev. 15.
Who can forbear to ſing? 3, 4.

Holy and reverend is his name; Pſ. 111. 9.
How glorious, and how ſweet!
All greatneſs, and all goodneſs too
I'th' name of JESUS meet:

A name vile men ſhall one day dread, Rev. 6. 15, 16, 17.
As now the devils fear: Jam. 2. 19.
A name the heavenly hoſts adore, Mat. 8. 29.
To pardon'd ſinners dear; Rev. 5. 11, 12.

Moſt

Cant. 1. 3. Moſt dear to them by ſtrongeſt ties
Of his redeeming love,
Which by a thouſand torments try'd,
Did ever conſtant prove.

Tho death and hell unite their powers
T' oppoſe his enterprize;
John 10. 11. The ſpotleſs lamb reſolves to fall
A willing ſacrifice.

Heb. 2. 14. So conquering ſin, and death, and hell,
In glory did ariſe,
Acts 1. 9. And in bright triumph ſoon aſcend
His throne above the ſkies.

Jude 14. 1 Theſſ. 4. 16, 17. Thence in due time he will return,
With a celeſtial train,
Of ſaints and angels, who ſhall ſing
The wonders of his reign.

HYMN IX.

Heb. 10. 19. Pſ. 2. 11. Heb. 12. 28. Ver. 22. WIth humble boldneſs, trembling joy,
With hope and awful fear,
LORD, we thy majeſty addreſs,
And to thy ſeat draw near.

Gen. 18. 25. Heb. 4. 16. Pſ. 80. 1. For thou, great judge of all the earth,
Now on a throne of grace,
Between the wond'ring cherubs wings
Reveal'ſt thy glorious face.

At

At thy right-hand behold thy ſon, Rom. 8. 34.
Who kindly intercedes:
His blood crys louder than our ſins, Heb. 12. 24.
And for our pardon pleads.

Ah cruel ſins, how odious now, Iſa. 53. 5.
And how deform'd are they,
While in that crimſon fountain we Deut. 9. 26.
Their monſtrous hue ſurvey!

Theſe with black horror fill'd his mind, Mat. 26. 38.
Inrag'd his wounds with pain:
Theſe rent with grief his lab'ring breaſt, Pſ. 22. 14.
Exhauſted every vein.

Tho theſe our crimes all teſtify Jer. 14. 7.
Our crying guilt aloud; Gen. 18. 21.
LORD, veil no more thy ſhining face Lam. 3. 44.
Within an angry cloud.

Let thy love's rays attract from us Luke 7. 38, 47.
A penitential dew;
And while our vileneſs we lament,
Thy pard'ning mercy ſhew:

Then tho our ſins have numerous been Pſ. 40. 12.
Like ſands upon the ſhore;
Peace, like a river, flouds our ſouls, Iſa. 48. 18.
And ſins are ſeen no more.

HYMN

HYMN X.

[*As the* 100 *pſalm.*]

Eph. 3. 18, 19. Rev. 5. 9. IN grateful hymns, ye ſaints, diſplay
JEHOVAH's grace and boundleſs love;
A love, whoſe flame inſpires the ſongs
Of all the heav'nly hoſt above.

Pſ. 103. 20, 21, 22. 1 Sam. 16. 7. Tho we on earth can't ſing like them,
Let's praiſe him in a lower ſtrain:
A fervent mind, that breathes his praiſe
With ſtammering lips, he'll not diſdain,

Eternal Father, we adore
Iſa. 53. 10. Thy love, that mov'd thee to expoſe
The ſacred body of thy ſon
To bear the wounds due to thy foes.

1 Cor. 15. 56. Gal. 3. 13. And thee, dear Saviour, we adore,
Who didſt endure th' invenom'd ſting
Of death, and every dreadful curſe
Juſtice provok'd by ſin could bring.

While we behold thee on thy croſs,
In every wound thy love appears,
Pſ. 63. 3. Cant. 8. 6. Dearer than life, more ſtrong than death,
Flowing in ſtreams of blood and tears.

To

To bathe our ſouls defil'd by ſin, Zech. 13. 1.
LORD, we approach this ſacred flood:
To heal our broken hearts, we ſeek
The ſovereign balſam of thy blood. Luk. 10. 34.

'Tis from this living ſtream our ſouls, Iſa. 55. 1.
Our dying ſouls new life derive:
This is the ſacred oil of joy, Pſ. 23. 5.
That can deſponding minds revive.

O king of glory, on us ſhine, Pſ. 24. 7.
Who thy own table now ſurround:
Let not our ſins eclipſe thy face, Iſa. 59. 2.
Since thou haſt ſuch a ranſom found. Job 33. 24.

HYMN XI.

[*As the 25 pſalm.*]

IMmortal praiſe be given,
And glory in the high'ſt; Luke 2.
To th' God of peace, who ſent from heaven 14.
His own beloved Chriſt: Pſ. 2. 2.

Him a ſin-offering made Iſa. 53. 10.
For Adam's guilty ſons;
Our preſſing crimes upon him laid, Ver. 6.
For which his blood atones. Heb. 9. 14.

Such torments he endur'd Pſ. 22. 1, 6, 14, 15--, Iſa. 53. 3, 4.
As none e'er felt before;
That joy and bliſs might be ſecur'd
To us for evermore.

Luke 23. 7, 11. & 22.63, 64 Hurry'd from bar to bar,
With blows and ſcoffs abus'd;
Luke 23. 11. Revil'd with Herod's men of war,
Mat. 27. 26. With Pilate's ſcourges bruis'd.

His ſweet and reverend face
Mat. 27. 29, 30. With ſpittle all profan'd;
That viſage, full of heav'nly grace,
With his own blood diſtain'd.

Mat. 27. 46, 50. Stretch'd on the cruel tree,
He bled, and groan'd, and cry'd;
And in a mortal agony
Languiſh'd a while, and dy'd.

Heb. 2. 14. Gen. 3. 15. But dying left a wound
On the old ſerpent's head,
For which no cure can e'er be found;
Mat. 28. 1, 6. And ſoon roſe from the dead:

Acts 1. 9, 10. Then did to heaven aſcend,
Joh. 14. 2. That we might thither go,
1 Cor. 13. 8. Where love and praiſes have no end,
Rev. 21. 4. Where joys no changes know.

HYMN XII.

GRacious redeemer, how divine,
How wond'rous is thy love!
Rev. 5. 9—14. The ſubject of th' eternal ſongs
Of bleſſed ſpirits above.

Join

Join in the ſacred harmony,
  Ye ſaints on earth below, Iſa. 7. 14.
To praiſe Immanuel, from whoſe name Mat. 1. 23.
  All fragrant odors flow. Cant. 1. 3.

He left his crown, he left his throne Phil. 2. 6, 7.
  By his great father's ſide;
Wore thorns, ſuſtain'd a heavy croſs,
  Was ſcourg'd and crucify'd.

His was the torment, his the curſe; Gal. 3. 13, 14.
  Tho all the guilt was ours:
To cleanſe us, on our leprous ſouls Lev. 14.
  His vital blood he pours.

Behold how every wound of his
  A precious balm diſtils, Luke 10. 34.
Which heals the ſcars that ſin had made,
  With joy the ſinner fills.

Thoſe wounds are mouths that preach his (grace; John 12. 32.
  The characters of love; Gal. 3. 1.
The ſeals of our expected bliſs Rom. 8. 32.
  In paradiſe above.

We ſee thee at thy table, LORD, 2 Cor. 5. 7.
  By faith, with great delight:
O how refin'd thoſe joys will be
  When faith is turn'd to ſight!

HYMN XIII.

Rom. 5. 8. THE God of grace to human race
Does terms of peace propoſe;
Rom. 5. 10. He gives his Son, his only One,
A ranſom for his foes.

John 10. 11, 15. Chriſt, to fulfil his Father's will,
Himſelf as freely gave,
1 Pet. 2. 24. Iſa. 53. 10. An offering whole, body and ſoul,
A guilty world to ſave.

The Spirit divine, for this deſign,
Mat. 3. 16. Lights on him like a dove:
1 John 5. 7. The ſacred Three in one agree,
In this great act of love.

Pſ. 85. 10. Juſtice and grace like friends embrace,
With equal ſplendor ſhine:
No gift could be ſo rich, ſo free,
So glorious, ſo divine.

Bleſt Saviour, why ſhould we deny
To thee, at thy deſire,
Rom. 12. 1, 2. An offering whole, body and ſoul,
As reaſon does require?

Since thou for us haſt borne a croſs,
1 John 4. 19. Tho free from every crime;
Rev. 5. 12. How great ſhould be our love to thee,
Our praiſes how ſublime!

HYMN

HYMN XIV.

[*As the* 100 *pſalm.*]

WHen ſin had brought death, with a train
Of miſeries on the guilty world; Rom. 6. 23.
And wretched man was doom'd to be Rom. 3. 19.
Into eternal darkneſs hurl'd; 2 Pet. 2. 17.

Where the tormenting worm, that gnaws Mark 9.
The feſtering conſcience, ne'er expires; 44, 46, 48.
Where tort'ring brimſtone always feeds Rev. 20.
The ne'er-to-be-extinguiſh'd fires; 10, 15.

When juſtice wav'd the flaming ſword Gen. 3. 24.
Of vengeance o'er the ſinner's head; 1 Tim. 2.
The ſon of God ſtept in, and ſtay'd 5.
The mortal ſtroke, and thus he ſaid:

Tho all the offerings men can bring Pſ. 40. 6.
Can't for one ſingle crime atone; Ver. 7.
O God, I come to do thy will, Heb. 10.
I'll bear their numerous ſins alone. 4——10.

A mortal nature I'll aſſume, Heb. 2.
Human infirmities I'll wear; 16.
Hunger, and thirſt, and wearineſs, Mat. 4. 2.
Sorrows and pains I'll freely bear. John 4. 6, 7. Heb. 4. 15.

Reproaches, tho they'll break my heart, Pſ. 69. 20.
I am reſolv'd to undergo: Iſa. 53. 10.
I'll ſuffer all that's on me laid Pſ. 22.
By God above, or men below. 12—18.

Mat. 4. 1. Luke 22. 53. Eph. 6. 16. Pſ. 23. 4.
Tho all th' infernal powers conſpire
My great deſign to overthrow;
Thro ſhowers of fiery darts from hell,
And thro death's horrid vale I'll go.

Job 33. 24. Iſa. 53. 10.
Thus ſaid, the Father ſoon reply'd:
Content, I have a ranſom found;
Dear ſon, to ſave a ruin'd world,
Ev'n thee I with delight ſhall wound.

Ver. 11, 12. Acts 17. 31.
Go execute thy brave reſolves,
Thy ſufferings ſhall rewarded be;
Many thou ſhalt redeem, the reſt
Shall all at laſt be judg'd by thee.

Pſ. 139. 17, 18.
How precious are theſe thoughts of thine,
How glorious, LORD, theſe acts of love!
For theſe we ſing thy praiſe below,
Rev. 5. 11, 12. For theſe thou'rt better prais'd above.

HYMN XV.

Col. 1. 26, 27.
HOW many miracles of love,
What myſteries of grace
Has th' ever-bleſſed Jeſus ſhown
To Adam's ſinful race!

Rom. 8. 3. Mat. 8. 17.
That he ſhould humbly condeſcend
Our mortal fleſh to wear;
Our ſickneſſes, our ſorrows all,
And numerous ſins to bear!

Was't

Was't not enough, thou holy ONE,
To lay aſide thy crown,
And, in a ſervant's form on earth — Phil. 2. 7.
To wander up and down?

Was't not enough with ſighs and tears — John 11. 33. & ver. 35.
Our miſeries to deplore,
To teach us by thy blameleſs life? — Mat. 11. 29, 30.
But wouldſt thou ſtill do more?

Whence is this unexampled love
To wretched human kind?
What to attract thy heart couldſt thou — Ezek. 16. 5, 6.
In loathſom ſinners find?

Yet loaded with our ſins and pains, — Iſa. 53. 4, 5.
Thou thro death's vale wouldſt go; — Pſ. 23. 4.
That we made innocent and free, — Pſ. 16. 11.
The way of life might know. — Mat. 7. 14.

Worthy art thou, O lamb of God, — Rev. 5. 12.
Among thy ſaints to reign,
Who to redeem them by thy blood,
Waſt once an offering ſlain.

HYMN XVI.

HOW ſweet, how charming is the place, — Pſ. 84. 1, 2.
With God's bright preſence crown'd!
Happy his children, who his board — Pſ. 128. 3.
As olive-plants ſurround.

Cant. 5. 1. Eat of this feaſt, ſays he, my friends,
Who to my courts repair;
Prov. 9. 5. Come, deareſt children, freely drink
The wine which I prepare.

LORD, we accept thy bounteous treat,
With wonder, joy, and love:
Pſ. 27. 4. O may we in thy houſe have place,
And never thence remove!

Here may our faith ſtill on thee feed,
John 6. 50, &c. The only food divine;
To faith thy fleſh is meat indeed,
Thy blood the nobleſt wine;

1 John 1. 7. Thy blood, that purifying juice,
To cleanſe our ſouls deſign'd;
Luke 10. 34. To heal a ſinner's bleeding heart,
And chear his drooping mind.

1 Cor. 13. 12. Here we are glad to view thy love,
Thro figures, and in part;
But how much greater joy will't be
1 John 3. 2. *To ſee thee as thou art!*

HYMN XVII.

[*As the* 100 *pſalm.*]

Mic. 6. 6. WHerewith ſhall I a ſinful worm
Jehovah's holy place draw nigh?
With what oblations ſhall I bow
Before the throne of God moſt high?

Shall

Shall I burnt-offerings to him bring,
Calves taken from their tender dams?
Will God be pleas'd, if I ſhould ſlay Mic. 6. 7.
A thouſand and a thouſand rams?

Shall I upon his altar pour
Rivers of oil ten thouſand times;
Or my firſt-born an offering make,
To expiate my odious crimes?

No —— God is ſo incens'd by ſin, Pſ. 40. 6.
Such offerings all would be in vain; Pſ. 51. 16.
Too mean to ſave the guilty ſoul,
And purge it from ſo foul a ſtain.

With broken heart and fervent cries,
Dear JESUS, to thy croſs I fly; Heb. 6. 18.
Tho other refuge fail, on thee
My ſoul with ſafety can rely. Heb. 7. 25.

The blood deſcending from thy wounds,
Becomes both oil and wine to ours; Luke 10. 34.
No eaſe, till thy kind hand this balm
Into the wounded conſcience pours. Job 34. 29.

As at thy table we behold
Thy all-ſufficient ſacrifice,
Let's feel the virtue of thy blood, Iſa. 53. 5. Joh. 6. 54.
Which heals, and chears, and purifies. 1 Joh. 1. 7.

So while thy ſacred courts we tread,
To thee, O God, our life and joy, Pſ. 43. 4.
We'll bring the ſacrifice of praiſe, Pſ. 116. 17.
In praiſe our hearts and tongues imploy. Pſ. 103. 1.

HYMN

HYMN XVIII.

Job 37. 19, 20.

O LORD, how ſhall we frame a ſong
To celebrate thy fame!
Our higheſt flights are all too low
To reach thy loftier name.

Yet ſhould the objects of thy love
Thy praiſes ceaſe to ſhout,
Luke 19. 40. To cenſure ſuch ingratitude,
The ſtones would ſoon cry out.

Pſ. 144. 3. What was there, LORD, in ſinful man
That could thy pity move,
To draw him from the gates of hell
Hoſ. 11. 4. With charming bands of love!

A love, by many ſorrows try'd,
Cant. 8. 6, 7. And many a painful wound;
Whoſe flame could not be quench'd by death,
Could by no floods be drown'd;

No not by all thoſe ſtreams of blood
John 19. 2. Which on thy croſs did meet,
Ver. 34. From thy pierc'd heart, and bleeding head,
Pſ. 22. 16. And wounded hands and feet.

Eph. 3. 18. A love whoſe wonders far tranſcend
Exod. 25. 19, 20. The reach of human view;
Eph. 3. 10. Whoſe myſt'ries the inquiring crowd
1 Pet. 1. 12. Of cherubs look into.

O

O happy men who taſte this grace,
Which angels ſo admire; 1 Pet. 2. 3.
And feel the ſhines of that bright face,
Which they to ſee deſire! 2 Cor. 4. 18.

But when all myſtick truth ſhall be
Plac'd in a clearer light;
What joy! Chriſt face to face to ſee 1 Cor. 13. 12.
With full and endleſs ſight!

HYMN XIX.

SIng hallelujah to our king, John 6.
Who nobly entertains 35.
His friends with bread of life, and wine Ver. 50, &c.
That flow'd from all his veins.

His body pierc'd with numerous wounds, John 6.
Did as a victim bleed; 53.
That we might drink his ſacred blood,
And on his fleſh might feed.

Wormwood and gall was once his meat, Pſ. 69. 21.
His cup with terror fill'd, Luke 22.
That we might taſte the heav'nly ſweet 42.
His royal banquets yield.

When our redeemer dy'd, he was Heb. 9.
Both ſacrifice and prieſt: 26.
And now he lives, he is become Luke 22. 19, 20.
Th' inviter, and the feaſt.

We

Rev. 3. 20. We feed on Chriſt, and ſup with him ;
At table he preſides
Cant. 1. 12. As ruler of the feaſt, his ſhare
To every gueſt divides.

Cant. 2. 4. While he love's banner here diſplays
O'er our triumphant heads,
Cant. 1. 12. Sin dies, each grace revives, and ſoon
Its precious odor ſpreads,

Nor are our pleaſures bounded here,
For he's gone to prepare
John 14. 2. Manſions, where heavenly manna ſhall
Rev. 2. 17. Be our eternal fare.

HYMN XX.

[*As the 25th pſalm.*]

Luke 2. 14. *GLory to God on high,*
Good will to men below :
If thus the friendly angels cry,
What joy ſhould mortals ſhow !

Thoſe angels free from ſin,
Heb. 9. 14. No bloody offering need :
Ver. 22. 'Twas for the guilty ſons of men
Our Saviour came to bleed.

Luke 2. 13. Yet the kind heav'nly hoſt
2 Pet. 2. 4. With ſhouting rend the ſky,
Heb. 2. 16. Glad that the thrones, their fellows loſt,
Redeem'd men ſhall ſupply.

What

What good, what welcome news!
What wond'rous love is here! Luke 2. 10.
That God his only ſon ſhould bruiſe, Rom. 5. 8.
So lovely, and ſo dear! Iſa. 53. 10.

That poor apoſtate man
In heav'n might ever dwell, John 14. 2, 3.
Who with wild fury headlong ran
The way that leads to hell! Mat. 7. 13.

Dear LORD, with what ſurprize
Do we thy ſufferings trace; Eph. 3. 18, 19.
And mark thy wounds, thy groans, thy cries,
Thy ſorrows, and diſgrace!

For all this haſt thou borne Iſa. 53. 4, 5.
To expiate our guilt:
Thy fleſh to heal our ſores was torn,
Thy blood to cleanſe us ſpilt.

Thy ſhame deſerves renown, Phil. 2. 8——11.
Thy croſs a princely throne; Heb. 2. 9.
That head becomes a royal crown, Mat. 27. 29.
Which wore a thorny one.

And one day thou our king
In glory wilt appear, 2 Theſ. 1. 7.
And troops of ſaints and angels bring Jude 14.
T' attend thy triumph here.

Glory to God on high, Luke 2. 14.
Good will to men below:
If thus the friendly angels cry,
What joy ſhould mortals ſhow!

HYMN XXI.

[*As the* 100 *pſalm.*]

Mat. 26. 36. FRom ſupper to Gethſemanè
Away our bleſſed LORD does haſte;
Thither let's follow him, and ſee
How he begins of death to taſte.

Pſ. 40. 12. He ſaw of ſins an endleſs ſcroul,
Iſa. 1. 18. Millions of ſins of crimſon red,
Iſa. 53. 6. All meeting on his ſpotleſs ſoul,
While he ſtood charg'd in ſinners ſtead.

2 Cor. 5. 11. He knew the terrors of the LORD,
Rom. 6. 23. The cenſures of his righteous law;
Naked the bright avenging ſword,
Gen. 3. 24. And brandiſh'd o'er his head he ſaw.

Mat. 26. 38. Horror and anguiſh on him ſeize,
Heb. 5. 7. His ſoul's o'erwhelm'd with mortal fears;
Luke 22. 44. He groans, and as his pangs increaſe,
Sweats drops of blood, weeps floods of tears.

Gal. 3. 13. But who can tell how much he felt
On that curs'd tree whereon he dy'd?
Pſal. 22. 14, 15. While's heart like flowing wax did melt,
His ſtrength was like a potſherd dry'd.

Luke 22. 53. Eph. 6. 16. Heb. 2. 18. There, as his panting body hung,
The powers of darkneſs all combin'd,
Their flaming arrows at him flung,
To fill with thouſand wounds his mind.

Men,

Men, by whoſe cruel hands he bled,
Ungrateful men, for whom he dy'd,
As void of pity as of dread,
Blaſpheme him, and his pains deride.

Acts 2. 23. Ver. 39. Mat. 27. 39—43.

His very friends, like timorous ſheep,
Are ſcatter'd from their ſhepherd now:
His father's anger wounds him deep,
Down to the duſt this makes him bow.

Mat. 26. 31. Ver. 56. Mat. 27. 46.

No pains, no coſt our God would ſpare,
Revolted ſinners to regain;
That they might robes of glory wear,
And with him in his kingdom reign.

1 Pet. 1. 18. Rev. 7. 9. Ver. 14. Rev. 5. 10.

Praiſe him ye angels round his throne,
Who us in thought and might excel;
Praiſe him, his ſervants every one,
Who in theſe lower regions dwell.

Pſal. 103. 20. Pſal. 134. 1.

HYMN XXII.

MY bleſſed Saviour, is thy love
So great, ſo full, ſo free?
Behold I give my love, my heart,
My life, my all, to thee.

Eph. 3. 18, 19. Cant. 6. 3.

I love thee for the glorious worth
In thy great ſelf I ſee:
I love thee for that ſhameful croſs
Thou haſt endur'd for me.

Cant. 5. 9, &c. 1 John 4. 19.

No

John 15. 13. No man of greater love can boaſt
Than for his friend to die:
Rom. 5. 10. But for thy enemies thou waſt ſlain:
What love with thine can vie!

Phil 2. 6. Heb. 1. 3. John 1. 14. Heb. 4. 15. Tho in the very form of God,
With heavenly glory crown'd,
Thou wouldſt partake of human fleſh,
Beſet with troubles round.

Rom. 8. 3. Heb. 4. 15. 2 Pet. 1. 4. Thou wouldſt like wretched man be made
In every thing but ſin;
That we as like thee might become,
As we unlike have been:

Phil. 2. 5. Like thee in faith, in meekneſs, love,
In every beauteous grace;
From glory thus to glory chang'd,
2 Cor. 3. 18. As we behold thy face.

Cant. 1. 3, 4. O LORD, I'll treaſure in my ſoul
The mem'ry of thy love:
And thy dear name ſhall ſtill to me
A grateful odor prove.

Pſ. 16. 3. Thy friends, the excellent on earth,
Shall be my chief delight:
Pſ. 1. 2. Pſ. 119. 97. And when alone, I'll make thy law
My ſtudy day and night.

Pſ. 84. 1. Pſal. 26. 8. Pſal. 29. 9. Where thou doſt pitch thy tent, and where
Thy honour deigns to dwell,
There I'll fix mine, and there reſide,
There thy love's wonders tell.

The

The pledges of thy love ſhall there — Cant. 2. 5.
Revive this heart of mine; — Cant. 1. 2.
Thy love, more fragrant and more ſweet
Than bowls of generous wine.

HYMN XXIII.

[*As the* 100 *pſalm.*]

OUR LORD a banquet has prepar'd, — Iſa. 55. 1, 2.
And every hungry ſoul invites;
Among his friends at table ſits, — Cant. 1. 12.
To bleſs 'em with refin'd delights.

The grape's pure blood, and flower of wheat — Deut. 32. 14. John 6. 53—58.
Are proper ſymbols to deſcribe
The heavenly bread believers eat,
The ſacred wine which they imbibe.

Salem's great prince, *Melchiſedeck*, — Gen. 14. 18.
Prieſt of an order moſt divine,
The conquering patriarch met, and fed — Pſ. 110. 4.
His weary troops with bread and wine.

Of the ſame order Chriſt our Prieſt, — Heb. 5. 10.
The other's antitype, and Lord, — Ch. 6. 10.
For bread his broken body gives,
And does for wine his blood afford.

JESUS the king of righteouſneſs, — Heb. 7. 1, 2.
And prince of peace, to entertain
Victorious ſaints who bear his arms, — Rom. 8. 37.
Was willing to be bruis'd and ſlain. — Joh. 6. 51.

Col. 3. 4. John 6. 32, 33. Gal. 2. 20. *From* thee alone, O Lord of life,
Our ſouls their life of grace derive:
By thee, the true and living bread,
We're daily fed and kept alive.

2 Cor. 5. 15. 1 Theſ. 4. 16, 17. To thee, Lord, we reſolve to live,
To thee who doſt our life ſuſtain;
And with thee hope to live at laſt,
With thee eternally to reign.

HYMN XXIV.

Pſ. 96. 1. ANgels and Men your ſongs renew,
Sing all with pious mirth;
Pſ. 96. 11. Rejoice and ſhout, ye heavens above,
And be thou glad, O earth.

Rom. 8. 3. His ſon the God of grace ſent down
With ſinful men to dwell,
John 8. 34, 36. The wretched captives to redeem
From the wide jaws of hell.

Heb. 9. 9—— 12. 1 Pet. 1. 18, 19. Heb. 10. 19. So heinous were our crimes, ſo great
Our guilt; that nothing leſs
Than the effuſion of his blood
Could purchaſe our releaſe.

1 Theſ. 1. 10. 1 Cor. 15. 55, 56, 57. Heb. 2. 14. His blood his father's wrath atones,
Quenches infernal fire,
Diſarms Death of its poiſon'd ſting,
Makes hell's black troops retire.

He

He gain'd this victory alone,
We in the triumph ſhare;
He wore our thorns, that we with him
Might crowns of glory wear. Rev. 7. 9. & 2. 10.

Thy love, O Lord *our righteouſneſs*,
Our higheſt thoughts tranſcends;
Divinely free, and knows no bounds;
Conſtant, and never ends. Jer. 23. 6. Eph. 2. 18. Pſal. 136. 1, &c.

O may that Joy thy favor brings,
In all our ſouls abound!
So while our king at table ſits,
Our tongues his praiſe ſhall ſound. Phil. 4. 7. Cant. 1. 12. *ver.* 4.

Of the ſweet fruits of paradiſe,
Thou giv'ſt us here a taſt;
Wiſely reſerving for thy friends
The beſt wine to the laſt; Epheſ. 1. 13, 14. Joh. 2. 10.

To that bright endleſs day, when we
Shall hidden manna eat
Amid the heav'nly *Eden*, where
Our bliſs ſhall be complete. Rev. 2. 17. *ver.* 7.

HYMN XXV.

Pſal. 8. LOrd, all the works thy hand has form'd
In earth and heaven above,
Pſ. 107. 8, And all thy tracks of providence
15, 21, 31. Shew thee a God of *love*.

1 John 4. But thy ſurprizing acts of grace,
10. To *Adam*'s guilty ſeed,
Loudly proclaim to all the world,
& 4. 8, 16. That *God is* love indeed.

To objects who deſerve thy wrath
Rom. 5. Thy boundleſs *love* extends;
8, 10. Thou'rt kinder to thy enemies
John 15. 13. Than men are to their friends.

Eph. 1. 4, *Love* drew the model of our bliſs
5, 6, 7. In the decrees divine;
Conducts the work, and will at length
Joh. 13. 1. Complete the vaſt deſign.

Love brought heav'n's heir down from his throne
Mat. 1. 23. Into a virgin's womb;
Faſten'd him to a curſed tree,
Joh. 19. 41. And laid him in a tomb.

In his words, deeds, and ſufferings all,
Prov. 31. 26. The law of kindneſs reign'd:
Love open'd all his ghaſtly wounds,
1 John 4. 10. Thro which his life was drain'd.

His

His *love* as freely tenders now
That meritorious blood,
That broken body, to our ſouls
The beſt and ſweeteſt food. John 6. 51, &c.

Love carry'd him up to his throne,
There to prepare us room;
And *love* will bring him down again
At laſt, to lead us home. John 16. 17. Heb. 9. 28. 1 Theſ. 4. 17.

HYMN XXVI.

[*As the* 100 *pſalm.*]

HAſt thou, my ſoul, thy Saviour view'd
As on the croſs he hung and bled? Acts 5. 30.
Haſt ſeen his bruiſes, wounds, and tears, Heb. 5. 7.
Seen him bow down his dying head? 8.

Haſt heard how rudely he was jeer'd Mat. 27.
By thoſe that made him groan and die? 39—43.
Heard him amid their cruel ſcoffs,
Ev'n rend the heavens with his cry, Mat. 27. 46.

That doleful cry, *my God, my God,*
O why haſt thou thy ſon forſook! ver. 50.
Haſt mark'd the anguiſh of his words,
The mortal horror of his look?

All this is much, yet 'tis not all;
But thou no proper terms canſt find Iſa. 53.
To paint the torments of his ſoul, 10.
The inward bruiſes of his mind.

All this and more than thou, my ſoul,
Iſa. 53. 6. Canſt tell or think, he did endure,
To ſkreen thee from his father's wrath,
And thy eternal bliſs ſecure.

Look back once more, and view his head,
Iſa. 52. 14. His back, his hands, his feet, his ſide:
And tell if any ſight like this
Is found in all the world beſide.

Phil. 3. 8. No, all to me is dung and droſs,
But my dear Jeſus crucify'd:
Cant. 2. 3. Under the ſhadow of his croſs
I'll ſit me down, and there abide.

John 15. 13. His wounds, the nobleſt proofs of love,
Cant. 5. 16. His beauty too I there ſhall ſee,
Darting thro his reproachful veil
Ezek. 16. 14. Its ſweet and powerful beams on me.

HYMN XXVII.

[*As the 25 pſalm.*]

Heb. 4. 16. LOrd, we approach thy throne,
Heb. 13. 15. To thee thank-offerings bring;
For in thy temple every one
Pſa. 29. 9. Should of thy glory ſing.

Pſ. 68. 16. There thou art pleas'd to dwell,
Pſa. 27. 4. And there thy beauty ſhines;
There to thy fav'rites thou doſt tell
Pſ. 25. 14. Thy great, thy good deſigns.

Thy

Thy table they draw near, Cant. 5. 1.
To which thy calls invite ;
They find the beſt of dainties there,
And there to dwell delight.

Thy fleſh is meat indeed, John 6.
Thy blood the richeſt wine ; 55.
How bleſt are they who often feed
On this repaſt of thine !

While by our ſins to thee Mat. 26.
We fill'd a bitter cup, 39.
Thou mad'ſt this noble treat, that we & 27. 34.
Might at thy table ſup. & 26. 26.

May joy, with humble fear, Pſa. 2. 11.
A true devotion raiſe
In all who are aſſembled here,
To celebrate thy praiſe.

So while thy courts reſound
With ſongs, we ſhall confeſs
That no ſuch pleaſure's to be found Pſ. 84 10.
I'th' tents of wickedneſs.

And if ſuch feaſts as this Pſal. 36.
Yield ſo much ſweet below, 7, 8.
What joys ſwim in thoſe floods of bliſs, Pſ. 16. 11.
Which at thy right hand flow ?

HYMN XXVIII.

Pſ. 51. 17. O Lord, thou doſt a broken heart
And contrite mind approve,
Wilt humble penitents receive
With pity, joy, and love.

Pſal. 2. 11. Teach us o'er all our ſins to weep,
And in thy grace rejoice;
Pſ. 130. 4. To mix confeſſions of our guilt
With a thankſgiving voice.

Joh. 16. 8, 9, 10, 11. O let thy ſpirit's convincing power
Diſpoſe us to repent;
1 John 2. 20. That holy oil will ſoften rocks,
Acts 2. 37. Make flinty hearts relent.

John 14. 16. Let that reviving comforter
Seal to us pard'ning grace;
Eph. 1. 13. Iſa. 59. 2. Nor let the ſins we loath, eclipſe
The luſtre of thy face.

1 Joh. 2. 1. Behold our glorious advocate
At thy right hand inthron'd,
Heb. 9. 26. Who by the offering of his blood
Has for them all aton'd.

He for our great and numerous ſins
Iſa. 53. 3, 4. Once numerous torments bore;
For them the ſcourges, thorns, and nails,
His fleſh ſo rudely tore.

Rivers

Rivers of blood ran from his wounds, Pſ. 22. 14.
His eyes wept briny ſhow'rs ; Heb. 5. 7.
And all this pain and grief he felt
For crimes intirely ours. Iſa. 53. 5, 6.

Lord, ſince our pardon coſt ſo dear, 1 Pet. 1. 18. 19.
Yet comes to us ſo free,
Whence is it that our narrow ſouls
Shew no more love to thee ?

May this endearing love of thine, Luke 7. 47.
By thouſand torments prov'd,
Increaſe our love and zeal to thee, 1 Cor. 6. 20.
Who us ſo much haſt lov'd.

HYMN XXIX.

[*As the* 100 *pſalm.*]

ETernal father, how divine,
How noble is this gift of thine !
That thou ſhould'ſt ſend thy only ſon, Rom. 8. 32.
That holy, lov'd, and lovely one ; Mat. 3. 17.

The nobleſt object of thy love, Prov. 8. 31.
To leave his throne and crown above, Phil. 2. 6, 7, 8.
To dwell with mortals here below,
And death for them to undergo !

And thou, bleſt ſaviour, who didſt come Prov. 8. 31.
So freely from thy heav'nly home, Pſal. 46. 6, 7, 8.
To make thyſelf a ſacrifice
For criminals and enemies :

How

How full of wonder is that love
Joh. 17. 5. That could determine thee to move
From thy illuſtrious palace, where
The heav'nly hoſt did thee revere!

Iſa. 6. compar'd with John 12. 37—42. Where flaming *Seraphs* bow'd before
Thy awful ſcepter, to adore
Thy *holy*, *holy*, *holy* name,
And thy perfections to proclaim!

Love made thee all this glory leave,
Heb. 10. 20. A veil of human fleſh receive,
Iſa. 53. To live in grief and miſery,
And after all to bleed and die!

Gal. 3. 13. To die a death the moſt accurſt,
Phil. 2. 8. And of all deaths the very worſt;
Mat. 27. 28—31. To be with lingring torments ſlain,
Abus'd with ſcoffs and vile diſdain!

All this thou haſt endur'd, that we
1 Cor. 1. 30. Holy and happy too might be;
Rev. 20. 6. And with thee in thy kingdom reign,
When thou, dear Lord, ſhalt come again.

HYMN

HYMN XXX.

YOu that the holy Jeſus love,
Give honour to his name; Cant. 1. 4.
The great atchievements of his grace
In thankful verſe proclaim.

Tho what your higheſt thoughts ſurmounts
Can never be expreſt; Eph. 3. 18, 19.
Yet ſomething of it you may tell,
And wonder out the reſt.

Remember all his mighty deeds,
His ſorrows all review; Phil. 2. 6, 7, 8.
How he abas'd his glorious ſelf,
To bleed and die for you.

Remember all the ſhame and ſcorn,
The vinegar and gall, Pſal. 69. 21.
The gaping wounds thro which he pour'd Mat. 27.
His vital juices all.

His ſorrows, as his virtues, were
Innumerable found; Cant. 5. 9, &c.
Troubles from earth, from heaven and hell, Iſa. 53. 3.
His ſpotleſs ſoul ſurround.

Crucify'd by the worſt of men, Acts 3. 13, 14, 15.
Forſaken by the beſt; Mat. 26. 56.
With th' endleſs number of our ſins, Pſ. 40. 12.
Sin's mighty weight oppreſs'd.

He

Gal. 3. 13. He felt the curſes of the law,
Mat. 27. 46. His father's wrath ſuſtain'd;
Luke 22. 53. Endur'd the cruel ſhock of all
The powers of hell unchain'd.

Acts 1. 9, 20. But after all victorious prov'd,
In triumph did aſcend,
2 Tim. 4. 8. And now prepares us crowns and thrones,
Rev. 3. 21. And joys that ne'er ſhall end.

HYMN XXXI.

[*As the 25 pſalm.*]

Joh. 6. 32, 33, 34. LOrd, thou haſt treated us
With true and living bread;
Thy body, as upon the croſs,
The painful croſs, it bled.

Mat. 26. 27, 28. Thy blood's a precious wine,
Judg. 9. 13. The heart of God it chears;
Rom. 8. 33, 34. With heav'nly ſweets, and joys divine,
It calms our guilty fears.

John 19. 34. A living ſpring thy ſide,
Pſ. 22. 14. Thy pierc'd ſide did impart,
Thro which a vital juice did glide
Down from thy melting heart.

Pſ. 22. 16. This crimſon ſtream, with thoſe
Thy hands and feet did yield,
Zech. 13. 1. A bath for ſinners does compoſe,
In which they're cleans'd and heal'd.

Such

Such bleſſings, Lord, in thee,
If at thy croſs we meet, Mat. 26. 29.
What joys will in thy kingdom be,
Joys how divinely ſweet!

When thou with glory crown'd, Rev. 3. 21.
Thy ſaints on thrones wilt place,
And ſatiate all thy gueſts around
With th' viſion of thy face. 1 John 3. 2.

From that bleſt paradiſe Rev. 22. 3. & 20. 10, 14.
None e'er ſhall be exil'd;
None by a ſerpent's tempting voice,
Of joy and life beguil'd.

The tree of life ſhall chaſe Rev. 22. 2.
Death thence, and all its fears:
Rivers of pleaſure there have place, 22. 1.
And there are none of tears. & 21. 4.

HYMN XXXII.

[*As the* 100 *pſalm.*]

LEt all who love our Saviour's name, Cant. 1. 3, 4.
That name ſo full of heav'nly grace,
In ſongs of triumph ſpread his fame
Thro ev'ry age, and ev'ry place.

He kindly laid aſide his crown, Phil. 2. 6, 7, 8.
And robes of awful majeſty;
And in a ſervant's form came down
To bear a croſs, and on it die.

Heb. 5. 7. Luke 22. 44. With tears, and ſweat, and blood imbru'd,
This holy lamb was ſacrific'd;
Iſa. 53. 7. Mat. 27. 40—44. Jeer'd by the barbarous multitude,
And by profaner prieſts deſpis'd.

1 Cor. 15. 54—57. John 18. 14. Heb. 2. 14. But dying thus, he pluck'd the ſting
From death; and riſing from the grave,
He triumph'd o'er the mighty *king*
Of terrors, as a captive ſlave.

Acts 1. 9, 10. Phil. 2. 9, 10, 11. Then to his heav'nly throne was rais'd,
Whence he'll deſcend again, to be
Thro the whole world ador'd and prais'd
By every tongue, and every knee.

Rev. 1. 16. Tho tears, and blood, and ſpittle here
Clouded, profan'd and marr'd his face,
The mid-day ſun is not ſo clear,
Now 'tis adorn'd with heavenly grace.

Rev. 5. 9, &c. Mat. 17. 2. 1 Tim. 6. 16. Angelick ſongs his beauties praiſe,
While, clad in glorious robes of light,
He darts innumerable rays
Around, for mortal eyes too bright.

Ezek. 16. 3——15. 1 John 1. 7. This glory *Adam*'s ſons partake,
Who once deform'd and odious were;
For that pure blood he ſhed, can make
A leprous ſinner clean and fair.

2 Cor. 5. 4. Phil. 3. 21. Our bodies too he will refine;
Vile bodies, under which we groan,
Shall with immortal beauty ſhine,
Render'd all lovely like his own.

HYMN

HYMN XXXIII.

WHat wond'rous things we now behold
At this myſterious board!
What copious matter for a ſong
Of praiſes they afford!

1 Tim. 3. 16. Gal. 3. 1. Mat. 26. 30.

Extended on a croſs we ſee
The Lord whom we adore,
Both giving and receiving wounds,
Bath'd in triumphant gore.

Col. 2. 15.

No victor's robe ſo rich a dye
Before did ever ſtain,
No champion ſuch a victory
Before did ever gain.

Iſa. 63. 1. Heb. 2. 14, 15.

Glory and ſtrength his torments add
To all his mighty deeds;
His enemies fly, and fall the more,
The more he groans and bleeds.

Heb. 2. 10.

Tho the law's curſe lights on his head,
While Satan wounds his heel,
His body's bruis'd by men, his heart
Death's cruel ſting does feel;

Gal. 3. 13. Gen. 3. 15. 1 Cor. 15. 56.

Yet with firm courage he o'er all
Bears up his conqu'ring head,
Till on their captive necks his feet
In ſolemn triumph tread.

Col. 2. 14, 15.

This

Isa. 63. 3. Heb. 10. 12, 13, 14. Mat. 27. 46. Rom. 8. 15. Isa. 1. 6. & 53. 5. Gal. 3. 13. & 4. 4, 5.

This shock our Lord sustain'd alone,
But makes us share the spoils;
He felt his father's dreadful frowns,
That we might have his smiles.

To cure our wounds and putrid sores,
Was pierc'd in every limb;
His cross, our tree of life, became
A tree of death to him.

Rev. 1. 18. 2 Tim. 3. 12.

But tho once dead, he's now alive,
And lives for evermore:
Then let his saints, whose life is hid
In Christ, his name adore.

HYMN XXXIV.

[*As the* 100 *psalm.*]

1 Pet. 2. 3.

COme let us all, who here have seen,
And tasted of our Saviour's grace,
From his blest table to his cross,
In thought, his weary footsteps trace.

Luke 23. 33. Mat. 26. 56.

Let's trace him up to *Calvary*,
Not leave him as his followers did,
Who having at his table sup'd,
Forsook their suffering Lord, and fled.

Joh. 18. 1. Mat. 26. 38. Mark 14. 35.

Into the garden first he goes,
Where mortal fears beset him round;
Sin's pressing weight o'erwhelms his soul,
And sinks his body to the ground.

Here,

Here, proſtrate as he lies, he groans,
Pouring out pray'rs with fervent cries,
Till he ſweats drops of blood, to mix — Luke 22. 44.
With floods that iſſue from his eyes. — Heb. 5. 7.

Yet are his ſorrows but begun; — Mat. 26. 48.
By one diſciple he's betray'd,
Another him with oaths denies, — Ver. 69, &c.
The reſt all run like ſheep afraid. — Ver. 31, 56.

Falſly accus'd, he's doom'd to die; — Ver. 59, 60.
Loaded with blaſphemy and ſcorn,
He's rudely buffeted and bound, — Ver. 66, 67, 68.
His ſacred fleſh with ſcourges torn. — Mat. 27. 2. Ver. 26.

His temples wear a wreath of thorns,
Spittle his reverend face profanes; — Ver. 29.
His weary ſhoulders bear a croſs, — John 19. 17, 18.
On which he ſuffers mortal pains.

Between two thieves he lingring dies, — Mat. 27. 38.
While thouſand tortures on him meet;
His heart's diſſolv'd within, his blood — Pſal. 22.
Flows out in ſtreams from hands and feet. — 14, 15, 16.

Theſe ſtreams, join'd with that other flood — John 19.
That guſh'd out from his wounded ſide, — 34.
Compoſe a ſovereign bath, wherein — Zech. 13.
The leprous Soul is purify'd. — 1.

HYMN XXXV.

Pſal. 65. 4. HAppy are they our Lord has choſe
In his bleſt courts to dwell;
His praiſes ſtill their thoughts employ,
Pſ. 29. 9. Their tongues his glory tell.

Pſ. 27. 4. There he his lovelineſs makes known
To all who love his name;
Iſa. 28. 5. To them he is a glorious crown,
And beauteous diadem.

Pſ. 23. 5. With a celeſtial banquet there
His table's richly ſpread;
Luke 22. 19, 20. The wine's the tincture of his veins,
His body is the bread.

Cant. 5. 1. To entertain his happy friends,
Pſal. 23. 5. He oft repeats his call;
Mat. 22. 11, 12. Pours fragrant oil upon their heads,
Gives robes to clothe 'em all.

Iſa. 57. 15. Nay, every contrite mind to him
Pſ. 51. 17. A holy temple proves:
For humble ſouls are his delight,
And he dwells where he loves.

He at the door of every heart
Does friendly calls renew;
Rev. 3. 20. " Open to me, and you ſhall ſup
" With me, and I with you.

And

And will the high and lofty one — Iſa. 57.15.
Vouchſafe to dwell with men?
Open, eternal doors, and let — Pſal. 24. 7, &c.
The king of glory in.

This entertainment, Lord, of thine, — 1 Pet. 1. 18, 19.
So gen'rous and ſo free,
Coſt many a pang, and many a groan,
And many a wound to thee.

Eternal praiſe to thy great name, — Rev. 5. 9, &c.
By all the hoſt of heaven,
By every nation, every tongue,
And every heart be given.

HYMN XXXVI.

[*As the* 100 *pſalm.*]

WHAT mighty conqueror do we ſee
Whoſe garments are diſtain'd with (blood, — Iſa. 63. 1.
Whoſe rich apparel ſeems to be
All tinctur'd in a crimſon flood?

Like one who has the wine-preſs trod, — Ver. 2.
Whoſe clothes the grape has purpl'd o'er?
'Tis the eternal Son of God, — Iſa. 53. 5.
All full of wounds, all ſtain'd with gore.

A mighty conqueror indeed,
Who conquers by receiving blows;
To give wounds, is content to bleed; — Heb. 2.14, 15.
And by his death ſubdues his foes.

He treads 'em down, tho all alone,
Isa. 63. 3. And with their blood his veſture's ſtain'd;
But firſt is all bath'd in his own,
His own by many a wound is drain'd.

Col. 2. 15. His blood hell's ſubtle powers confounds,
To them a mortal liquor proves;
Luke 10. But is a balm to heal our wounds,
34. A wine to chear the ſouls he loves.

Joh. 19. 34. The veſſels that contain'd this juice,
& 20. 25. A ſpear and ruder nails did broach;
And while his fleſh they pierce and bruiſe,
Pſ. 69. 20. His heart is broken with reproach.

Iſa. 53. 5. But bruis'd, and broke, and mangled thus,
This ſacrifice our pardon gain'd;
Mat. 26. And thus prepar'd, is food to us,
26, 27. By which we live, and are ſuſtain'd.

Pſ. 78. 24. Thrice happy they, whoſe tents around
Pſ. 116. 13. Such heavenly bleſſings ſtill are ſpread!
John 6. Whoſe cup is with ſalvation crown'd,
31, 32, 33. Their board with true and living bread!

Rom. 5. Praiſe him whoſe mercies know no end,
20. But to a vaſter ſum ariſe
2 Chron. Than ſins themſelves; for theſe extend
28. 9. To heaven, but thoſe above the ſkies.
Pſ. 108. 4.

HYMN

HYMN XXXVII.

[*As the* 100 *pſalm.*]

OThers may tell of famous things
Done by their heroes and their kings;
The LORD we ſerve, them all exceeds — Rom. 5. 7, 8.
For mighty ſufferings, mighty deeds.

The torments he has undergone, — 1 Pet. 1. 12.
The glorious trophies he has won,
Armies of wondring angels cauſe — Rev. 5. 11, 12.
To fill the heavens with loud applauſe.

Deep in our breaſts let us record — 1 Cor. 11. 24, 25, 26.
The ſtory of our dying Lord:
As we his kind memorials view, — Mat. 26. 30.
Our wonder, and our ſongs renew.

From heaven the LORD of glory came, — Jam. 2. 1.
On earth to bear reproach and ſhame; — Iſa. 50. 6.
The ſon of God his face to veil, — John 1. 14.
Aſſumes a body weak and frail.

The king of kings a crown adorns, — Rev. 19. 16.
Inſtead of gems, all ſet with thorns: — Iſa. 6. 3.
He whom the angels prais'd and bleſt, — *compar'd with* John 12. 41.
Is made the rabble's ſcorn and jeſt.

The meek, the juſt, the holy one — Mat. 21. 5.
Under the weight of ſin does groan. — Acts 3. 14, 15.
The prince of life would learn to die, — Phil. 2. 6, 7, 8.
And be as low as he was high.

1 Tim. 4. 8. He that distributes crowns and thrones,
Rev. 3. 21. Hangs on a tree, and bleeds, and groans:
Act. 10. 39. He on a cross resigns his breath,
Rev. 1. 18. Who keeps the keys of hell and death.

'Twas thus, because he'd have it so,
John 10. 11. That we his wondrous love might know:
Mat. 26. 48, 49, 50. To rescue us, he was betray'd;
To make us free, a pris'ner made;

Ps. 22. 15. To raise us, in the dust did roll;
Isa. 53. 4, 5. Bore many wounds, to make us whole:
To give us pleasure, felt our pain;
Rom. 6. 23. And dy'd, that we might life obtain.

1 Cor. 15. 54—57. Thus sin, death, and the powers of hell,
Col. 2. 15. Conquer'd, disarm'd, and wounded fell.
Eph. 4. 8. He mounted then his throne above,
2 Cor. 5. 20. And conquers sinners by his love.

LORD, since our pardon, and our bliss,
1 Cor. 6. 20. Were bought at such a price as this;
As thou art ours, we're thine alone;
1 Cor. 7. 22, 23. Thine will we be, and not our own.

HYMN

HYMN XXXVIII.

WHen Chriſt, at Simon's table plac'd, Luke 7. 36, 37, 38.
His ſacred doctrine taught;
A penitent behind him ſtood,
Whom love had thither brought.

She with devotion kiſs'd his feet,
Bath'd 'em with flowing eyes;
Then drys 'em with her ſpreading locks,
And fragrant oil applies.

'Twas love theſe funeral tears prepar'd Ver. 47. Mat. 26. 12.
Before her Lord was dead;
Officious love ſupply'd the balm
Before his wounds had bled.

Her faith the virtue of his blood
Apply'd, before 'twas ſpilt;
To waſh her ſoul from every ſtain, 1 John 1. 7.
And expiate her guilt.

The Saviour's ſympathizing heart
Her pious ſorrow feels;
Commends her faith, her love applauds, Ver. 47, 50.
His pard'ning grace reveals.

Thus every ſoul ſucceeds, that bows
At the redeemer's feet;
Thoſe who repent, believe and love,
Chriſt at his table meet.

Rom. 5. 20, 21. The motions of thy ſovereign grace,
Lord, let no ſin controul;
Forgiving glances from thy eyes
Will raviſh every ſoul.

Theſe faithful pledges of thy love
Declare thee ſtill the ſame:
Luk. 22. 19. For theſe memorials of thy croſs
We praiſe thy ſacred name.

HYMN XXXIX.

[*As the* 100 *pſalm.*]

Gal. 2. 20. COME, let us go and die with him,
Who was content to die for us;
Iſa. 53. 5, 6. Let's wound and crucify thoſe ſins
That nail'd our Saviour to his croſs.

2 Cor. 7. 11. May holy indignation raiſe
A juſt revenge in every breaſt!
Pſ. 97. 10. May every ſoul, that JESUS loves,
The very thoughts of ſin deteſt!

Rom. 2. 8, 9. Hence all ye viprous brood of vice,
That bring a train of endleſs woes;
O how I loath and hate you now,
As mine, and as my Saviour's foes!

Acts 2. 23. Yours are the bloody hands that ſeiz'd,
That bound, that buffeted, that ſlew
Heb. 3. 14. 15. The Lord of life, and on the croſs
Your poiſon'd arrows at him threw.

You

You are the barb'rous enemies, Luke 19.
Who ſtill refuſe that Chriſt ſhould reign; 14. Ver. 27.
Juſtice demands you ſhould be drag'd Numb. 15.
Without the camp, and there be ſlain. 35. Heb. 13. 11, 12, 13.

Hence all your vain deluding arts, Heb. 3. 13.
Which the unwary ſoul beguile;
Theſe have no charms for one that ſees Gal. 6. 4.
Redeeming mercy on him ſmile.

My robes, when waſh'd in ſacred blood, Rev. 7. 13, 14.
Shall I again with blots deface?
My ſoul, by grace advanc'd to heav'n, Ch. 3. 4. Luke 10. 15.
Shall I again to hell debaſe?

Prevent me, O almighty grace!
Nor let me e'er ſo treacherous prove,
To crucify my Lord afreſh, Heb. 6. 6.
And render hate for all his love! Pſal. 109. 4, 5.

His life the model be of mine; 1 Pet. 2. 21, 22.
His word the rule to guide my ways; Col. 3. 16.
His croſs the death of all my crimes; Rom. 6. 6.
His love the ſubject of my praiſe. Rev. 5. 8.

HYMN

HYMN XL.

Heb. 12. 22. Psal. 100. 4. Heb 4.16. Eph. 3. 18, 19.
LET all, who enter Sion's gate,
And in God's sacred courts attend,
Praise him before his holy seat,
Whose mercy knows no bounds or end.

Psa.103.1. Psa.100.1. 1 Cor. 14. 15. Col. 3.16.
To the soul's inward harmony
Join the sweet musick of the tongue;
No jarring thought admitted be,
No mind untun'd, no heart unstrung.

Rom. 8. 32. Heb. 10. 20. Isa.53.2.3.
Praise him, who did not spare to send
From heaven his own eternal son,
To veil himself in flesh, and end
That life in blood which tears begun.

Joh. 1.18. Phil. 2. 6, 7, 8. 2 Cor. 5. 21. Isa.53.5,6.
Praise that redeemer, who forsook
The bosom of his father's love;
The guilt of sinners on him took,
The pain without the crime to prove.

Mat. 3.16. Ps. 14. 3. Rom. 5.5.
And praise that bright immortal dove,
Who contrite hearts with joy inspires,
And sheds abroad redeeming love,
To warm our breasts with holy fires.

1 John 5. 7. 2 Tim. 1. 10.
O praise the sacred *three* in *one*,
To whose love, wisdom, Pow'r, we owe
That bliss which is in time begun,
But shall with time no period know.

HYMN

HYMN XLI.

THe ſun of righteouſneſs has ſhin'd, Mal. 4. 2.
And God's new cov'nant has reveal'd; Luke 1. 78.
Chriſt's hand the ſacred bond has ſign'd, Heb. 8. 6.
His blood the ſacred bond has ſeal'd. Pſ. 40. 6, 7. Luke 22. 20.

His numerous promiſes aſſure
Salvation on his father's part: 2 Cor. 1. 20.
Salvation can't but be ſecure, Heb. 9.
When purchas'd with his bleeding heart. 13, 14, 15.

The kind teſtator freely dies, *ver.* 16, 17.
To ratify this teſtament:
The ſacred dove from glory flies, Mat. 3. 16.
To gain the ſinners free conſent. John 16. 7——16.

The table of the Lord diſplays
The dear memorials of his love: Luke 22. 19.
The church below applauds his grace, Rev. 7.
In concert with the church above. 9——15.

Lord, when we gave ourſelves to thee, 2 Cor. 8. 5.
Drawn by the charming bands of love, Hoſ. 11. 4.
We vow'd for ever thine to be,
And by thy grace will conſtant prove. 1 Pet. 3. 21.

Thee we have always gracious found, Pſal. 36. 5——8.
Thy promiſes are firm and true: Pſal. 119. 106.
The tyes wherewith our ſouls are bound,
We now moſt ſolemnly renew.

Command,

Acts 9. 6. Command, and we'll obey thy call;
Mark 8. 34, 35. We'll take our croſs, and follow thee
John 18. 15. To priſon, to the judgment-hall,
Ch. 19. 26, 27. Without the gate to *Calvary*.

Cant. 2. 16. Since thou art ours, may we retain
Col. 3. 10. Thy ſacred image which we bear:
Pſa. 119. 38. Since we are thine, may we remain
Ever devoted to thy fear.

1 Chr. 29. 10—18. Ourſelves to thee, Lord, we reſign,
Pſal. 56. 12. All we poſſeſs to thee belongs;
Thou haſt our vows, our hearts are thine,
And thou ſhalt ever have our ſongs.

HYMN XLII.

[*As the* 100 *pſalm.*]

Mat. 1. 22, 23. COme, let us bleſs the glorious name
Of our great prince *Immanuel*;
Pſa. 86. 13. Who from heav'ns higheſt regions came,
To ſave us from the loweſt hell.

Acts 3. 15. Nor did this prince of life diſdain
1 Tim. 3. 16. A mortal body to aſſume;
Iſa. 53. 3, 4. To live in ſorrow, die in pain,
Mat. 27. 60. And be interr'd within a tomb.

Rom. 5. 21. That men, by guilt of life bereav'd,
Might have their num'rous crimes forgiven;
Rom. 5. 10. Rebels might be to grace receiv'd,
Heb. 12. 22, 23. T' inlarge the family of heaven.

Th'an-

Th' angelick hoſt this grace admire, 1 Pet. 1. 12.
Which reconciles apoſtate man ;
To ſound that myſtick deep deſire, Heb. 9. 5.
Contriv'd before the world began. Eph. 1. 4, 5.

They with ſoft muſick fill'd the air, Luke 2.
When firſt our Saviour drew his breath : 13, 14.
They chear'd his mind oppreſt with care, Mat. 4 11. Luke 22.
When tempted, and approaching death. 43.

They now around his throne above Rev. 5. 11, 12.
To heav'nly ayres their voices raiſe ;
With humble joy that grace approve Rev. 7. 11, 12.
Which yields 'em endleſs ſongs of praiſe.

While they loud *Hallelujah's* ſing Rev. 19. 1.
Above our notes, our thoughts above ;
In glad *Hoſanna's* to our king Mat. 21. 9.
We'll ſing of reconciling love.

HYMN XLIII.

BEhold the Saviour of the world
Embru'd with ſweat and gore, Mat. 27.
Expiring on that ſhameful croſs,
Where he our ſorrows bore !

Compaſſion for loſt human race Heb. 2. 14, 15, 16, &c.
Brought down heav'n's only ſon,
To veil in fleſh his radiant face, Heb. 1. 3.
And for their ſins atone.

Who

Who can to love his name forbear,
1 Pet. 1. 18, 19. That of his ſufferings hears,
And finds the ranſom of his ſoul
Was blood as well as tears?

Acts 20. 28. Thy ſacred blood, O ſon of God!
Which ran from many a wound;
Pſal. 22. 12, 13. When earth's and hell's malicious pow'rs
All compaſs'd thee around:

Till death's pale enſigns o'er thy cheeks
John 19. 30. And trembling lips were ſpread;
Till light forſook thy dying eyes,
And life thy drooping head.

Iſa. 53. 4. 5. Rev. 7. 14, 15, &c. Joy for thy torments we receive,
Life in thy death have found;
For the reproaches of thy croſs
Shall be with glory crown'd.

1 John 4. 19. May we a grateful ſenſe retain
Of thy redeeming love!
1 John 3. 3. And live below like thoſe that hope
To live with thee above!

HYMN XLIV.

1 Cor. 11. 26. WHile thy love's pledges we receive
In this bleſt ſupper, Lord, we ſee
Pſal. 116. 12. What grateful tribute, what returns
Of love and praiſe we owe to thee.

O may

O may thy altar's holy fire
Inflame our hearts, refine our tongues!
May love divine our breaſts inſpire
With heav'nly thoughts, and heav'nly ſongs! Iſa. 6. 5, 6, 7. Cant. 1. 3, 4.

Tho to extol thy wondrous grace
Our thoughts and words too low will prove;
Thou, Lord, wilt ne'er refuſe a ſong
From any heart that's tun'd with love. Eph. 3. 18, 19. Job. 37. 19, 20.

While to thy croſs we turn our eyes,
And there thy agonies review;
What we deſerv'd, but thou haſt born,
Thy wounds, thy groans, thy torments ſhew. Iſa. 53. 4, 5, 6.

While terror o'er thy ſoul was ſpread,
Thy cruel foes reviling ſtood;
While clouds of wrath burſt on thy head.
They bath'd their hands in ſacred blood. Mat. 27. 39. Iſa. 53. 10.

The ſun aſtoniſh'd hid his face,
The heavens a ſable garment wore;
The frighted earth's foundations ſhook,
And ſolid rocks aſunder tore: Mat. 27. 45. *ver.* 51.

The temple's veil was rent, to ſhew
Heav'n's throne unveil'd to our high-prieſt;
The opening graves and riſing ſaints,
The virtue of his death confeſt. Heb. 9. 7, 8. Mat. 27. 52.

Thou,

Acts 3. 15. Ch. 2. 24. John 10. 18.
Thou, Lord of life, didſt ſoon revive;
Nor could thy tomb thee long retain,
Who to lay down thy life hadſt pow'r,
And pow'r to take it up again.

Iſa. 52. 14. Rev. 1. 13—18.
Thy body, once with wounds deform'd,
Does now with heav'nly glory ſhine,
Adorn'd, and made a temple fit
For ſuch a beauteous ſoul as thine.

Gal. 2. 20. Phil. 3. 21. Rev. 7. 9, 10, &c.
As once upon the curſed tree
Our ſins, with thee our Saviour, dy'd:
So, Lord, we hope to riſe like thee,
And ſing thy triumphs at thy ſide.

HYMN XLV.

Pſ. 84. 1. Joh. 6. 48. Gen. 28. 16, 17.
HOw glorious is this holy place,
Where bread of life is giv'n!
This ſurely is the houſe of God!
This is the gate of heav'n!

Jeſus, the maſter of the feaſt,
Vouchſafes his preſence here;
1 Cor. 10. 16.
The cup of bleſſing paſſes round,
The pious gueſts to chear.

Cant. 1 2. Pſ. 5. 6. 7.
Dainties that royal tables bear,
And bowls of ruddy wine,
Can't with this nobler board compare,
Crown'd with a feaſt divine.

Hence faithleſs doubts, deſponding fears
No more our joys moleſt: Mat. 9. 2. Luke 7. 47, &c.
Hence all vain thoughts, and vile deſires
No more our ſouls infeſt. Rom. 6. 2.

Can ſinners doubt their pardon, when
Their judge upon them ſmiles? Eph. 5. 2.
Can they ungratefully rebel,
Whom Jeſus reconciles? Rom. 12. 1.

The merit of his blood can calm
The ſoul with guilt oppreſt: Heb. 10. 22.
The torments of his croſs can make
The ſoul all ſin deteſt. Ch. 9. 14.

Jeſus, we lift our hearts to thee,
To thee our longing eyes; John 3. 14, 15.
To thee our ſolemn vows addreſs, Zech. 12. 10.
To thee our ardent cries.

O may our ſins, that made thee bleed, Gal. 2. 20.
All on thy croſs expire!
O may the joys, thy banquet gives, Pſ. 84. 2.
Equal our warm deſire! Cant. 2. 3, 4.

So ſhall we mount upon the wings
Of chearful hope and love;
And here begin the ſongs that we Rev. 7.
Shall better ſing above.

HYMN XLVI.

Pſa. 50. 23. 1 Pet. 2. 5.

YE happy gueſts, who meet around
This table, your oblations bring:
Here every one's a prieſt, who has
A heart to love, and tongue to ſing.

Eph. 5. 2. Heb. 13. 15, 16.

Our Saviour's bleeding ſacrifice
His boundleſs love and grace diſplays:
As a juſt homage, he demands
Our ſacrifice of love and praiſe.

Rev. 1. 5. 1 John 3. 16. John 15. 13.

'Twas love expos'd him to reproach,
To unexampled grief and pain:
Leſs power than that of love divine,
Nor would nor could his croſs ſuſtain.

Mat. 26. 56. v. 48, 49. Luke 22. 4, 5, 47. v. 57. v. 59, 60.

See him abandon'd by his friends;
By a perfidious kiſs betray'd;
Sold as a deſpiſcable ſlave;
With ſwords and ſtaves a pris'ner made.

Luke 23. Mark 14. 65. Heb. 1. 6.

See him to the tribunal led;
There charg'd with crimes by men ſuborn'd;
By princes and by prieſts condemn'd,
And by the vileſt wretches ſcorn'd.

Mat. 27. 27—30.

That awful face, which low reſpect
From proſtrate angels did command,
Spat on by men of ſervile ſtate,
And ſtruck by each rude ſoldier's hand.

Bearing

Bearing his croſs to Golgotha, John 19.
With labouring ſteps behold him go; 16, 17.
And from his wounds, when open'd there, Pſ. 22 16.
O ſee what crimſon rivers flow! John 19. 34.

Plung'd in theſe ſtreams, our guilty ſouls 1 John 1.
Purg'd from their numerous ſins ſhall be: 7.
Juſtice and mercy, tho provok'd Rom. 3.
By us, O Lord, are pleas'd with thee. 26. Mat. 3.17.

O lamb of God! who bor'ſt our guilt, Joh. 1.29.
To thee immortal praiſe belongs: Rev. 7.
While we thy love and ſuffering ſing, 11, 12.
Angels ſhall hear, and join their ſongs. Luke 2. 13, 14.

HYMN XLVII.

JEſus! O word divinely ſweet! Mat. 1.
How charming is the ſound! 21.
What joyful news! what heavenly ſenſe Iſa. 52. 7, 8, 9.
In that dear name is found!

Our ſouls were guilty, and condemn'd Rom. 3.
In hopeleſs fetters lay; 23.
Our ſouls with numerous ſins deprav'd, Eph. 2. 12.
To death and hell a prey. Rom. 3. 10—19.

Jeſus, to purge away this guilt, Col. 1. 14.
A willing victim fell;
And on his croſs triumphant broke Col. 2.
The bands of death and hell. 14, 15.

Heb. 2. 14, 15. Acts 2. 24—28.
Our foes were mighty to deſtroy:
He mightier was to ſave:
He dy'd: but could not long be held
A priſ'ner in the grave.

Heb. 7. 25. Mal. 1. 11.
Jeſus! who mighty art to ſave,
Still puſh thy conqueſts on:
Extend the triumphs of thy croſs
Where'er the ſun has ſhone.

Heb. 2. 10. Pſal. 110. 1, 2, 3.
O captain of ſalvation! make
Thy power and mercy known:
That crouds of willing converts may
Worſhip before thy throne.

HYMN XLVIII.

[*As the* 100 *pſalm.*]

2 Cor. 5. 14, 15. Pſ. 45. 2, 3, 4, 5.
THou haſt o'ercome: Lord, who can (prove
Invincible to heav'nly love?
My conquer'd ſoul I muſt reſign
To that victorious arm of thine.

Acts 2. 37. 1 John 4. 9, 10.
Thy grace, whoſe wond'rous pow'r imparts
The tend'reſt ſenſe to flinty hearts,
My inmoſt ſoul with love inſpires,
And mixes joy with pure deſires.

For

For who, my Lord, can love like thee? Eph. 3.
Whoſe love was e'er ſo great, ſo free? 18. 19.
Angels may well admire the flame: 1 Pet. 2.
But they have never felt the ſame: 3.

Nor men whom nature has ally'd, Rom. 5.
Or ſtricteſt bonds of friendſhip ty'd. 6, 7, 8.
Who ever did his life expoſe,
To ranſom his ungrateful foes? Ver. 10.

But thou, O Son of God, didſt take
Frail human nature for our ſake; Phil. 2. 7.
The griefs of human life didſt try, Iſa. 53. 4.
And on a croſs for rebels die.

This offering well deſerves that we Rom. 12.
Should ſacrifice ourſelves to thee; 1.
And where we owe ſo vaſt a debt, Ch. 14. 7,
To pay our homage ne'er forget. 8, 9.

To thee, in whom we live and move, Acts 17.
We give our praiſe, we give our love: 28.
To thee, on whom our ſins were laid, Gal. 2.
Whoſe blood was for our pardon paid. 20.
Iſa. 53. 6.
Eph 1. 7.

To thee, who mak'ſt us prieſts and kings; Rev. 1. 6.
Prieſts to attend on holy things,
And kings to reign with thee above, 1 Pet. 2.
In realms of bliſs and endleſs love. 5.
& *ver.* 9.

HYMN XLIX.

[*As the* 100 *pſalm.*]

John 19. 30. 'TIs finiſh'd, the redeemer crys;
Then lowly bows his fainting head;
And ſoon th' expiring ſacrifice
Sinks to the regions of the dead.

'Tis done—the mighty work is done!
For men or angels much too great;
Heb 1. Which none, but God's eternal ſon,
Or would attempt, or could complete.

'Tis done,--his tears, his groans, and wounds,
His ſweat and blood, his pains and toils,
Heb. 2. 9. Col. 2. 14, 15. Heb. 2. 14, 15. Vict'ry with deathleſs glory crowns,
With trophies, and triumphant ſpoils.

Hell's broken troops find no defence:
1 Cor. 15. 54, 55, 56, 57. Gal. 5. 22. Sin dies, and death itſelf is ſlain:
Hope, peace, love, joy and innocence
Return to dwell on earth again.

Pſ. 40. 6, 7. The conqueror falls a ſacrifice,
Heav'n's juſt reſentments to appeaſe:
Pſ. 85. 10. Rom. 3. 26. Juſtice with mercy now complys,
Both with the ſinner's pardon pleas'd.

Heb. 8 13. 2 Cor. 5. 17. 'Tis done,—old things are paſt away,
And a new ſtate of things begun;
Heb. 2. 5, 6, &c. Luke 1. 33. A world whoſe age feels no decay,
But ſhall out-laſt the circling ſun.

A

A new account of time begins,
When our dear Lord reſign'd his breath, Mat. 26. 28.
Charg'd with our ſorrows and our ſins, Mat. 20. 28.
Our lives to ranſom by his death.

Once he was dead; now lives and reigns Rev. 1. 18.
Where angels his great deeds proclaim: Rev. 5. 8—14.
Let's tell our joys in pious ſtrains,
And ſpread the glory of his name.

HYMN L.

[*As the* 100 *pſalm.*]

THus we commemorate the day Mat. 26. 26, 27, 28.
On which our deareſt Lord was ſlain;
Thus we our pious homage pay,
Till he appears on earth again. 1 Cor. 11. 26.

Come, dear Lord Jeſus, quickly come, Rev. 22. 20.
Why ſtay thy chariot-wheels ſo long?
Thy church below, thy other home, 15. 3, 4.
Shall welcome thee with many a ſong. Chap. 19. 4—9.

Come, great redeemer, open wide Rev. 20. 11.
The curtains of the parting ſky:
On a bright cloud in triumph ride, Rev. 1. 7.
And on the wind's ſwift pinions fly. Pſal. 18. 9, 10.

Come, king of kings, with thy bright train, Rev. 19. 16.
Cherubs and ſeraphs, heavenly hoſts: Mat. 25. 31.
Aſſume thy right, enlarge thy reign
As far as earth extends her coaſts. Phil. 2. 9, 10, 11.

Phil. 2. 7. Come, Lord, diſdain not to come down
And rule, where thou waſt ſcorn'd before:
Rev. 5. 9. How well that head becomes a crown,
Which cruel thorns ſo meekly bore!

(ſtood,
Rev. 11. 8. Come, Lord, and where thy croſs once
Rev. 19. 12. 13, 14, 15 There plant thy banner, fix thy throne;
And ſtain the ground with rebels blood,
Which once was purpled with thy own.

Mat. 27. Come, Lord, what thy weak reed began,
Pſal. 2. 9. Complete by thy ſtrong iron rod:
Rev. 2. 27. Once thou wer't ſeen a dying man,
Heb 2. 14. Now ſhew thyſelf the living God.
Rev. 7. 2.

HYMNS

Compos'd for the

CELEBRATION

OF THE

Holy Ordinance

OF

BAPTISM.

Luke 15. 10. —— *I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God, over one sinner that repenteth.*

HYMNS
FOR
BAPTISM.

HYMN I.

OUR Lord, when cloth'd with mortal fleſh,
Tho free from every ſinful ſtain, 1 Tim. 3. 16. Heb. 7.26.
Wou'd be baptiz'd, that men to trace
His ſacred ſteps might not diſdain. Mat. 3.15.

Nay more—he was all plung'd in tears, Heb. 5. 7.
And bath'd in bloody ſufferings too:
What fountain was requir'd to waſh
Our guilty ſouls, his wounds will ſhew! Heb. 9.22.

Thy

1 Joh. 1. 7. Thy blood, dear Lord, can cleanſe from (ſin :
This in our baptiſm we confeſs ;
Pſal. 51. 2. 'Tis for its cleanſing virtue we
Our prayers and vows to thee addreſs.

Rom. 6. 3, 4, 5. Bury'd with great ſolemnity
In thy baptiſmal ſepulchre,
We are reviv'd, and rais'd again,
Rev. 19. 8. White robes of righteouſneſs to wear.

And, as thy ſacred word declares,
At the great reſurrection-day
Phil. 3. 21. Our bodies ſhall be rais'd and chang'd,
Rev. 7. 9. And be adorn'd with bright array.

HYMN II.

THE ſacred body of our Lord,
Mat. 27. 59. Which on the croſs had bled,
Mat. 12. 40. Three days lay bury'd in the grave,
And then roſe from the dead.

Luke 24. 31. His preſence the deſponding hearts
Of his diſciples chears :
John 20. 20—28 His voice they hear, his ſcars ſurvey,
Which baniſh doubts and fears.

Luke 24. 32. Explaining oracles divine,
Their ears and ſouls he charms ;
His order to convert the world,
Their drooping courage warms.

For thus the mediator ſpoke,
" All power in earth and heav'n — Mat. 28. 18.
" To me, triumphant o'er the grave,
" Is by my father giv'n.

" Go therefore teach the nations all — Ver. 19.
" What you have learn'd of me; — Mark 15.
" Baptize 'em in the awful name — 15, 16.
" Of the eternal Three.

" Teach 'em whatever I command; — Ver. 20.
" My preſence I aſſure,
" To crown your labours with ſucceſs,
" While heaven and earth endure.

Lord! we thy wondrous grace adore,
Thy awful word revere:
Thy death and thy revival both — Col. 2. 12. Rom. 6. 3, 4.
Our baptiſm makes appear.

The promiſe of thy preſence now — Mat. 18. 20.
Does glad expectance raiſe:
Hope of thy ſecond coming fills — Joh. 14. 18. Heb. 9. 28.
Our ſouls with joy and praiſe: — Luke 21. 28.

'Tis then the dead thy voice ſhall hear, — Joh. 5. 25.
The dead thy voice obey;
Thy ſaints, who ſleep in duſt, awake — Dan. 12. 2, 3. 1 Theſſ. 4. 14, 15, 16.
To joy's eternal day.

HYMN

HYMN III.

Mat. 11. 28. Ch. 5. 4. Rev. 1. 5. Acts 22. 16.

COME, lowly ſouls, that mourn,
Depreſs'd with guilt and ſhame:
Waſh'd in your Saviour's ſacred blood,
Now call upon his name.

Iſa. 57. 15. Ch. 66. 2. Tit. 3. 5. Mat. 3. 13, 14.

Rejoice, ye contrite hearts,
That tremble at his word,
In the baptiſmal laver plung'd,
As was your humble Lord.

Bath'd in repenting tears,
The ſins which you deplore,
1 Cor. 15. 55. 56, 57. Gal. 5. 24. Dead in your Saviour's grave ſhall lie,
And ſhall be ſeen no more.

Rev. 19. 8. Ch. 3. 4. Pſ. 66. 16.

Come, pious candidates,
Of grace and glory too:
Praiſe your Redeemer's love; and tell
What he has done for you.

Eph. 5. 26, 27. Iſa. 61. 2, 3.

Unſpotted robes you wear;
Your ſighs to ſongs are turn'd;
Garments of praiſe adorn you now,
Who late in aſhes mourn'd.

Col. 3. 1, 2. Joh. 17. 22, 23, 24. Rev. 22. 5.

Your Lord and you are riſen,
Aſpire to things above:
Where he reſides, there you ſhall dwell
In realms of light and love.

HYMN

HYMN IV.

WHEN th' antient world God's patience try'd, Gen. 6. 5, 6, 7.
And long his threatning vengeance dar'd, 1 Pet. 3. 19, 20.
The righteous Noah favour found,
His family alone was ſpar'd. Gen. 6. 8, 9.

In ſecret chambers of the ark Ch. 7.
They all ſecure from danger lie, 11—24.
When th' ocean's banks were broke, and floods
Burſt thro' the windows of the sky.

Proud waters o'er the mountains roll, Ver. 19.
And common ruin widely ſpread;
Yet the bleſs'd patriarch's houſe ſurvives, Ver. 23.
When all mankind beſide were dead.

At the Almighty's awful word Ch. 8.
Th' obſequious floods retire again;
And Noah from his myſtick tomb
Peoples the ruin'd earth with men. Ch. 9. 1.

So to reſtore a world o'erwhelm'd 1 Pet. 3. 21.
With guilt and mis'ry, dead in ſins, Eph. 2. 1, 2.
Our Saviour riſing from the grave, Rom. 5. 24.
Another race of men begins: Col. 3. 10.

New creatures of a heavenly form, 2 Cor. 5. 17.
Whoſe ſouls his ſacred image bear; Ch. 3. 18.

While

Rom. 6. 11, 12. Rev. 3. 5. While dead to ſin they live to God,
And ſpotleſs in white robes appear.

Rom. 6. 3. 1 Joh. 5. 12. Ver. 19. Mat. 24. 28, 29. Bury'd in their redeemer's grave,
With him they live, with him they riſe;
While the loſt race of human kind
Delug'd with ſin and ruin lies.

Philip. 3. 20, 21. 1 Joh. 3. 2. Rev. 5. 9, 10. O happy ſouls, whom grace revives!
Their bodies too their Lord will raiſe,
Refin'd and fit for holy ſouls,
To ſee his face and ſing his praiſe.

HYMN V.

Mat. 3. 13. Heb. 5. 7. Luk. 22. 44. THus was the great Redeemer plung'd
In Jordan's ſwelling flood;
To ſhew he'd one day be baptiz'd
In tears, in ſweat, and blood.

Col. 2. 12. Thus was his ſacred body laid
Beneath the yielding wave:
Thus was his ſacred body rais'd
Out of the liquid grave.

Mat. 3. 16. When lo! from realms of light and bliſs
The heavenly dove comes down,
Lights on his venerable head,
Which rays of glory crown.

Ver. 17. While his eternal father's voice
An awful joy excites;

This

" This is my well-beloved ſon,
" In whom my ſoul delights.

The myſtick rite his death deſcrib'd, Rom. 6 3, 4, &c.
His burial did foreſhew
The quickening of his ſacred fleſh,
His reſurrection too.

Lord, thy own precept we obey, Mat. 28. 19.
In thy own footſteps tread, Mat. 3. 15.
We die, are bury'd, riſe with thee Col. 3. 1, 2.
From regions of the dead.

O may the ſpirit of truth and love John 14. 17.
His power on us diſplay,
Approve our vows, and ſeal our ſouls Eph. 4. 30.
To the redemption-day!

HYMN VI.

O Bleſs'd Redeemer! in thy ſide Joh. 19.
Upon the croſs was made a wound, 34, 35.
The bath where we are purg'd from ſin, 1 Joh. 1. 7.
And where our guilt's intirely drown'd. Micah 7. 19.

Water and blood hence freely ran, 1 Joh. 5. 6.
And on the trembling earth were ſpilt; Mat. 27. 51.
Water to ſanctify and cleanſe, Tit. 3. 5.
Blood to atone for crimſon guilt. Heb. 9. 22.

This wondrous grace to repreſent Acts 22.
Baptiſmal waters were deſign'd, 16.

Mark 1. 9. In which thou, Lord, waſt bury'd too,
Mat. 3. 15, 16. To thy great father's will reſign'd.

Thus penitents who die to ſin,
With thee are bury'd in thy grave;
Col. 2. 12. Thus quicken'd to a life divine,
Rom. 6 4, 5, &c. Their ſouls a reſurrection have.

And tho their bodies turn to duſt,
This holy ſymbol does aſſure,
Luk. 14. 14. The reſurrection of the juſt
1 Cor. 15. 42, 43, 44. Shall render them all bright and pure.

Phil. 3. 21. Made like his body ours ſhall be,
Col. 3. 4. When Chriſt, who is our life, appears;
Luk. 12. 50. Who to procure us life, was once
Mark 10. 38. Baptiz'd in his own blood and tears.

HYMN VII.

Exod. 14. WHEN from Egyptian ſlavery
The Hebrews were redeem'd
The parted ſeas and covering cloud
A grave to Iſrael ſeem'd:

But ſoon the joyful tribes emerge,
And ſtand upon the ſhore,
Exod. 15. With grateful hearts and tuneful tongues
Their ſaviour's name adore.

Exod. 14. 16. He made th' obſequious waves retire,
His favourite tribes to ſave;

Made

Made them a way to liberty,
Where Egypt found a grave. Ver. 26, 27, 28, &c.

Thus Jacob's ſons baptiz'd of old
To Moſes in the ſea, 1 Cor. 10. 1, 2.
Sav'd by God's arm, themſelves devote
His ſtatutes to obey. Exod. 20. 2. Ch. 19. 4——9.

So from the bondage of our ſins,
Redeem'd by ſovereign grace, Rom. 6. 11—18.
We thro' his watry ſepulchre
Our ſaviour's footſteps trace, Mat. 3. 13, 14.

Our ſins, the worſt of enemies,
Are bury'd there and drown'd; Col. 3. 5.
To a new life our ſouls are rais'd, Gal. 2. 20.
With tender mercy crown'd. Col. 2. 13.

To thee, O Jeſus, may we live, Rom. 14. 7, 8, 9.
Devoted to thy fear:
Thee will we love, thee will we praiſe, 1 John 5. 1, 2, 3.
And all thy laws revere.

HYMN VIII.

THE great Redeemer we adore,
Who came the loſt to ſeek and ſave; Luk. 19. 10.
Went humbly down from Jordan's ſhore, Mat. 3. 13.
To find a tomb beneath a wave.

" Thus it becomes us to fulfil Ver. 15.
" All righteouſneſs, he meekly ſaid:

Why ſhou'd we then to do his will,
Or be aſham'd, or be afraid?

With thee into thy watry tomb,
Lord, 'tis our glory to deſcend;
Rom. 6. 3, 4, &c. 'Tis wondrous grace that gives us room
To lie inter'd by ſuch a friend!

But a much more tempeſtuous flood
Heb. 5. 7. Luke 22. 44. Mat. 26. 38. Ch. 27. 46. O'erwhelm'd thy body and thy ſoul:
That's plung'd in tears, and ſweat, and blood,
And over this black terrors roll.

Yet as the yielding waves give way,
To let us ſee the light again:
So on thy reſurrection-day
Acts 2. 24. The bands of death prov'd weak and vain.

1 Cor. 15. 52, 53. Joh. 5. 25. Thus when thou ſhalt again appear,
The gates of death ſhall open wide;
Our duſt thy powerful voice ſhall hear,
Shall riſe and triumph at thy ſide.

Theſe now vile bodies then ſhall wear
Mat. 17. 2. Rev. 20. 14. Ch. 22. 3, 4. A glorious form reſembling thine:
To be diſſolv'd no more ſhall fear,
But with immortal beauty ſhine.

HYMN

HYMN IX.

WHen fam'd Bethesda's waters flow'd, Joh. 5. 2, 3, 4.
By a deſcending angel mov'd;
The wondrous pool a ſovereign bath
For every pain and ſickneſs prov'd.

Hither diſtemper'd crouds repair,
Hither the feeble, lame and blind;
The firſt who ſteps into the ſpring,
Leaves his diſeaſe and pains behind.

That languiſhing and dying ſouls
A nobler cure might freely meet,
The ſon of God came down and ſtirr'd
Baptiſmal waters with his feet. Mat. 3. 13, 14.

Lord, 'tis but juſt we follow thee, 1 Pet. 2. 21.
Who didſt not ſcorn to lead the way,
Where we juſt ſee the vale of death, Rom. 6. 3, 4, &c.
Then view the reſurrection-day.

Happy! who haſte into the flood John 5. 7.
Where healing virtues ever flow,
Where filthy lepers clean are made, Iſa. 53. 4.
The blind to ſee, the lame to go: Mat. 8. 16, 17.

Where contrite ſpirits heal their wounds, Iſa. 61. 1.
And broken hearts aſſuage their pain; Ch. 57. 15.
The dead themſelves new life inſpires, Joh. 5. 25.
They breathe, they move, and riſe again. Col. 3. 1.

With lowly minds, and lofty ſongs,
Let all admire the Saviour's grace,
1 Joh. 3.2. Till the great riſing-day reveal
Rev. 1. 16. Th' immortal glory of his face.

HYMN X.

Mat. 3.13. IN ſuch a grave as this
The meek Redeemer lay,
Luke 19. 10. When he, our ſouls to ſeek and ſave,
Learn'd humbly to obey.

1 Pet. 1. 19. See how the ſpotleſs lamb
Deſcends into the ſtream!
Mat. 3.15. And teaches ſinners not to ſcorn
What him ſo well became.

Rom. 6.3, 4, 5. His body ſanctifies
The ſalutary flood,
Acts 22. 16 And teaches us to plunge our ſouls
Rev. 7.14. I'th' fountain of his blood.

Oh! ſinners, waſh away
Iſa. 1. 18. Your ſins of crimſon dye;
Col. 2. 12. Bury'd with him, your ſins ſhall all
In dark oblivion lie.

Col. 3.1, 2. Riſe, and aſcend with him,
A heavenly life to lead,
Heb. 2.14, 15. Who came to reſcue guilty men
From regions of the dead.

Lord,

Lord, ſee the ſinner's tears, Iſa. 38. 5.
Hear his repenting cry;
Speak, and his contrite ſoul ſhall live; Iſa. 57.
Speak, and his ſins ſhall die: 15.
Gal. 5. 24.

Speak with that mighty voice,
Which one day wide ſhall ſpread Joh. 5. 25.
Its ſummons thro' the earth and ſea, Rev. 20.
To wake and raiſe the dead. 13.

HYMN XI.

SEE in what grave our Saviour lay, Col. 2. 12.
Before he ſhed his precious blood;
How he mark'd out the humble way Mat. 3.
To ſinners thro the myſtick flood. 13, 14.

The ſun of righteouſneſs his beams, Mal. 4. 2.
Tho ſo divinely fair and bright,
Immers'd in Jordan's ſwelling ſtreams,
Submitting to this holy rite.

O Jordan! honour'd oft before!
What greater glory would'ſt thou have,
Than Chriſt deſcending from thy ſhore,
To find in thee a liquid grave?

Thy ſtreams retir'd on either ſide, Joſh. 3.
To th' holy ark once form'd a way;
A prophet's mantle could divide 2 Kings 2.
Thy willing ſtreams, taught to obey. 8.

Plung'd by the holy baptiſt's hand,
Buried in thee our Saviour lies:
Pſal. 114. 5. Did not thy waters wondring ſtand,
To ſee him die, and ſee him riſe?

Bleſt ſepulchre! where Jeſus lay,
Which Jeſus for us ſanctifies!
Acts 22. 16. Bleſt flood! to waſh our ſins away,
Ch. 2. 38. And ſink 'em ſo as ne'er to riſe.

HYMN XII.

WHene'er one ſinner turns to God,
With contrite heart and flowing eyes,
Luke 1. 57. V. 10. The happy news makes angels ſmile,
And tell their joys above the skies.

Well may the church below rejoice,
And eccho back the heavenly ſound:
Luke 15. 32. "This ſoul was dead, but now's alive;
"This ſheep was loſt, but now is found.

Mat. 15. 3. See how the willing converts trace
The path their great Redeemer trod;
And follow thro' his liquid grave,
Mat. 11. 29. The meek, the lowly ſon of God.

Tit. 3. 5. Here in the holy laver plung'd,
Their ſouls are cleans'd from every ſtain;
Gal 2. 19. Col. 3. 1, 2. They die, deſcend into the tomb,
By grace they live, and riſe again.

Here

Here they renounce their former deeds, Acts 19. 18.
And to a heavenly life aſpire :
Their rags for glorious robes exchang'd, Rom. 6. 3.
They ſhine in clean and white attire. Zech. 3. 3. Rev. 3. 5. Ch. 19. 8.

O ſacred rite! by this the name
Of Jeſus we to own begin ; Acts 19. 5.
This is our reſurrection's pledge, 1 Pet. 3. 21.
And ſeals the pardon of our ſin. Acts 2. 38.

Glory to God on high be giv'n, Luke 2. 14.
Who ſhews this grace to ſinful men :
Let ſaints on earth, and hoſts of heav'n, Rev. 7. 9—12.
In concert join their loud *amen.*

A

POEM

To the MEMORY of

Mr. *Timothy Cruſo*,

Late MINISTER of the GOSPEL;

Who departed this Life *Novemb.* 26, 1697.

——— *Quis talia fando*
Temperet à Lachrymis? ——— Virgil.

A

POEM, &c.

DO all the poets then ſupinely doze?
Will none a funeral-verſe for thee compoſe?
For thee, bleſt CRUSO, whoſe ſurviving fame
Calls for a genius worthy ſuch a theme?
Shall only heroes live in elegies?
None weep in poems when a prophet dies?
Shall ſcriblers, void of reverence and ſhame,
With nonſenſe blur thy venerable name?
Strow weeds inſtead of flow'rs upon thy herſe?
And wrong thy ſilent duſt with barbarous verſe?
And can thy pious friends look coldly on?
And is there none ſo juſt? ſo faithful none,

Thy bed of clay with odors to perfume,
And ſhed harmonious ſorrows round thy tomb?
Where nature ſeems the talent to refuſe,
Or art ne'er touch'd the yet unpoliſh'd muſe,
Ev'n indignation might a verſe produce:
Can ſuch neglect e'er find a juſt excuſe?
Yet would we rather think the dreadful blow
Which in thy death they felt, has ſtunn'd 'em ſo,
That, ſcarce recover'd from the ſad ſurprize,
They think not what they owe thy exequies.

O may that heav'nly muſe, that did inſpire
The royal prophet's ſoul with ſacred fire,
And taught him how to tune his mournful lyre,
And mournful voice to ſorrow's melting ſtrains,
When he of Iſrael's princes death complains;
When he his Jonathan's lov'd name commends,
Dear Jonathan, the beſt of men, the beſt of friends:
O may that heavenly muſe my boſom fill!
Diffuſe thro' all my ſoul her wond'rous skill!
While in ſoft numbers I attempt to tell
The grief that wounds our Engliſh Iſrael;
Who miſs a beauteous ſtar, that did appear
With noted ſplendor in the church's ſphere.
Juſt had it climb'd to its meridian height,
Then diſappear'd, and veil'd its uſeful light.

We

We hop'd, ah vainly hop'd! 'twould long
diſpenſe
Extenſive luſtre, and ſweet influence.
But ſoon it vaniſh'd: for the powers divine
Bid it retire, that firſt had bid it ſhine.
Alas! how ſoon's the ſhort-liv'd glory fled!
CRUSO is number'd too among the dead!

Oft has the milky road of late been trac'd
By heav'n's returning envoys: who have grac'd
With ſhining ſteps the high ethereal way;
While we in vain have begg'd their longer
ſtay.
The reverend ANNESLY, VINCENT,
MATHER, COLE,
Whoſe glorious names ſhine in life's ſacred
roll,
'Mong the triumphant followers of the lamb,
But lately to the realms of glory came:
And CRUSO now, another man of God,
To the ſame bliſs the ſame bright path has
trod.

O happy ſouls! we envy not your gain,
Who on celeſtial thrones ſecurely reign;
There reap the fruit of all your toil and pain:
Yet 'tis but juſt we of our loſs complain.
So when the ſeer to heav'nly manſions flew,
And flaming ſteeds his lightning chariot
drew,
His lonely ſervant ſtruck with deep ſurprize,
Purſu'd the radiant track with wond'ring
eyes:

My

My father, loud he cry'd, *my father's fled,*
In Iſrael's chariot unto glory led.
Ah could we but Eliſha's portion find,
Our prophets ſacred mantles left behind,
Their ſpirit doubled on their hopeful ſons,
We ſhould have reaſon to reſtrain our moans.

O London! with what grace haſt thou been crown'd!
Long haſt thou heard the jubil-trumpet's ſound;
Our Britiſh Sion thou, the bleſt abode
Of Iſrael's prophets, and of Iſrael's God.
To thee our prieſts, to thee our tribes repair,
In numerous crowds to offer praiſe and pray'r:
Heav'n ſmiles on thee with ſuch indulgent rays,
Thy walls ſalvation, and thy gates are praiſe.
But fear leſt judgments fill up mercy's place,
And days of vengeance follow years of grace:
No longer heav'n provoke by daring crimes,
To cloud with threatning ſtorms thy halcyon times.
By tears prevent the judgments that impend:
Mark well the ſigns that gloomy ſcenes portend;
How faſt thy prophets have to heav'n retir'd;
With what litigious heats are others fir'd!
The meſſengers of peace themſelves contend
Their maſter's ſeamleſs coat unkindly rend,
Ah! where will theſe uncomely diſcords end.

Can

Can no kind hands the widening breach repair,
By ſage advice, by ſoftning tears and pray'r?
No balm in Gilead? no phyſician there?

But tell me you, who bleſſed CRUSO knew,
And catch'd the drops of that celeſtial dew
His words diſtill'd, who the ſweet manna found,
That food of angels he diſpers'd around;
Tell me what art, what colours can expreſs
That ſweet, that humble, and that grave addreſs,
That graceful voice, that unaffected air
Of piety his countenance did wear.
How ſound his Judgment! how mature his thought!
His notions to what juſt perfection brought!
No flaunting rhetorick in a ſwelling ſtyle
His hearers did with empty noiſe beguile!
Such weighty ſenſe in his diſcourſes reign'd,
The learned and the wiſe improvement gain'd:
Yet in ſuch eaſy language he would preach,
That truths ſublime ſtoop'd down to vulgar reach.
His ſpeech polite, nervous his eloquence;
Not big with airy words, but big with ſenſe:
For bright ideas, rang'd with curious skill,
His mind with light, his heart with warmth did fill,

And from his mouth in decent order flow'd;
While ev'ry ſoul that heard, with pious ardor glow'd.
Zeal mix'd with knowledge, tun'd his charming tongue,
And on his lips Suadela's graces hung.
Now he prophetick oracles unſeal'd,
Myſterious ſymbols and dark types unveil'd;
Obſcurer truths, in parables involv'd,
Expos'd to light, and dubious texts reſolv'd.
Now he would ſin's deformity expoſe,
And all the terrors of the law diſcloſe:
Mount Sinai ſeem'd again to flaſh and quake,
Clouds deeply charg'd with awful thunder brake;
Men dead in ſins would at his voice awake:
Sear'd conſciences his powerful words have felt,
And flinty hearts would often rend and melt.
Now into bleeding ſouls, with art divine,
He'd pour both healing oil, and cleanſing wine:
Now ſhew the glories of redeeming love,
Deſcribe the Saviour's croſs below, and throne above.
O how he touch'd each movement of the mind!
Could various paſſions gently looſe or bind!
Raiſe mild affections, ruffling thoughts appeaſe!
He knew both how to profit and to pleaſe:
Could

Could all the ſoul's internal ſprings employ;
Drown us in tears, diſſolve us all in joy.
In pray'r how full of fervor, how reſign'd!
How lowly the proſtrations of his mind!
To what ſweet raptures pious minds he'd raiſe,
When to his God he breath'd his ſoul in praiſe!
His tow'ring ſoul to heav'n would take her flight,
And dip her plumes in boundleſs floods of light,
Praiſing, as if her faith were turn'd to ſight.
Kind angels, who are always hovering o'er
Aſſembled ſaints, while they their God adore,
Applauding, clap'd their ſilver wings for joy,
To find our heav'n below ſo like their heav'n on high.

Once all theſe graces that in CRUSO ſhone,
Could make us glad: but now they make us groan,
And groan the more that all this glory's gone,
Before declining age preſum'd to ſpread
Her threatning ſnow upon his reverend head.
Who with like grace ſhall now ſupply his room,
Since he has chang'd his pulpit for a tomb?
Pity! ſuch jewels ſhould be laid in duſt:
But we unworthy are; and heav'n is juſt.
Ah! that his tongue ſhould now in ſilence dwell,
That ſpake ſuch wondrous things, and ſpake ſo well!

That thoſe bleſt lips which myſtick truths
reveal'd,
Should now with mortal ſleep be ſhut and
ſeal'd!
Inſatiate death! how oft doſt thou devour
Long years of ſtudy in one fatal hour!
So have we ſometimes ſeen a goodly tree,
Improv'd by time to full maturity,
Array'd with leaves, with fruit profuſely
crown'd,
Its ſhady arms expanded widely round,
Above its fellows rear its head on high;
When lo a furious ſtorm rolls up the ſky,
Rends all the boughs, and ſtrows the fruit
around,
Tears up the roots, and throws it to the
ground.

Yet when, bleſt ſaint, the prince of
terrors ſpread
His duſky ſhades o'er thy expiring head,
And crowding horrors hover'd round thy
bed;
Thy conſcience calm, thy thoughts were
all ſerene,
Thou knew'ſt thy heart, and hands, and
robes were clean,
Waſh'd in thy Saviour's blood from every
ſtain;
And could'ſt with joy look juſtice in the face,
Seated upon a ſmiling throne of grace.

And

And tho thy mould'ring body lies in duſt,
Thy nobler ſoul's inthron'd among the juſt;
Weary of this low world, ſhe's fled away
To the bright regions of eternal day:
In that immortal light ſhe gilds her wings,
Always admires, and praiſes, loves and ſings;
There ſeraphs teach her their celeſtial airs,
To ſing with ſuch a voice and grace as theirs.

Nor ſhall thy body always ſleeping lie,
But know what 'tis to riſe, as well as die.
The parted atoms ſhall again rejoin,
In a new mould be caſt by hands divine:
Thy clay refin'd, a heavenly form ſhall wear,
Bright as the mid-day ſun, as angels fair;
Again be join'd to thy expecting mind,
In cloſe embraces ne'er to be untwin'd.
No *aſthma* ſhall oppreſs thy labouring breath,
But thou ſhalt triumph o'er imperious death;
Shalt fear no danger, feel no torturing pain;
Thy eyes ſhall know no tears, thy ſoul no ſtain:
Thy joys be always ripe, yet always bloom,
No clouds eclipſe, nor time thy joys conſume;
But tides of bliſs deluge thy wond'ring ſoul,
And deathleſs pleaſures in eternal circles roll.

AN EPITAPH.

A Preacher pious, learned, humble, wiſe,
Who knew with wond'rous art how to diſpenſe
Paul's doctrine in Apollo's eloquence,
Under this ſtone in eaſy ſlumbers lies;
Till God ſhall of his duſt a ſtructure frame,
Immortal as his ſoul, and as his name.

A

POEM

To the MEMORY of

Mr. *Nathanael Taylor*,

Late MINISTER of the GOSPEL.

Lachrymas lachrymis miſcere juvat.
Senec. Tragœd. Agam.

A

POEM

To the MEMORY of

Mr. *Nathanael Taylor*, &c.

ATTEMPT, O muſe, the pious taſk; and ſhed
Melodious ſorrows on the reverend dead.
No vulgar loſs can make thee weakly groan,
To urge another's tears, or feign thy own:
But when a man of God in Sion dies,
No equal judge will blame thy mournful cries;
A cauſe ſo great, great ſorrow juſtifies:

Religion will indulge ſuch ſighs as theſe,
That juſtly wail a holy man's deceaſe.
Jeſus himſelf, the practice to commend,
Wept o'er the grave of his departed friend.
May every pious ſoul in concert join,
And mix their ſighs, and mix their tears with thine.

Deſcend into the reverend TAYLOR's tomb,
Survey the limits of that duſky room,
Where he reſides in manſions of the dead,
Where he in ſilent ſhades reclines his head:
Viſit a while thoſe realms of gloomy night,
And thence emerge again to welcome light:
Life from his death thy genius ſhall derive;
A prophet's bones, when touch'd, have made the dead revive.

Vain ſtate of man! preſs'd with ſucceeding woes,
As wave on wave i'th' rolling ocean flows,
Our calms and ſtorms rule with unequal ſway;
A long dark night veils a ſhort ſmiling day:
Our joys ſoon die, our ſorrows long ſurvive,
And like Job's fatal meſſengers arrive:
Before one has his diſmal news declar'd
A ſecond with like tidings comes prepar'd;
And ere this has his tragic ſtory told,
New ſcenes of trouble make the former old.

How

How chang'd our Sion's countenance appears
In the ſhort ſpace of few revolving years!
How many radiant ſtars extinct and gone,
That in our ſphere of late ſo brightly ſhone!
Indulgent heaven's embaſſadors of grace
From an ungrateful world retire apace:
The louder and the ſofter voices ceaſe
The ſons of thunder, and the ſons of peace:
The charming BATES, and the awakening MEDE,
Go down to the apartments of the dead;
No more are ſeen on earth, are heard no more,
While we our guilt leſs than our loſs deplore.
Many beſides the ſilent tombs immure,
Whoſe names are fragrant all, and not obſcure,
Who fill'd the breach our crimes ſo often made,
So oft o'ercame th' Almighty when they pray'd;
Stop'd the rais'd thunder he prepar'd to throw,
And warded off the fierce impending blow.

Yet might we leſs regret their flight to heaven,
Leſs accent might to our complaints be given,
If none were ſeen to quit the church below,
But heads adorn'd with venerable ſnow;
Whoſe long hard labours for ceſſation call,
Who like ripe fruit into earth's boſom fall,

As

As ſhocks of corn into the barn are ſtor'd :
Their age might make their exit leſs deplor'd.
But when they fall, or in their verdant prime,
Or juſt matur'd, nor yet decay'd by time;
To ſee our faireſt flowers not fully blown,
Or nobleſt plants to their juſt ſtature grown,
When we hop'd long t'enjoy their ſcent and
ſhade,
To ſee them and our hopes decline and fade;
To ſee them drop, and moulder into duſt,
Raiſes a grief as great as it is juſt.

How uſeful, how improv'd, and how
deſir'd
Was TAYLOR, when his righteous ſoul
expir'd!
We ſaw him enter'd on life's middle ſtage,
Paſt greener youth, nor wither'd yet with age:
Bright images, his notions ſtill array'd,
And manly judgment youthful heat allay'd.
Study and pray'r increas'd his ſacred ſtore,
Much he produc'd, and ſtill he promis'd more.
Such was he —— Ah that ſuch he is not ſtill!
How many years to come we thought he had
to fill!
O cruel death! too eager in thy chaſe,
To ſtop him ſhort i'th'middle of his race:
How is our flattering expectation croſt!
How fair a portion of his time is loſt!
Quite loſt to us thoſe bright expected years!
Hence flow theſe ſighs, hence flow theſe
ſtreams of tears.

Who

Who now ſhall trace his ſteps with equal pace,
Who ſhall with equal luſtre fill his place:
So well the goſpel-trumpet he could blow,
Angels were pleas'd above, and men were charm'd below.
His pious labours with ſucceſs were crown'd,
Returning ſinners oft obey'd the ſound,
And made the joy from earth to heaven rebound.
The ſacred oracles he could diſpenſe
With moving language, and convincing ſenſe.
His criticks true, and his remarks were fine;
Bright figures made his juſt deſcriptions ſhine.
Abſtracted truths in proper garments dreſt,
Their beauties to each wondering eye confeſt.
Attentive minds in eaſy terms were taught
The notions he attain'd by lab'ring thought.
An awful majeſty his periods led,
And ſoft perſuaſion follow'd what he ſaid.
Blaſpheming wits deſigning to deride,
Laid all their weak artillery aſide;
Forgot their impious jeſts, and ſerious grown,
Trembled to hear the ſacred trumpet blown;
Their ſouls ſo pierc'd by every dreadful blaſt,
That every moment ſeem'd to be their laſt,
While he unveil'd a ſinner's dying bed,
And open'd flaming heaven o'er his head.
He made 'em feel what he deſcrib'd ſo well,
The pains of death, and greater pains of hell.
His voice was thunder, and his eyes were flame;
His words like flaſhing darts of lightning came,

Cleft

Cleft hearts of ſtone, and melted breaſts of ſteel;
Then made 'em all thoſe tender paſſions feel
With which religion contrite ſouls inſpires,
Suppreſſing vile, and kindling pure deſires:
So led the ſinner to the cleanſing flood,
To bathe his conſcience in redeeming blood;
The doubting penitent to hope inclin'd,
Still'd the vibrations of his trembling mind;
Appeas'd the waves that once did fiercely roll,
And ſpread a calm o'er his admiring ſoul.
O heav'nly ſcience! truly ſacred art,
To wound a hard, and heal a broken heart!

But we no more that powerful voice ſhall hear,
That taught men how to hope, and how to fear.
Tho. * Goldſmith's curious art ſtrives to retrieve
His form, and ſeems again to make him live;
Who can, to paint his voice, the ſecret find?
What mold expreſs the features of his mind?
O that ſuch talents ſhould on earth be ſhown,
And then into the duſt ſo ſoon be thrown!
So beauteous flow'rs, tender as they are fair,
Feel rude impreſſions from the blaſting air:
So lofty pines and cedars often prove
The thundering fury of black ſtorms above;
The fury of the ax beneath 'em feel;
While ſhrubs avoid the winds, and 'ſcape the ſteel.

* *Who has made Mr. Taylor's effigies curiouſly in wax-work.*

Lament,

Lament, O London, who waſt lately bleſt
With ſuch a prophet's voice; and tremble for
the reſt.
Churches have cauſe to mourn, and cities
weep,
When † *angels* die, and *watchmen* fall aſleep.
Attend long-ſuffering heaven's repeated calls,
Attend the joyful ſound that echoes round
thy walls:
Rouze from thy ſtupid eaſe, and thoughtleſs
ſleep,
Weep o'er thy ſins, o'er thy dead prophets
weep:
Nor let ſurviving preachers ſpend in vain
Their ſtrength, and of remorſeleſs hearts
complain;
Leſt guilty of their blood, as of your own,
You make 'em die, as now you make 'em groan.
Their ſouls in ſecret mourn your harden'd
pride,
While ſome their meſſage ſlight, and ſome
deride.
When ſhall true zeal your frozen boſoms
warm;
Teach you to weep, and weeping to reform?
Repent your crimes, to God and man ingrate,
Leſt haſtning vengeance make ſlow tears too
late.

O God of grace, ſuſpend the threatning doom,
Nor ſtill go on to call thy envoys home:

† *Miniſters are ſo call'd in the Revelation, chap.* 2, & 3.

O not ſo oft repeat the dreadful ſtroke,
To which our frequent ſins thy righteous arm provoke.
That arm ſurpriz'd bleſt TAYLOR's ſoul away,
Nor gave us time for ſuch a life to pray:
No ſons of art can ſtay his fleeting breath,
Nor gain an hour to parle with haſty death:
The virtue of their med'cines can't be try'd;
No time's allow'd to have 'em once apply'd.

Happy indeed for him! whoſe towering mind
So ſoon unfetter'd was, ſo ſoon refin'd.
His God who oft had heard him meekly groan
Under the racking pains of gout and ſtone,
Mov'd with compaſſion, kindly did ordain
An eaſy death ſhould cloſe a life of pain.
His *other half* ſo lately gone before,
Made earth the leſs, and heav'n deſir'd the more.

His ſoul was from his body diſengag'd,
As his prophetic wiſh long ſince preſag'd;
" O may my houſe, ſaid he, in order be,
" My ſoul dreſt ready for eternity!
" Then let her quit her tottering frame of
" clay,
" And in a moment ſpeed her flight away:
" O may I ſoon reſign my willing breath,
" Without a formal ſiege of lingering death!

" Not

" Not worn with age, or ſpent with tedious
" groans,
" As long, long dropping wears away the
" ſtones;
" But let me ſtart from earth, and mount
" above,
" Where endleſs pleaſure reigns with endleſs
" love:
" One ſigh's enough, or one aſpiring groan,
" To raiſe me from my pulpit to my throne.

Heav'n heard his ſighs, nor diſapprov'd
his prayer:
Deſcending angels to his bed repair,
With charming whiſpers lure his ſoul away,
And to the ſkies with ſpeedy wings convey.
This evening in our ſtreets we ſee him tread;
A few ſoft hours repoſe him on his bed;
Th'enſuing morn, ſo faſt his ſoul refines,
He on celeſtial Salem's golden pavement
ſhines.

To him th' uncommon privilege was given
To fall aſleep on earth, and wake in heaven:
No tedious agonies need to untie
A ſoul that's ready to aſcend on high,
And mourns her exile from her native ſky.

Sure ſome bright viſion charm'd him in
the night,
Raviſh'd his ſoul away with fierce delight:
She, eager to purſue the glorious theme,
Springs out, and drops her body in the dream;

On rapid wings of joy and love aſcends,
Without a formal taking leave of friends:
At glory's brink, loth to return again,
Throws off her clothes, and tries th' æthereal main;
Plunges into that ocean of delight,
Where hope enjoyment turns, and faith refines to ſight;
Soon reaches heav'nly Salem's ſhining towers,
Soon viſits heav'nly Eden's ſmiling bowers,
Crown'd with delicious fruits, and odorous flowers;
Drinks at thoſe ſtreams which make the angels live,
And with eternal life, eternal pleaſure give.
There ſaints more joys than here we ſorrows know,
Their ſongs more conſtant than our ſighs below.

There he receives his Saviour's loud applauſe,
For lab'ring to * aſſert his righteous cauſe
Againſt thoſe impious fools, whoſe blaſphemies
Make the earth groan, and dare the patient ſkies;
While the bright hoſt of heav'n with loud acclaim
Are glad to hear, and glad to ſpread his fame.

* *In his preſervative againſt Deiſm, and his treatiſe of the neceſſity of faith.*

There, happy ſoul, with glad expectance wait
The glory of the reſurrection-ſtate:
When the ſhrill trumpet ſhall command aloud
Earth to reſtore a vaſt immortal croud:
When the archangel ſhall unbar the graves,
Unlock the jaws of the devouring waves.
This wither'd flower ſhall then be freſhly blown,
Shall riſe in ſtrength, tho now in weakneſs ſown.
Thy body then ſhall in a form appear
More bright than that which angels us'd to wear,
When they made viſits to a prophet's tent,
Or were to looſe ſome holy priſoner ſent.
Thy duſt ſhall be immortal as thy mind,
The texture elegant, the mould refin'd:
A heav'nly air thy countenance adorn,
Bright as the noon-tide ſun, ſweet as the riſing morn.
So JESUS on the ſhining mount appear'd,
Where wondring Peter would three tents have rear'd,
Charm'd with the ſplendor of his Saviour's face,
And two bright friends, that ſpoke with ſuch a grace,
So dazling glorious, and ſo heavenly fair,
Such were his looks, and ſuch his garments were.

No leſſer pain, no torturing gout or ſtone
A ſofter ſigh ſhall raiſe, or deeper groan;
No grating news ſhall e'er diſpleaſe thy ear,
Or give thee cauſe to drop one ſingle tear;
No ſad idea to thy mind be brought,
To check one ſally, or untune a thought.
Thou nor thyſelf, nor others ſhalt deplore,
For time and trouble then ſhall be no more:
But ſhalt ſublimeſt joys for ever prove,
And in a ſphere of conſtant glory move,
In one eternal round of pureſt life and love.

Muſe, rein thy fancy's too impetuous flight,
Leſt thou grow blind with ſo exceſſive light:
Too high a ſtretch may burn thy daring wings,
Too bold a ſtroke may break thy tuneful ſtrings.
Canſt thou the walks of paradiſe explore?
And furniſh proper colours from thy ſtore,
To paint the glories of the heavenly ſtate?
Alas! thy talent is too ſmall, the theme too great.
No turns of thought have we, no terms below,
To ſhew what joys they taſte above, what truths they know:
One ſingle moment there preſents to view
What here an age of ſtudy cannot ſhew.
He that would ſing of heav'n with heav'nly grace,
Muſt die, to learn the language of the place;

To

To learn the airs with which a ſeraph ſings
Unutterable words, unutterable things.
To reach their ſongs 'tis worth the while to die,
Nor can one ſtoop too low, to take a flight ſo high.

A

POEM

TO THE

MEMORY

OF

His late MAJESTY

WILLIAM III.

Dignum laude virum musa vetat mori.

Horat.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM,

Lord Marquiſs of *Hartington,*

The following

POEM

Is moſt humbly dedicated,

By the AUTHOR.

A

POEM

To the MEMORY of

K. *WILLIAM* III.

WHERE is the tuneful tribe that ſang ſo well
The Britiſh hero's acts before he fell?
That in no vulgar rhimes ſo well could ſhow,
What Britain and the world to WILLIAM owe?
Thro' fields and floods his ſhining path could trace,
Their verſe with his immortal trophies grace?
Did

Did the harmonious nine with him expire,
And all ſoft airs to native ſpheres retire?
Sure when great ſouls to realms of glory go,
Poets are left to ſpread their fame below.
When Iſrael's pious king Joſiah dies,
The weeping prophet mourns his obſequies.
Smooth numbers firſt were form'd for noble themes,
To paint great deeds, and ſing illuſtrious names.
Can you, who by his royal hand were fed,
Who prais'd him living, now neglect him dead?
Ev'n ſtones will ſpeak, if you forbear to ſing
So good a maſter, and ſo great a king;
Great in himſelf, and bountiful to you,
Who found in Cæſar a Mæcenas too.
Is it your preſſing grief, or conſcious thought,
That you can never praiſe him as you ought,
That makes you ſtand amaz'd?——
Make an eſſay, your gratitude to prove;
And if you ſhew leſs art, yet ſhew more love.
Speak, ſons of harmony—Mean while excuſe
The weak endeavours of a timorous muſe,
That has with awful ſilence waited long
To hear the ſighs of your politer ſong.
Take up your lyres, and touch the charming ſtrings,
To weep the exit of the beſt of kings.
Tell the ſad world, what they already know,
Tell 'em Britannia's tears ſo largely flow,
Becauſe the great, the good king WILLIAM's gone:
Britannia's tears ſhall be your Helicon.

Tell 'em what earth has loſt, what heaven has gain'd;
How he ſhines there, who here ſo brightly reign'd.
With his own laurels dreſs his mournful herſe,
And deck his marble with more laſting verſe.
Let diſtant ſhores with his atchievements ring,
While there are pens to write, or tongues to ſing.
No longer this ſo noble taſk refuſe,
Urg'd by th' adventure of a humbler muſe;
Who if ſhe does leſs honour to his name,
Yours is the guilt, may yours be all the ſhame.
Propitious heav'n accepts a pair of doves
From willing hands, and from a heart that loves.

Can time, or other thoughts, e'er wipe away
The deep remembrance of that gloomy day,
When the ſad whiſper thro' our ſtreets was ſpread,
Uſher'd by tears, *The good king* WILLIAM'S *dead?*
So great a ſoul, ſo dear a life reſign'd!
O how his glories freſh occur'd to mind!
What he had done, and what he had deſign'd!
How every brow with heavy clouds was dreſt,
And they lamented moſt who knew him beſt:
What was their joy, 'tis now their grief to know;
What rais'd their pleaſure once, augments their woe.
True ſorrow in her pomp at court appears,
The city joins her undiſſembled tears.

To

To every temple weeping crouds repair,
Hoping to vent their ſorrows in their prayer.
United ſighs expreſs the common woe,
Confederate tears to a vaſt deluge flow.
The prieſts to heaven turn their complaining eyes,
And interrupt their pray'rs with ardent ſighs:
Their looks, their geſture, and their voice is chang'd;
Their thoughts no more in wonted order rang'd:
Sobs break their periods to give ſorrow vent;
Their words confus'd and ſlow, but tears are eloquent.
The doleful news thro' all the nation flies,
Strikes every Engliſh heart with deep ſurprize:
The general grief, the general loſs expreſt,
And floods of tears the common father's death confeſt.

Grief ſits triumphant in the ſoldiers face,
And in his generous breaſt now finds a place.
Never did death to them ſo dreadful ſhow
In foreign fields, as in this one domeſtick blow.
Their warlike trumpets make a diſmal moan,
Their enſigns droop, and drums their trouble groan:
O how unlike the ſame that us'd to go
Shouting where WILLIAM led, to meet the foe!

Thoſe

Thoſe whom the grace of his indulgent reign
Had long attempted to oblige in vain,
Touch'd with remorſe, deplore his haſty fate,
And weep that their repentance is ſo late:
Ungrateful murmurs into praiſes turn,
Grudg'd him a crown, but now revere his urn:
Conſcious of long neglect in former years,
What they in duty owe now pay in tears.
So factious tribes unworthily complain
Of their deliverer's meek and gentle reign;
The deeds of Moſes, and of God forget,
Look back on Egypt's ſhore with fond regret,
Slight angel's fare, and fruits of Paleſtine,
And for Egyptian leeks and onions pine;
The ſervile task of treading clay prefer
To freedom with the glorious toils of war;
Chuſe to make bricks on Zoan's ſlaviſh coaſts,
Rather than lodg in tents to ſerve the Lord of hoſts.
But when the prophet to the ſky retires,
The wondrous loſs a wondrous grief inſpires;
Thro' the ſad camp a general ſorrow reigns,
And ſighs, for murmurs, now fill Moab's plains.

Thoſe confeſſors, thoſe candidates for heaven,
Whom perſecuting rage had hither driven
From

From native ſhores, to find a kind aſyle
In the warm boſom of the Britiſh iſle;
Guilty of nothing but adoring God
In bold defiance to a tyrant's nod,
Who racks mens limbs to put their minds in frame,
Burns 'em to guide their conſcience by the flame,
To ſave their ſouls devoutly cuts their throats,
And to this pious work dragoons devotes,
While reverend prieſts their approbation ſhow,
And glut their bloody eyes with ſcenes of woe:
Thoſe confeſſors whom blows could ne'er convince
That true religion governs ſuch a prince,
Mourn for a king that made 'em doubly free,
With civil and religious liberty;
Whoſe liberal hands diſpens'd his royal ſtore,
To feed their prophets, and ſupply their poor.

The Belgic lion, touch'd with anguiſh, roars,
And ſends the frightful ſound to diſtant ſhores.
Th' imperial eagle flags his drooping wings,
Condoling with confederate ſtates and kings.
Naſſau, they cry, the glory of the age,
Naſſau is gone, the ſcourge of Gallic rage;
Able to counſel, conquer and command,
And hold the ballance in his ſteddy hand.

Stupendous

Stupendous grief! that ſmote us by ſurprize,
And ſnatch'd away the pleaſure of our eyes!

Oft when a nation's numerous crimes have try'd
God's patience long, and long for vengeance cry'd;
When pregnant ſtorms come lowering from afar
To threaten famine, plague, inteſtine war;
When heaven its juſt artillery prepares;
Some ſignal the impending ſtroke declares:
Earth in her entrails ſtrange convulſions feels;
Shock'd with ill-boding fears, ſhe quakes and reels;
The ſun his radiant head in ſables veils;
Or dreadful comets ſpread their fiery tails;
Loud peals of thunder tear the lightening air,
And falling meteors ſhake their flaming hair.
But no ſuch frightful ſigns preſag'd our woe,
To give us warning of the coming blow.
Secure we lay, nor dreaded future harms,
Under the ſhade of Naſſau's conquering arms.
Now thoughts on triumphs paſt our joys renew,
And now freſh laurels ſeem to be in view.
Europe had fix'd her eye on him, to be
The guardian of her common liberty.
Lewis obſerv'd his growing intereſt ſpread,
With hate and envy equal to his dread.

But O the fickle ſtate of human things!
How frail the life! how vain the pomp of kings!
How are we ſhipwreck'd in the view of ſhore,
Our hopes are daſh'd; for WILLIAM is no more:
In every ſoul grief joins with conſcious dread,
In every face they both their pallid enſigns ſpread.

What triumphs did our hero's youth preſage
To crown the toil of his maturer age?
Early he rais'd his country's ſinking ſtate,
For doing good he knew was being great:
His courage foreign foes could overcome,
His patience civil factions quell at home.
Where noxious weeds with deadly juice abound,
There antidotes oft bleſs the neighbouring ground:
While Lewis frights the world with pride and rage,
WILLIAM ſtands up to prop the drooping age:
One age our danger and deliverance brings,
The worſt of tyrants, and the beſt of kings.

When Albion's cries his generous aid implor'd,
He ſoon our dying liberties reſtor'd:
Religion bleſt th' aſſertor of her cauſe,
And juſtice ſmil'd to ſee reviving laws:

And

And to inhance the value of the good,
'Twas done without expence of Engliſh blood.
The idol-prieſts his aweful preſence ſhun,
And fly like ſcatter'd miſts before the ſun.
Thus by deſert rais'd to the crown he wore,
He's call'd to rule thoſe he had ſav'd before;
While nations round applaud Britannia's choice,
And own the voice of God was in the peoples voice.

Nor does he leſs regard Hibernia's cries,
But thro' rough ſeas wing'd with deliv'rance flies;
In wonted danger wonted honour gains,
Conquers her foes, and breaks her ſlaviſh chains.
O Boyne! the world ſhall WILLIAM's valour know,
While thy clear ſtreams, or time it ſelf ſhall flow.
Fame keeps the roll of various places more,
Known by his conqueſts on the Iriſh ſhore.

To Namur, when the common ſafety calls
To plant his enſigns on thoſe haughty walls,
With daring troops the conquering hero ſpeeds,
While numerous foes bear witneſs to his deeds.

With new ſucceſs, and with freſh laurels crown'd,
He ſtill proceeds to gather trophies round,
Till the proud Gaul a humble friendſhip feign'd,
And own'd the title WILLIAM's merit gain'd.

The Macedonian hero's virtues he,
And more poſſeſs'd, from all his vices free;
Himſelf as well as others could ſubdue;
While he rul'd men, rul'd his own paſſions too;
For Europe's freedom generouſly fought,
Thro' glorious hazards common ſafety ſought;
Inur'd to claſhing arms and roaring waves,
To humble tyrants, and unfetter ſlaves;
Plung'd into ſtorms of fire and ſeas of blood,
Not for proud triumph, but for publick good;
Scorning the downy pleaſures of a throne,
Secur'd our lives, regardleſs of his own;
Scarce thought a glorious action hard to do;
Scarce thought it great when done, and others were in view:
Equally vers'd in arts of war and peace;
Laurels and palms he wore with equal grace;
Rather endur'd than e'er enjoy'd a crown,
And more deſerv'd than e'er deſir'd renown.
His grace his very foes would reconcile,
And melt 'em down with a forgiving ſmile.

He

He bid them live who had deſerv'd to die,
And if he err'd, 'twas ſtill in clemency.
No patriot's guiltleſs blood diſtain'd his throne,
To pleaſe another's humour, or his own,
Nor would he make a tender conſcience groan.
No force but that of reaſon could approve,
To ſway the judgment, and the paſſions move
To pure religion, which is truth and love.

How oft his words the wondering ſenate charm'd,
And every loyal breaſt with ardor warm'd!
For all he ſaid, like all he did, was great;
And when he could command, he would intreat.
His ſpeech, the lively image of his mind,
Majeſtick, prudent, gracious, and refin'd,
Had won'drous force, and never-failing charms,
Bright as his fame, victorious as his arms.
Abroad 'twas but to ſee, and overcome;
'Twas but to ſpeak, and overcome at home:
Nothing was wanting in his finiſh'd ſenſe,
Nothing redundant in his eloquence.
Such was the product of his ripen'd thought,
He ſpoke nor more nor leſs than what he ought.
Still nervous reaſon every ſentence ſtrung,
And ſtill his generous heart kept meaſure with his tongue.

What crimſon ſins, what aggravated crimes,
Have heav'n provok'd, and ſtain'd our guilty times!
Could none but ſuch a killing ſtroke ſuffice,
To break our rocky hearts, and thaw our frozen eyes!
O Britons! ſee, too late, what you have loſt!
O Britons! ſee what your lov'd ſins have coſt!
Theſe have your king, theſe have your captain ſlain,
And forc'd his heaven-born ſoul to heaven again.
How oft have you refus'd to be reform'd,
When pious zeal his ſacred boſom warm'd;
And from the throne inſpir'd him to declare
Againſt your vices a religious war?
How oft he call'd to faſt, to weep, and pray,
While you ſupinely ſlept your hours away!
He ſaw great judgments would great ſins purſue;
He ſaw and ſaid it, unbeliev'd by you.

Who now ſhall head your armies in the field?
Who wave his ſword, and who ſhall bear his ſhield?
Who ſhall your troops with generous courage fire,
And all around him martial rage inſpire?
Who thro' your ſquadrons ſwift as lightning fly,
To give freſh vigour with his ſparkling eye,
Leading the way to conſtant victory?

His

His army was the body, he the ſoul,
T' inform, direct, and animate the whole:
In dreadful order firm battalions mov'd,
To conquer or to die with him they lov'd;
So brave a chief, ſo great a witneſs near,
They knew not how to fly, or how to fear.
Surprize itſelf cou'd no weak paſſion find,
To diſconcert the texture of his mind:
When he approach'd the confines of the dead,
In fields of war, or in a dying bed;
Patient in pain, and calm in every ſtorm,
Fearleſs he ſeem'd of death in every form;
In doubtful battel, or on foaming ſeas,
In treacherous plots, or languiſhing diſeaſe.

When the faint lamp of life was burning low,
And now the tremulous flame was hovering to and fro;
Feeling the bonds of nature diſunite,
His parting ſoul prepares her wings for flight.
Britain and heav'n now ſhare his thoughts and cares;
Britain his counſels has, and heaven his pray'rs.
Thee, fair Britannia, how he long'd to ſee
From civil feuds and foreign dangers free!
And tho in view of paradiſe, could be
Almoſt content to live again for thee.

But 'tis decreed; the fatal moment's near,
No pray'rs or vows can hold him longer here.
Our fainting heads no hopeful omen rears;
Juſt heaven rejects our cries, rejects our tears.

Calmly expecting death, the hero lies,
Till beck'ning angels call him to the ſkies.
His life was glorious, and ſerene his death;
His ſoul the ſame, firm to his lateſt breath,
Preſence of mind in this dark veil retain'd,
And no reluctant agony ſuſtain'd.
So Moſes on mount Nebo ſmiling lay,
When the almighty kiſs'd his ſoul away.

Great Naſſau's dawn was like the orient ſun,
His wond'rous race of glory ſoon was run.
No clouds of envy could his luſtre ſhroud,
And when he ſet, he ſet without a cloud.
Ah! that ſo bright a ſun ſhould ſet at noon,
A life ſo uſeful fly away ſo ſoon!
Does heaven ſuch gifts as theſe beſtow on men,
So ſoon, alas! to call them back agen!

From this low world his willing ſoul retires,
And ſwiftly to its native heaven aſpires.
No anxious thought reſtrains his ſoaring mind,
His royal cares are left with royal duſt behind.
A guard of angels for his convoy fly
Through the vaſt regions of the parting ſky:
Charm'd with ſeraphick muſick as they go,
He ſcorns the pageant pomp of thrones below.
Æthereal plains convey the ſound along,
Æthereal hills all echo back the ſong,
'Till heaven's wide gates receive the welcome throng.

The

The ſpacious arches of the palace ring,
With tidings of th' arrival of a king.
Armies of cherubs with kind ſpeed reſort
From diſtant manſions to th' imperial court;
Their charming ſkill in heavenly ſounds diſ-
play,
To grace the triumph of this ſolemn day,
While troops of ſaints line all the ſhining
way.
The ſon of Jeſs touches his harp, and ſings
In conſort with a choir of pious kings;
The happy few who govern'd well below,
And for their labours deathleſs pleaſures know.

And O! the joy to meet Maria there,
The former partner of his crown and care!
What ambient glories deck the happy pair,
Who bliſs unknown to earthly monarchs ſhare.
On Eden's flowery banks they ſafe reſide,
Where chriſtal ſtreams from vital fountains
glide;
No ruffling ſtorms of war, or faction know,
And pity them that feel the weight of crowns
below:
There reign, bleſt pair, while your diſtinguiſh'd
name
Shall glitter in the brighteſt rolls of fame:
Bleſt by this age, and late poſterity,
While there are Britons wiſe, or juſt, or free.
There reign; expecting that reviving day,
That will refine and raiſe your ſlumbering
clay;

Give

Give it a heavenly form and godlike grace,
Fit for ſuch ſouls, and for ſo bright a place.

But, muſe, reſtrain thy too adventurous flight:
Glories ſo diſproportion'd to thy ſight,
O'erwhelm thee with unſufferable light.
Stoop to the lower regions of the ſkies,
And with leſs dazzling light refreſh thy eyes.
See how the morning ſpreads her growing light,
And drives away the duſky ſhades of night.
See Britain's clouds begin to ſcatter too,
And ſcenes of coming glory are in view.
ANNA the Britiſh ſcepter mildly ſways,
And gives vaſt hopes of yet auſpicious days:
ANNA, whom parents frowns could never move
From her religion, and her country's love.
O tyrants! boaſt no more that WILLIAM's dead,
Since ANNA's reign ſhall give you equal dread.
Again the trumpet's clangor war declares,
Join'd with our acclamations and our prayers:
Aſſociate nations echo back the ſound,
And fleets and armies make the fierce alarm rebound.

As great ELIZA cruſh'd ambitious Spain,
And ſunk their floating caſtles in the main;

May

May both thoſe tyrants, that forge Europe's
chains,
Be humbled, now illuſtrious ANNA reigns.
May ſhe a Deb'rah to our Iſrael prove,
Dread of her foes, her people's joy and love:
On tyrants haughty necks in triumph tread,
Aſſiſted by the NOBLE CONSORT of her
bed.

To my friend Mr. ——— on his philoſophical dream.

SO good the ſenſe, ſo noble is the theme,
My friend, they wou'd become a prophet's dream.
Here's ſo much reaſon and religion taught,
By juſt degrees link'd in one chain of thought;
In thy pure mind ſuch heavenly notions ſhine,
When bound with heavy ſleep thy body lies ſupine:
Thro' the thick veil truth darts her piercing beams,
And leaden ſlumbers yield thee golden dreams.
So fair their form, and of ſo good allay,
They well can bear the ſtricteſt teſt of day.

Thoſe truths thy active ſoul by day explores,
Fancy, to charm thee, in the night reſtores:
And to reward the labours of the day,
Thy guardian angel marks the glorious way
That leads to bliſs; and entertains thy mind
With pleaſures only known to ſouls refin'd.
The pilgrim patriarch thus at *Bethel* lay,
When wearied by the journey of the day;
While in his view officious angels tread
The ſteps that to celeſtial manſions led.

How

How few, awake, have thoughts ſo juſt and bright,
As thou, aſleep, amidſt the ſhades of night?
But ſince thy dreams of ſo much truth partake,
What clear ideas fill thy mind awake!
Then write again; nor quit the uſeful text:
Tell us thy waking thoughts of virtue next.

J. S.

TO

TO

Mr. WILLIAM MASON,

ON HIS

Excellent Short-Hand.

IN a smooth train thy mystick figures flow,
And swiftest gales of eastern winds out-go.
Thy pen our words paints with the nicest care,
Before the fleeting voice dissolves in air:
Flying it draws the image of the mind,
Nor one idea wandring leaves behind.
Faithful as echo thy rare art is found,
Preserves the sense as it returns the sound.

J. S.

To the Reverend

Mr. *SAMUEL WESLEY*,

On his ingenous POEM

Intituled

The life of Chriſt, *&c.*

Publiſhed Anno 1693.

MY friend, in what a juſt but ſweet amaze
Do I upon thy poems beauties gaze!
Thro' ev'ry page a thouſand graces ſhine
Sparkling with decent pomp in every line.

I traverſe thy great work with longing eyes,
While new, and ſtill new pleaſing ſcenes ariſe:
Such lively colours there I find diſplaid,
With ſo much art and ſo much nature laid;
So

So long, and yet ſo juſt a chain of thought,
Such lofty ſenſe couch'd in a ſtrain ſo ſoft;
So ſmooth and free thy well-tun'd numbers roll;
They raiſe a noble ferment in my ſoul.
A train of bright ideas ſtrait I find
Spring up in the apartments of my mind:
Light to my wakened judgment they impart,
And breath a gen'rous warmth into my heart.
By your magnetic verſe a captive made,
Methinks what e'er you ſay was done or ſaid,
I ſee and hear and feel you've learn'd to give
To words ſuch warmth as makes 'em breathe and live.

One while I think I'm with the ſhepherd-ſwains,
And hear the ecchoing hills ſtrike thro' the plains:
The numerous ſeraphs voices heavenly ſound,
While ambient glories lighten all around.
Glory to God on high, I hear 'em ſing,
And peace on earth, from Sion's peaceful king.

To that bleſt mount ſometimes I follow thee;
Where with ſweet awe, and mild ſolemnity,
Immanuel dictates his great father's will,
The dews of grace his balmy lips diſtil,
From them the laws of kindneſs ſweetly flow,
Scattering vaſt bleſſings on the crowd below.

Such

Such mighty ſenſe each weighty clauſe contains,
Urg'd with ſuch force, yet in ſuch melting ſtrains,
Each awful word with ſo much love impreſt;
Methinks I feel him grave it in my breaſt.

When to bright Tabor you tranſport my thought,
My body too, methinks, is thither brought.
I ſee two prophets clad in bright array
Fly from the regions of eternal day;
Glad with their God incarnate to converſe,
His ſufferings and his glories to rehearſe.
With the amaz'd diſciples I draw near,
Unutterable myſtic words to hear,
Surpriz'd with trembling joy, and awful fear.
I ſee th' ambitious flames of glory now
With light'ning rays ſalute his ſacred brow.
Theſe ſubtile beams, ſhot from aetherial light,
Dazzle my fancy, and confound my ſight.

But when I trace him up mount Calvary,
What a ſad ſcene of ſorrow do I ſee?
His head with thorns inſtead of jewels crown'd,
While cruel hands by many a barb'rous wound
With crimſon tincture ſtain the bluſhing ground.
When to deaf heaven I hear him groan and cry,
And ſee him bow his fainting head and die;

Pity and ſorrow, love and ſtrong deſire,
With generous rage firſt ſet my breaſt on fire.
A troop of horrors then my ſoul ſurrounds
And every pain he feels, my boſom wounds.

Such are the charms of verſe, ſuch verſe as thine,
Such beauties in each moving period ſhine,
So bright thy thoughts, the ſubject ſo divine!
They ne'er inſipid prove; ſtill entertain
My raviſh'd mind; I read and read again;
Still find new charms, ſtill freſh delights obtain.

Go on, and make the wondering world confeſs
The nobleſt theme deſerves the loftieſt verſe.
From oracles divine more ſongs derive,
And Iſrael's royal poet's ſtrains revive:
With the bleſt few that in his ſteps have trod,
Thy muſe devote unto thy Saviour God.
Beat theſe now unfrequented milky ways:
Follow the lofty Milton's great eſſays:
Renew th' immortal Cowley's ſacred lays:
And ſhare with them the bright Urania's praiſe.
Make youthful breaſts with true devotion burn,
And flights of wit into divine oblations turn.

AN HYMN.

I.

A Wake my mind; awake my ſong;
Awake my heart; awake my tongue;
Join with the grateful praiſing throng,
In offerings to our common Lord.
Wherever fleeting winds can blow,
Wherever ſwelling waves can flow,
Where beaſts can rove, or plants can grow,
All creatures praiſe his name with one accord.

II.

Whate'er the circling ſun can ſpy
In earth below, in heaven on high;
Whate'er can run, creep, ſwim or fly;
The glories of his name diſplay.

The humble vales and mountains ſteep,
Offer their herds and flocks of ſheep,
Mines yield their ore, her fiſh the deep,
Their thankful homage to their God to pay.

III.

Each ſpring that ſtarts from rocks or hills,
And forms the little purling rills,
Or larger channels largely fills,
Murmurs, as if to frame a ſong;
While every whiſper of a breeze,
That waves the corn and fans the trees,
And louder ſtorms on land and ſeas,
Declare their maker's praiſe without a tongue.

IV.

Sun, moon, and ſtars, with glories bright,
That rule by day, or rule by night,
Tho with unequal power and light,
Praiſe him from pole to pole.
Flowers in bright colours which they wear,
Bring incenſe, which perfumes the air;
While trees their fruits and bloſſoms bear,
And praiſe without a voice, without a ſoul.

V.

V.

Fields gladly yield their golden crops,
Obſequious cedars bow their tops,
Clouds freely give their fertile drops,
And their creator's bounty ſhow.
His thunders with their awful ſound
And flaſhes, blazing all around,
Proclaim his power on earth renown'd:
But gentler mercy paints the ſmiling brow.

VI.

Each little bird an hymn can bring,
Thro' groves and plains can chirp and ſing,
With quavering throat and hovering wing
His maker's praiſes far and near.
Sing then, my ſoul, who art deſign'd
For ſervice of a nobler kind:
The breathings of a pious mind
Are ſweeteſt muſick in th' Almighty's ear.

VII.

The happy ſpirits that dwell above,
O how their thoughts and joys improve!
O how they ſing! O how they love!
O how their love their ſongs inſpires!
And is it not, my ſoul, thy blame,
And is it not, my ſoul, thy ſhame,
That ſtill ſo languid is thy flame,
Tho fed and cheriſh'd by ſo many fires?

VIII.

That I may ſing without controul,
To touch my lip, to touch my ſoul,
Lord, from the altar ſend a coal,
On which my dear redeemer bled.
The flame of ſo divine a love,
Too firm for life or death to move,
Will the beſt light and motive prove,
To warm my heart, and to inform my head.

IX.

So ſhall my thoughts, ſo ſhall my ſongs,
In concert with ſeraphic throngs,
Rehearſe what praiſe to thee belongs,
With higheſt love and pureſt joy:
Till ſoaring far from mortal eye,
I quit this earth and pierce the ſky;
Then to thy radiant throne draw nigh,
And all eternity in praiſe employ.

ON THE

SABBATH.

I.

Nother ſix-days-work is done;
Another ſabbath is begun:
Return, my ſoul, unto thy reſt;
Revere the day thy God has bleſt.

II.

But weep that thou haſt done no more
In this, and many weeks before,
For him whom thou art bound to praiſe
On working and on reſting days.

III.

If common actions ought to tend,
To praiſe him as their common end;
How ſhould his glory be deſign'd
In every thing of ſacred kind?

IV.

For ſervile work ſix days are given;
For ſacred uſe but one in ſeven:
When for my work God gives ſuch time
Shall I begrudge a day to him?

V.

Lord, one in ſeven's too much for me;
And ſix too little ſeems for thee:
My time, my all beſides, is thine;
Nothing, no not myſelf, is mine.

VI.

Nothing I properly could claim,
As truly mine, but ſin and ſhame:
This guilt thou haſt remov'd; and given
Thyſelf, thy ſon, thy grace, thy heaven.

VII.

My ſoul with grateful ardor burns,
My God, to make thee ſome returns:
Well may I render thee thy own;
Well mayſt thou reap where thou haſt ſown.

VIII.

VIII.

This grateful ſoul by thee redeem'd,
This holy time by thee eſteem'd,
And what I am or have beſide,
What I can give or thou provide,

IX.

I offer all, my God, to thee:
If thou accept both mine and me,
I'll praiſe thy grace, thy name adore,
And wiſh to offer I had more.

X.

O that my thoughts and words may riſe
As incenſe to propitious ſkies;
And fetch from heaven that ſweet repoſe
Which none but he that feels it knows.

XI.

This heavenly calm within my breaſt
Is the dear pledge of glorious reſt,
Which for the church of God remains;
The end of cares, the end of pains.

XII.

With joy God's wondrous works I view,
In various ſcenes both old and new:
With praiſe I think on mercies paſt;
With hope, of future pleaſures taſte.

XIII.

In holy duties thus the day,
In holy pleaſures melts away.
How ſweet, a ſabbath thus to ſpend
In hope of one that ne'er ſhall end!

XIV.

Till I am ſo divinely bleſt
I'll love this weekly day of reſt;
And ſtill when days of work begin
Remember there's no time for ſin.

ON THE

Profane liberty of POETS,

IN THEIR

LOVE VERSES.

IF Aaron's ſons, who ſo profanely came
Up to the altar with unhallowed flame,
Were juſtly by avenging fire conſum'd,
Who with ſtrange fire to tempt their God preſum'd;
What flames are due to their more daring crimes,
Who rob his altar to enrich their rhimes?
Steal holy fire, then to an idol turn,
And incenſe to it moſt profanely burn;
Offer love's nobleſt flame, by heaven inſpir'd,
By heaven alone deſerv'd, by heaven deſir'd,
To ſome vile heap of fleſh and blood, that muſt
In a few moments turn to worms and duſt!

The

The language of the temple is employ'd
To flatter female vanity and pride.
His life, his ſoul, his all, the fool devotes
To a frail deity in petticoats;
Himſelf a proſtrate victim humbly bows
At her inſulting feet with prayers and vows;
His brighteſt fancies in her praiſes ſpends,
And yet all's but her beauty's foil, pretends,
Swearing his bliſs on her, on her alone depends;
Boaſts of his painted flames and bloodleſs ſcars,
And blows the empty bubble to the ſtars.

He may be witty; but he can't be wiſe,
Who cheats himſelf, and has a ſoul to ſell,
To buy another a fool's paradiſe,
And purchaſe nothing for himſelf but hell.

Perfection.

I.

Ow my joys are mix'd with tears,
And my comforts join'd with fears,
Songs with ſighs divide my breath,
And my life's attack'd by death.

II.

Now my light's confus'd with error,
My Lord's ſmiles partake of terror,
My ſmooth walks are ſpread with ſnares,
My bright days o'ercaſt with cares.

III.

Now vain thoughts attend devotion,
Heavy ſloth retards my motion,
Cold indifference checks my flame,
And my glory's foil'd with ſhame.

IV.

IV.

Thus my voy'ge to heaven begins,
Wet with tears and ſtain'd with ſins;
I begin to live and move,
I begin to praiſe and love.

V.

O happy day,
That brings the pilgrim home!
When partial mixtures ſhall be done away,
And bright perfection come.

VI.

Then my joys ſhall know no tears,
And my comforts ſee no fears;
Songs, not ſighs, employ my breath,
And my life triumph o'er death.

VII.

Then my light ſhall baniſh error,
My Lord's ſmiles be free from terror,
My ſmooth walks be void of ſnares,
My bright days be clear from cares.

VIII.

No vain thoughts ſhall cramp devotion,
Nor dull ſloth retard my motion,
Nor indifference check my flame,
Nor my glory turn to ſhame.

IX.

Thus my perfect bliſs begins,
Free from cares and free from ſins;
Ever thus to live and move,
Ever thus to praiſe and love.

X.

O happy day,
That brings the pilgrim home!
When partial mixtures ſhall be done away;
And bright perfection come.

AN EPITAPH ON *Mordecai Abbot* Esq;

JUST, prudent, pious, generous Abbot's dust
Has found a sleeping place beneath this stone.
Earth, in thy bosom hide the precious trust,
Till his departed spirit claim its own.
How that returning soul will joy to see
Her body as immortal and as blest as she!

AN HYMN.

I.

LOrd, all these works of thine
Become thy hand divine,
And pious thoughts inspire:
While all thy greatness prove,
Thee I admire and love,
Love and admire.

II.

The world's a temple, where
Thy creatures all appear
To offer praise and prayer:
The rocks, and hills and trees,
On earth, in air, in seas,
Thy altars are.

III.

The ſcaly troops that ſweep
Thro' regions of the deep,
The beaſts that feed and ſtray
Thro' mountains woods and plains,
Confeſs Jehovah reigns,
And homage pay.

IV.

The feather'd tribe that ſwims
In air, with various hymns
Sound thro' the groves thy name;
While impious men alone
Thy name, thy truth, thy throne
Dare to blaſpheme.

AN EPITAPH

On the Reverend

Mr. —*WELLS*,

Miniſter of the goſpel.

HEre lies a flower which death has cropt,
Alas before twas fully blown;
Into earth's eaſy lap 'tis dropt,
And there the precious ſeed is ſown.

His fragrant ſcent is left behind,
And in the ſpring it will appear;
A nobler form it then ſhall find,
And brighter colours ſhall for ever wear.

ON THE

DEATH

OF

My little BENJ. an infant.

WHile ſofter nature prompted me
to weep
O'er a ſweet babe that death had
lull'd aſleep,
Set each internal ſpring to work, that moves
A parent's bowels to the child he loves,
And taught me, by experimental ſmart,
What 'tis to have a tender father's heart;
Severer reaſon, ſtriving to controul
The ſtrong emotions of my troubled ſoul,
Convinc'd me 'twas my weakneſs and my
ſhame,
To yield to paſſion's ſo impetuous ſtream.
I gave attention when I heard her ſpeak,
Her arguments were ſtrong, but ſhe was weak;
I found her wiſe, but too infirm a guide,
That could not give me ſtrength to ſtem the
tide.

My

My ſorrow bore me down, till faith ſtept in,
And told me truths dim reaſon ne'er had ſeen.
Her powerful words ſhe thus to me addreſt,
Which ſpread an heavenly calm within my breaſt.
Why all theſe ſighs, why all theſe flowing tears?
What cauſe for ſuch reluctancy appears?
What, tho the curious frame thou doat'ſt on muſt
Be laid in earth, and crumbled into duſt,
Extend beyond the grave thy piercing view,
To that bright day when 't ſhall be form'd anew:
This infant-duſt ſhall then revive, and be
Ripen'd and rais'd to full maturity:
This withered flower ſhall then be freſhly blown,
Shall riſe in ſtrength tho now in weakneſs ſown:
Theſe feeble legs that had not learn'd to go,
To tread the milky path of heaven ſhall know:
Seraphic zeal theſe pretty hands ſhall raiſe
In acts of worſhip to Jehovah's praiſe:
That tongue, while here untaught a word to frame,
Shall ſpeak, and ſing the glory of his name:
And tho his body lies among the dead,
His happy ſoul to realms of glory's fled;
And every moment there is taught to know
What we can't learn in num'rous years below.
O what ſurprizing raptures ſeize his mind,
To ſuch a bright aſſembly to be join'd!

O happy babe! ſo early fled away
From this vile earth to realms of endleſs day!
What wondrous change, dear infant! haſt thou known,
Leaving thy cradle to aſcend a throne!
Thy infant fancies turn'd to manly thought,
Strength out of weakneſs, life from darkneſs brought!
Leaving thy mother's ſongs for angels hymns,
Thou learn'ſt thyſelf to ſing with ſeraphims;
Haſt left thy cries for joys, thy pains for reſt;
For Abraham's boſom left thy mother's breaſt.

Simeon's Words paraphraſed.

NOW let thy ſervant, Lord, depart in peace;
Give my aſpiring ſoul a kind releaſe.
What thro' the myſtic glaſs of propheſy
The patriarchs diſtant ſaw, to me is nigh:
Theſe languid eyes behold my Saviour's face,
Theſe withered arms the heavenly babe imbrace.
Since I at laſt my bleſt Redeemer ſee,
No other ſight below has charms for me.

Now

Now cloſe theſe aged eyes: for after this
Nothing's worth viewing but immortal bliſs.

A

TRANSLATION

OF

Mr. C——'s latin verſes, with additions, on the death of the Earl of Rocheſter's child: Preſented to the Counteſs of Rocheſter, by Mr. C——

I.

YOUNG Cupid's fall'n, his mother's joy and pride:
Here lies his ivory bow uncharg'd, unſtrung;
And there his ſhaftleſs quiver by his ſide,
That late upon his ſnowy ſhoulder hung.
Venus inconſolable now appears;
And ſets no time, no meaſure to her tears.

II.

Since the lov'd boy's impriſon'd in his urn,
His mother has forgot her charming ſmiles;
Where joy once reign'd grief takes its mournful turn,
And native graces from her brow exiles:
Since her own Cupid does a mortal prove,
Beauty herſelf would take the fate of love.

III.

But while her charming ſon in marble ſleeps,
Why to herſelf ſhould Venus cruel prove?
Well may we fear if longer thus ſhe weeps,
Love's mother will become as blind as love.
Fair one, conſult your glaſs, and tears reſtrain;
Nor quench thoſe ſhining lamps with endleſs rain.

IV.

If you reſiſt the counſel of your friends,
And diſregard a tender huſband's care,
Think on your eyes, think how their luſtre ſpends,
And now at leaſt their dying beauty ſpare.
Spare thoſe twin ſtars, nor be to them unkind,
Leaſt grief that makes you deaf ſhould ſtrike you blind.

V.

V.

If leſſer reaſons leave you ſtill unmov'd,
Nor can ſupport beneath ſo great a loſs,
Think how her ſon the bleſſed virgin lov'd,
And yet beheld him bleeding on a croſs;
How every wound of his transfix'd her mind,
And yet how patient ſhe, and how reſign'd?

VI.

Th' Almighty's ſceptre claims a ſovereign ſway,
His awful thunder muſt be ſtill rever'd.
If meekly you the will of Chriſt obey,
Your mighty loſs ſhall more than be repair'd.
He for your ſon will give himſelf: and you
Shall be his mother and his ſiſter too.

VII.

Ah! while with him the happy infant lives,
Whoſe heaven-born ſoul has trod the milky way,
How vainly here his tender mother grieves,
As if her tears could animate his clay;
Which ſlumbers, till the awful trumpet ſpread
Life thro' the gloomy regions of the dead.

VIII.

VIII.

This phoſphorus the world no ſooner chear'd,
And flatter'd with a long expected light,
But ſunk in darkneſs ere the day appear'd,
And left us in the horror of the night.
Thus our vain minds with ebbing paſſions move;
What's now our grief was late our hope and love.

IX.

To Pallas the young hero was ally'd:
Pallas the noble infant's fate deplores;
Lov'd for his charms, and for the name of Hyde,
Whoſe glory fame has ſpread to diſtant ſhores.
The beauteous nymphs, that grace the palace, all
Lament the lovely boy's untimely fall.

X.

His tender genius ſhow'd his ſoul refin'd,
With various charms of all the muſes dreſt:
His outward form becoming ſuch a mind,
The beauty of the goddeſſes expreſt:
We ſee his genius in his ſire ſurvive,
And in his mother's wit and beauty he's alive.

ON

PROVERBS XIV. 9.

Fools make a mock of ſin.

I.

HO laughs at ſin, laughs at his maker's frowns;
Laughs at the ſword of vengeance o'er his head;
Laughs at the great redeemer's tears and wounds,
Who but for ſin had never wept or bled.

II.

Who laughs at ſin, laughs at the numerous woes,
That have the guilty world ſo oft befel;
Laughs at the whole creation's groans and throws,
At all the ſpoils of death, and pains of hell.

III.

III.

Who laughs at ſin, laughs at his own diſeaſe,
Welcomes approaching torments with his ſmiles,
Dares at his ſoul's expence his fancy pleaſe,
Affronts his God, himſelf of bliſs beguiles.

IV.

Who laughs at ſin, ſports with his guilt and ſhame,
Laughs at the errors of his ſenſeleſs mind:
For ſo abſurd a fool there wants a name
Expreſſive of a folly ſo refin'd.

ON A

MARBLE PIECE

Repreſenting

Chriſt bound to a pillar.

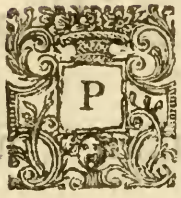
Tranſlated from the Italian, but ſomewhat altered.

MArble the pillar; marble he that's bound;
Marble the officers that guard him round:
Marble by nature that; by patience he;
And theſe by unrelenting cruelty.
Spectator, melt in tears: or at this view,
Wonder will turn thee into marble too.

PSALM

PSALM cxlviii.

I.



RAISE the great name of Jah,
O praiſe Jehovah's name!
Praiſe him from heaven, I ſay,
On high his praiſe proclaim.
His throne ſurround
Angelic hoſts,
Thro' heavens wide coaſts
His praiſe reſound.

II.

Praiſe him, thou glorious ſun,
Thou moon, ye ſtars of light,
Which either ſtand or run;
Ye heavens of heavens ſo bright,
His praiſe diſplay.
Waters that move
Thro' ſkies above,
Your tribute pay.

III.

III.

Works of his mighty hand,
Extol Jehovah's name;
Which when he gave command,
Forth into being came.
For ever he
Has fix'd their place,
That none can paſs
His firm decree.

IV.

O praiſe Jehovah's name,
From earth: from deeps below
Ye whales: ye lightning-flame,
Hail-ſtones and fleecy ſnow,
Miſts that diſtill,
Fierce winds that blow,
And always know
And do his will.

V.

All hills and mountains high,
Trees that with fruit are crown'd,
Cedars that touch the ſky,
Wild beaſts that range around;
And cattle tame,
Things low or high,
That creep or fly,
Repeat his fame.

VI.

Kings who on earth preſide,
And all of meaner birth;
Princes who nations guide,
And judges of the earth;
The youthful throng,
And virgins fair,
Heads with gray hair,
And infants young.

VII.

Let all Jehovah's name,
With praiſes celebrate:
His name alone proclaim
As excellent and great.
His glories bright,
Tranſcendent riſe,
'Bove earth and ſkies,
To boundleſs height.

VIII.

And he on high does raiſe,
His people's horn of might;
And thus inſpires with praiſe
His ſaints, his ſoul's delight.
Bleſt Iſrael's race,
A people near,
And to him dear,
Jehovah praiſe!

AN

HYMN

ON

Recovery from ſickneſs.

I.

GOD of my life; who haſt redeem'd
Thy ſervant from th' expecting grave,
When death's attacks ſo fatal ſeem'd,
No other arm but thine could ſave.

II.

All my diſeaſes thou doſt heal,
And all my numerous ſins forgive;
Love to my fainting ſoul reveal,
And make my dying body live.

III.

Who in the heavens above reſides,
Whom I ſhould love and praiſe like thee!
Whom have I, Lord, on earth beſides,
So worthy to be lov'd by me!

IV.

But what wilt thou, my ſoul, return
To him who is above thy praiſe?
That thou canſt ſing no better, mourn;
And all thy powers to bleſs him raiſe.

V.

For ſince my God in mercy joins
Some future moments to the paſt,
His grace my willing ſoul inclines
To praiſe him while theſe moments laſt.

VI.

And when this little ſtream of time
Is loſt in vaſt eternity,
For angels hymns I'll change my rhime,
And ſing in ſeraph's company.

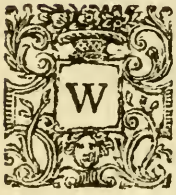
Eccleſiaſtes xi. 9, 10. *and* xii. 1. *paraphraſed.*

GO, heedleſs youth, purſue the gay delights
To which the world thy eager taſte invites;
The flowry paths thy heart affects, explore;
Fantoms that charm thy wandring eyes, adore;
Diſſolve in downy joys thy ſenſual mind:
But know, the day of vengeance is behind;
When every deed, each word, and ſecret thought,
Before God's own tribunal ſhall be brought.
O rather fly theſe treacherous ſweets betimes;
Abandon childiſh follies, youthful crimes.
Devote thy blooming youth, thy verdant days,
A pious offering to thy maker's praiſe;
Ere time thy beauty blaſts, thy verdure mows;
Ere age arrives with a long train of woes:

Leſt then, too late, thou of thy ſins complain,
And wiſh to live thy days all o'er again;
But find'ſt thy wiſhes and complaints are vain;
When youthful ſins torment thy aged bones,
And guilt cries loud in thy deſpairing groans;
When ſad reflections preſs thy labouring ſoul.
And wildeſt terrors in thy conſcience roul;
Paſt vitious pleaſures wreck thy thoughtful mind;
Their guſt all gone, their guilt all left behind.

MAN *changeable, but* GOD *always the ſame.*

I.



Hen firſt I broke my league with ſin,
And to my God was reconcil'd;
My breaſt was always calm within,
Becauſe my God upon me ſmil'd:
With joy I in his houſe appear'd;
And when I pray'd, he always heard.

II.

Now tho I've ſerv'd him many years,
And for his ſake reproach have born,
My joys are turn'd to ſighs and tears,
While I his abſent favours mourn:
He ſhuts out my petitions now,
And with fierce terror arms his brow.

III.

Shall I ſuppoſe he loves me leſs
Of late, than e'er he did before;
Or pleaſure takes in my diſtreſs,
While I his wonted grace implore?
Can truth itſelf inconſtant prove?
And love itſelf forget to love?

IV.

Earth from its center may be toſt,
The ſpacious heavens together furl'd,
Their order in confuſion loſt,
And time diſſolve the tottering world;
But God's firm cov'nant never moves,
And whom he once, he always, loves.

V.

Since there no change in God can be,
My trouble to myſelf I owe;
The guilty change is all in me,
Tho not enough my guilt I know.
I'll ſearch my heart for that incroaching ſin,
That makes him frown; and then he'll ſmile again.

TO

TO THE

Illustrious Prince of *Orange*

ON HIS

Expedition into *ENGLAND*,

Anno 1688.

I.

Ighty hero! born to be
Heaven's delight and Europe's wonder;
Born for easy victory,
Born to trample tyrants under!

II.

How the pressing trophies crowd,
To adorn your triumphs round!
Fame the while your praise aloud
To th' amazed world does sound.

III.

You our guardian angel are,
  Deckt with ambient rays of light;
And Ignatian furies ſcare,
  By the terror of your ſight.

IV.

As the Perſians to adore
  Haſte to meet the riſing ſun;
So to reach the weſtern ſhore
  Did our willing nobles run.

V.

You the patron there they meet,
  Of the beſt and nobleſt cauſe;
You the true defender greet,
  Of our faith, our lives, and laws.

VI.

In true honor's ſphere you move,
  What's right and good, count great and high;
Prudence and ſtrict virtue prove
  Your rule to meaſure glory by.

VII.

Juſt and generous your deſign,
To ſupport a falling ſtate;
Therefore have the powers divine
Smil'd upon your arms of late.

VIII.

Welcome arms! that are not brought,
For our ruin, but our good:
Welcome peace! that is not bought
With the coſtly price of blood.

IX.

Happy victory! deſign'd
T' heal a bleeding kingdom's veins:
Happy triumph! not to bind,
But to ſet us free from chains.

X.

Ready too to fall away,
France, methinks, does yielding ſtand
To commit her ſcepter's ſway
To your juſter, milder hand.

XI.

XI.

Vaſt exploits that you have done,
  Make her haughty tyrant bow;
And the lawrels he has won,
  Wait to grace your nobler brow.

XII.

Mighty hero! may your glory
  To its full meridian climb;
And remain, in deathleſs ſtory,
  The pride and wonder of our time.

ON

ON THE

SABBATH.

WHEN the creator of the world had given
Laſt touches to the frame of earth and heaven;
Peopled both ſea and land, and worlds ſublime,
I' th' firſt ſix days that ever meaſur'd time;
With vaſt delight the fabrick he ſurvey'd,
And, ſmiling, thus th' almighty father ſaid:
I'll add another day, the reſt to crown;
Sacred to me, peculiarly my own:
Thus time in perfect numbers ſhall revolve,
Till heaven's high arches crack and earth diſſolve.
The ſun that decks the ſmiling day with light,
The moon and ſtars that glitter in the night,
To teach mankind to meaſure weeks ſhall ſhine,
To meaſure years in a ſucceſſive line.
With what delight this day my works I view;
Works which my wiſdom, power, and goodneſs ſhew!
O happy day! be thou for ever bleſt,
The great memorial of my joy and reſt.

Shine

Shine in time's annals princeſs of the days,
No ſound be heard in thee but that of pray'r
and praiſe:
Let every breaſt with pious zeal be warm'd,
Aw'd by my precept, by my pattern charm'd,
Behold theſe works which I with pleaſure
ſee,
And take delight to ſabbathize with me.
I know that rebel fiend, who late was hurl'd
From the high tow'rs of the celeſtial world,
Who all thoſe legions of th' apoſtate crew,
Into that common guilt and ruin drew,
Envies mankind the joys that will ariſe
From this day's reſt and ſacred exerciſe;
And envies me the honors of the day,
In which my creatures ſhall their homage
pay.
Their peace in time he'll labour to deſtroy,
And to prevent their everlaſting joy.
But how will ſatan rage when he ſhall ſee
All the great things perform'd which I decree?

ON THE

SABBATH.

LEST day! ordain'd by God, and therefore bleſt,
The pledge and type of everlaſting reſt.
Indulgent heaven, to make our worſhip riſe
With the more pure devotion to the ſkies,
To make our prayers uninterrupted climb,
Made thee the ſacred quinteſſence of time.
With what impatient wiſhes do I meet thee!
With what indearing welcomes do I greet thee!
Glad that the ſix preceding days are run,
And with their toil their vanity is gone.

Religion.

PRoduct of reason and of faith combin'd,
The life, the health, the beauty of the mind;
God's image on an human soul impreſt,
The ſource of joy, and glory of the bleſt;
That makes 'em lovely, and that makes 'em love,
Brings heaven to earth, and forms their heaven above:
O how I do thy god-like charms admire!
O how I to thy god-like joys aſpire!

Love to a crucified JESUS.

I Own I love; 'tis no uncomely fire
That kindles in my breaſt intenſe deſire:
I hate myſelf that yet I love no more;
And yet I more than love; for I adore.
'Tis not juſt features, ſparkling eyes, or air,
That makes the object I admire ſo fair:
'Tis one exploded for deformity
By others, has ten thouſand charms for me.
'Tis not the lilly damaſk'd with the roſe,
That does theſe bonds upon my ſoul impoſe:
Whom others in the vileſt terms deride,
I lovelier think than all the world beſide.
Myriads of hearts, ſhould they to love conſpire,
Can ne'er enough this lovely one admire.
Whoever has an heart to give, is free;
Our happy loves ſhall fear no jealouſy.
The more this perfect beauty ſhall purſue,
The more is paid to whom all hearts are due.
But would you know to whom I make theſe vows,
To whoſe victorious charms my ſpirit bows?

O turn your eyes to Calvary, and ſee
A bleeding Saviour on a curſed tree :
That languid countenance, thoſe dying eyes,
Thoſe trembling lips that utter doleful cries;
That fainting head with thorns incircled round,
With ſtreams of blood for wreaths of jewels crown'd;
Thoſe ſacred hands that always grace implor'd;
Thoſe tender feet with rugged irons bor'd;
That ſacred body bruis'd, and cover'd o'er
With dying ſweats, purpled with native gore;
That ſoul that bore th' unſufferable weight
Of a world's ſins both numberleſs and grea t
See crimſon ſtreams flow from his wounded ſide,
To waſh thoſe very hands by which he di'd.
Behold my dying Lord, and diſapprove
My choice; ſay, who has charms like him I love?

ON THE

French Perſecution.

POOR France, the ſcene of anti-chriſtian rage,
Th' amazing horror of the trembling age:
The nations ſtand around with wondring eyes,
As if t' attend thy fatal exequies.
The world's amaz'd to ſee thy glory fade,
And ſet in blood behind the weſtern ſhade.
He who thy nurſing father ought to be
Becomes thy foe, and aims his rage at thee.
Tho out of human reach, juſt heaven will ſhew
What wonders a divine revenge can do:
Avenging heaven will find a day to quell
The tyrants rage, and ſend his guilty ſoul to hell.

AN

EPITAPH,

ON HIS

FATHER and MOTHER,

Mr. *Edward* and Mrs. *Mary Stennett.*

HERE lies an holy, and an happy pair:
As once in grace, they now in glory ſhare:

They dar'd to ſuffer, but they fear'd to ſin;
And meekly bore the croſs, the crown to win:
So liv'd, as not to be afraid to die;
So dy'd, as heirs of immortality.

Reader, attend: tho dead, they ſpeak to thee;
Tread the ſame path, the ſame thine end ſhall be:

AN

AN

EPITAPH,

ON

Mr. WILLIAM MORTON,

OF

Knaphill *in* Buckinghamſhire.

IF piety and charity, refin'd
By all the graces of an humble mind,
Can ſaints on earth for joys of heaven prepare;
Then MORTON's holy ſoul inhabits there
Earth, in thy boſom keep his precious duſt,
Till the laſt trumpet raiſe to life the juſt.

MARY MAGDALEN.

BLeſs'd day to me! my Lord's come
hither;
And he and I ſhall ſup together.
But how ſhall I
Dare caſt an eye,
Or boldly look him in the face,
Who all my ſecret ſins does trace?
When to adore him,
Angels before him
About his throne in myriads hover,
Their faces with reſpect they cover.
If I appear,
He will, I fear,
With ſparkling eyes ſeverely juſt,
Blaſt my poor carcaſe into duſt.
Mine eyes have been
The baits of ſin,
Whoſe glances turn'd to amorous ſmiles
Have charm'd th' unwary to my wiles.
How ſhall I dare
Then to appear

Before

Before thoſe eyes which cannot ſee,
Without diſdain unworthy me,
Ah who can ſhew
What I may do!

I'll ſtoop and creep,
And ſigh and weep;

For tho I fear him
I muſt draw near him.
Fear checks me: but my ſoul ſhall ſoon remove
All the dividing bars by a reſolved love.

The Hypocrite.

HE's the reverſe of all he ſeems to be,
And ſtill purſues whate'er he ſeems to flee.
So Satan's ſelf ſeems beautiful when dreſt
In Samuel's mantle, or a cherub's veſt.
His vice is real, but his virtue paint;
Within a devil, and without a ſaint.
While heavenly calms dwell on his pious face,
And while his charming tongue is tip'd with grace;
His ſoul by helliſh legions is poſſeſt,
And furious paſſions revel in his breaſt.
While bright devotion triumphs in his eyes,
His heart is fill'd with fraud, his lips with lies:
None ſeems more truly pious, none more juſt,
Yet has no God to worſhip but his luſt.
He loves the guſt of ſin, but loaths the ſhame,
And is a devil in all things but the name;
Condemns the ſins of others, huggs his own,
And loves religion as a maſk alone.
His treach'rous ſoul veil'd with a fawning ſmile
Covers with heavenly air infernal guile.

Loudly

Loudly he tones his penitential pſalms,
And blows a trumpet to proclaim his alms;
God's altar does of coſtly offerings rob,
But tithes his mint, to gain th' applauſes of
the mob;
Equally courts vice and a virtuous fame,
Not to deſerve but to obtain a name.
His cloſet's never conſcious to his pray'r,
Unleſs he knows ſome witneſſes are near:
But in the church he makes a fair parade;
There all his vows are offer'd, there are paid.
He hates the ſubſtance, loves the ſhew of
grace,
And banters the Almighty to his face:
The worſt of men and yet appears the beſt;
He ſins in earneſt, but he prays in jeſt.
Made up of fraud his ev'ry geſture lies;
Lies with his tongue, and with his hands and
eyes.
Laſt on himſelf his treachery he completes;
And of his ſoul himſelf devoutly cheats.

Ænigma on Writing.

TELL me what genius did the art invent,
The lively image of a voice to paint?
Who firſt the ſecret how to colour ſound,
And to give ſhape to reaſon wiſely found?
With bodies how to clothe ideas taught,
And how to draw the picture of a thought?
Who taught the hand to ſpeak, the eye to hear,
A ſilent language roving far and near;
Whoſe ſofteſt notes outſtrip loud thunder's ſound,
And ſpread their accents through the world's vaſt round;
Yet with kind ſecrecy ſecurely roll
Whiſpers of abſent friends from pole to pole!
A ſpeech heard by the deaf, ſpoke by the dumb,
Whoſe echo reaches long long time to come;
Which dead men ſpeak as well as thoſe alive:
Tell me what genius did this art contrive?

ON THE

ACCESSION

OF

King *WILLIAM*

AND

Queen *MARY.*

I.

HAT great, what good, what unexpected change,
Beyond our thoughts, and hopes, beyond compare,
Makes ſhouting echoes thro' our iſland range,
And teaches us to breathe a freer air?
Say! is Aſtrea come to dwell with men,
To bleſs the world with happy times again?

II.

II.

'Tis great Naſſau inſpires this unknown joy,
Choſe by mankind, choſe by the pow'rs above,
To be Britannia's ſov'reign, heaven's vice-roy,
To reign o'er willing hearts with awful love:
Whom worth, not chance, entitles to renown,
Deſerving firſt, before he wears a crown.

III.

Fav'rite of heaven, and glory of the age!
In whom all virtues, fit for rule, conſpire;
Courage untainted with tyrannic rage,
Juſtice that breathes a truly noble fire:
Theſe, mixt with pity, heat your generous breaſt
To humble tyrants, and relieve th' oppreſt.

IV.

Wiſdom and goodneſs, add an air divine
That makes your crown flame with immortal rays,
While with yourſelf, your royal heroine
Shares your illuſtrious virtues, and your praiſe:
Both glory ſeek by glorious deeds alone,
And by juſt ſteps mount fair Britannia's throne.

On

On a famous vote of the houſe of Peers, relating to king WILLIAM.

Quam meruit virtus creſcit poſt funera laurus.

IN vain at William's fame the furies rave,
His deathleſs laurels flouriſh in the grave:
The hiſſing monſters do but urge their doom,
And furniſh out new trophies for his tomb.
Who ſhall our greateſt admiration draw,
The great Alcides, or the great Naſſau!
Each ſtifled envious ſerpents in his turn,
One in his cradle, t'other in his urn.

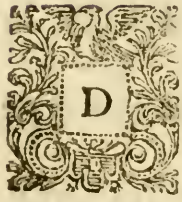
Illuſtrious peers! worthy of William's reign!
So to revere the hero's injur'd duſt;
To clear his memory of ſo vile a ſtain,
Proclaims you prudent as it ſpeaks you juſt.
Guarding his honour, you your own record,
So generous virtue brings it's own reward.

ON

MARTYRDOM.

Written 1685.

I.



O minds terrene, that never drew
Celeſtial air, nor ever flew
Above theſe foggy regions,
Their deareſt blood profuſely waſte,
Their lives away as trifles caſt
Amidſt the furious legions?

II.

While proud ambition's fatal fires
Inflame their breaſts with fond deſires
Of an illuſtrious name;
Do they with ſhoutings welcome death,
And generouſly bequeath their breath
Unto the cheeks of fame?

III.

III.

How then can ſouls of heavenly race,
Who by regenerating grace
Acquire a mind divine,
Shun to imbrace triumphant flames,
Knowing that their immortal names
In glory's ſphere ſhall ſhine ?

IV.

A chriſtian ſure, with eager ſtrife,
Shou'd be e'en prodigal of life,
And covetous of pain ;
And, with th' heroick martyr cry,
Can I but once for Jeſus dye ?
Is glory's way ſo plain ?

V.

With tranſport does the hero ride
Through horrid plains, while every ſide
Lightens with claſhing arms ;
While ſhouting ſoldiers tear the ground,
And war-like drums and trumpets ſound
Bellona's fierce alarms ?

VI.

VI.

Not fearing death in any form,
Tho thundering guns diſcharge a ſtorm,
Black as infernal caves;
Does he ruſh through thoſe ſhowers of hail,
That drown the field with blood; and ſail
To kingdoms thro' the waves?

VII.

And ſhall a ſaint's heroick mind,
With nobler principles refin'd,
Seeking a heavenly throne,
Betray a temper ſo ſupine,
So mean, as not to dare to climb
A croſs, to reach a crown?

VIII.

O with what calm, compoſed ſmiles
Should chriſtians look on burning piles?
With what an equal frame?
Nay with what tranſports ſhould they trace
The ſteps of Jeſus, and embrace
A gibbet, or a flame?

IX.

Does the gay ſplendor of a crown,
(Tho ſtuft with thorns inſtead of down)
With a deluſive ſhine
So dazzle princes eyes, that they
By death's black regions boldly ſtray,
A tottering throne to climb?

X.

And ſhall celeſtial diadems,
That flame with ſtars inſtead of gems,
Not charm aſpiring eyes?
Can any ſo profane be found,
Who will not hug a mortal wound,
To gain ſo great a prize?

XI.

Did vain ambition's hopes excite
The Roman champions with delight
Herculean feats to dare;
To gain a trifling dignity,
And ride with proud ſolemnity
In a triumphant char?

XII.

XII.

How blest'd are they then who retire,
In chariots of triumphant fire,
To their eternal home;
Where they the robes of glory wear,
And in their hands as conqu'rors bear
The palm of martyrdom!

TO

PSAL. xviii. *v.* 1---15.

1 THEE will I love with all my
ſoul,
2 O Lord, my ſtrength, my
rock, my fort:
Thou art my Saviour and my God,
The caſtle whither I reſort.

To thee, with hope, I ſtill retire,
Thou ſhield, that guards my innocence:
The horn of my ſalvation thou,
The lofty tower of my defence.

3 My refuge [a], my deliverer-God;
Thou ſav'ſt me from approaching wrongs:
JEHOVAH's name I did invoke,
To whom the higheſt praiſe belongs.

4 'Tis he who ſav'd me from my foes,
When pangs of death inclos'd me round;
By raging floods of impious men
I fear'd to be o'erwhelm'd and drown'd.

[a] See 2 Sam. xxii. 3. where this is added.

5 When mortal woes did raiſe my fears,
And ſnares of death my ſoul ſurprize;
6 In this my ſtraight to heaven I pray'd,
And to my God addreſs'd my cries.

He from his ſacred palace ſoon
To my complaining voice attends:
My piercing cries before him come;
And ſoon an ear of grace he lends.

7 The earth his fierce reſentment felt,
And trembled at his angry look;
The hills with their foundations melt,
And at his wrath with terror ſhook.

8 Black clouds of ſmoke that blot the ſky,
Th' almighty's kindling anger ſhew:
Devouring fire his breath appear'd,
And burning coals around him flew.

9 He bow'd the heav'ns, and down he came:
His feet on gloomy darkneſs trod:
10 He on a cherub's pinions flew,
The chariot this on which he rode.

High on a whirl-wind's rapid wings,
How ſwift he cut his airy way!
11 The ſhades of darkneſs were his veil,
To hide his awful face from day.

Thick

Thick miſts and clouds that ſhade the ſkies
Were ſpread, for his pavilion, round:
12 But miſts and clouds were veils too thin
For his all-piercing glory found.

The dazling brightneſs of his face
Did ſoon the frighted ſhades diſpel;
Impetuous ſhowers of ratling hail,
And ſtorms of fire, before him fell.
[roar'd:
13 Thro' heaven's wide arch his thunder
The clouds obey'd their maker's call:
Impetuous ſhowers of ratling hail,
And ſtorms of fire before him fall.

14 At foes his burning arrows flew,
Broke and diſpers'd their troops around:
He forked lightnings at them threw,
Struck them with terror to the ground.

15 Deep beds of rivers then were ſeen:
The world's foundations open lay:
At thy rebuke, Lord, at the blaſt,
Thy anger breath'd that wondrous day.

Part of PSALM XXVII. *and* LXXXIV.

ONE thing, but 'tis a mighty wiſh,
One thing of thee, Lord, I deſire:
O may I never be deny'd
The boon to which I ſo aſpire!

'Tis in thy temple to reſide,
To ſee thy face, to hear thy voice:
Sure thou wilt not deſpiſe my pray'r,
Nor diſapprove my holy choice.

There let me find a welcome ſeat;
Be thy lov'd houſe my conſtant home:
What place therein, I don't preſcribe;
But, Lord, I beg, aſſign me ſome.

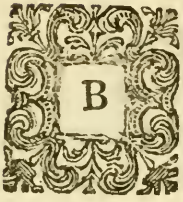
Some manſion there, tho ne'er ſo mean,
I ſhould eſteem beyond a throne;
Honour'd enough, if thou, my God,
Me for thy ſervant wilt but own.

There as a porter ſhould I ſtand,
Attending at thy ſacred gate:
Scepters and crowns I could deſpiſe,
Compar'd with my more bliſsful ſtate.

PSALM

PSALM CIII.

A pſalm of David.

1 
Leſs thou JEHOVAH, O my ſoul,
Who all thy inmoſt powers did frame:
Let all thoſe inmoſt powers conſpire
To bleſs their author's holy name.

2 Bleſs thou, JEHOVAH, O my ſoul,
Nor thoughtleſs of his favours prove;
3 Who does thy every ſin forgive,
Who does thy every pain remove:

4 Who from deſtruction thee redeems,
Thy threaten'd life in mercy ſpares;
Who crowns thee with his grace and love,
And with the tendereſt of his cares:

5 Who thy returning appetite
With every needful good ſupplies;
So is thy blooming youth renew'd,
And with the vigorous eagle's vies.

6 The LORD his righteous judgment ſhews,
To ſuccour all who are oppreſs'd:
7 Thus Moſes knew and taught his ways,
And Iſrael's ſons his acts confeſt.

8 JEHOVAH's merciful and kind:
His wrath is ſlow, his mercy ſure:
9 He will not always frown and chide,
Nor ſhall his anger long endure.

10 He treats us ſinners, not as we
Deſerve by our enormous deeds;
Nor our demerit makes the rule
By which his chaſtening hand proceeds.

11 As heaven's high frame is rais'd above
This humble earth on which we dwell;
So does his grace, to all that fear
His name, all human praiſe excel.

12 As far as the vaſt ſpace extends
From utmoſt eaſt to utmoſt weſt,
So far has he remov'd the ſins
Which late our guilty ſouls oppreſs'd.

13 Juſt as a tender father's heart
With pity to his children moves,
So thoſe who fear JEHOVAH's name
He with compaſſion always loves.

14 He

14 He knows our frame, remembers well
We are but animated clay;
15 And man, frail man, like withering graſs,
Has but a ſhort uncertain day.

Like ſome fair flower that paints the field,
He flouriſhes and beauteous ſhows:
16 One blaſt of wind nips all his pride,
The place no more its owner knows.

17 But ſtill JEHOVAH's mercy flows
On thoſe who him with fear adore;
From everlaſting ſtill the ſame,
The ſame when time ſhall be no more.

His righteouſneſs and truth ſhall be
To childrens children ever ſhown,
18 Who keep his cov'nant, nor forget
T'obey the precepts which they own.

19 JEHOVAH, in the heavens above,
Of old prepar'd his glorious throne:
He o'er the univerſe extends
His boundleſs reign, and he alone.

20 O bleſs JEHOVAH's ſacred name,
His angels who excel in might;
Who his commands with care obſerve,
And to obey his voice delight.

21 O bleſs JEHOVAH's ſacred name,
Ye heavenly hoſts; who to fulfil
His pleaſure, with reſpect attend,
And are employ'd to do his will.

22 O bleſs JEHOVAH, all his works,
O'er which he reigns without controul,
Thro' his immenſe dominions all:
Bleſs thou JEHOVAH, O my ſoul.

PSALM CXXXIV.

A Song of degrees.

1 JEHOVAH's ſervants all attend;
JEHOVAH's praiſes ſtill repeat;
You who the nights in watching ſpend,
Where he has fix'd his holy ſeat.

2 There raiſe your hands with pious mirth;
JEHOVAH's praiſes ſtill recount:
3 "JEHOVAH, Lord of heaven and earth,
"Bleſs you from Zion's holy mount.

PARA-

PARAPHRASE

On PROV. IX.

WIſdom has rais'd a pile with art divine;
A ſtately palace, where ſhe keeps her court:
Seven poliſh'd columns in bright order ſhine,
And beautify the fabrick they ſupport.

To make a ſplendid banquet ſhe deſigns:
For which her flocks and herds have freely bled.
She has prepar'd and mix'd the richeſt wines:
Thus nobly is her ſacred table ſpread.

The maids of honour who attend her throne,
On generous errands round the ſtreets ſhe ſends:
To their repeated calls ſhe adds her own;
T' invite her gueſts her charming voice extends.

" To you, O men, I give the ſolemn call;
" To you, O ſons of men, my grace proclaim.
" Come to my banquet: come, and wel-
" come all,
" Whoſe folly has deſerv'd eternal ſhame.

" Come, prodigals, who long on huſks have
" fed,
" Why ſhould your dying ſouls with famine
" pine?
" My table is with royal dainties ſpred;
" My table's crown'd with bowls of generous
" wine.

" Forſake the company of fools; and tread
" The happy path that to my palace tends.
" Their ways lead to the chambers of the
" dead;
" But mine conducts to life that never ends.

" Who take my counſel, ſhall have endleſs
" joy:
" Who hug their folly, and my calls deſpiſe,
" With barbarous hands their precious ſouls
" deſtroy;
" And rather will be ruin'd than be wiſe.

Part of a POEM deſign'd by the Author,

ON THE

DEATH

OF THE

Reverend Mr. JOHN PIGGOTT.

BLeſs'd ſoul! when thou waſt vigorous and ſtrong,
How oft' I faintly drag'd my ſhell along;
Thinking the heavenly regions to explore
Long before thou ſhouldſt touch the bliſsful ſhore.
But thou haſt got the ſtart: thy heavenly mind
Could bear no longer to be here confin'd.

The

The firſt Inventors of POESY,

Deſcrib'd in a

Military Metaphor.

A N

EPIGRAM.

WHO made rough thoughts in poliſh'd armour ſhine,
And taught rude words poetick diſcipline;
Marſhal'd in number'd ranks to march their rounds,
And led up conquering ſenſe with charming ſounds?

LET-

LETTERS

UPON

Various Subjects.

LETTER I.

SIR,

THE honour you have done me in desiring a conference with me by writing, may, I fear, make my so long silence seem scarce excusable. I have this to say in my defence; that, not forgetfulness, but want of opportunity made me defer my purpose of returning you a speedy answer. Nor have I time now to inlarge so much as I design'd; but must treat of the matter you have been pleas'd to propose, with as much brevity as it will admit.

As for the controversy I was some time since ingaged in, concerning the law about meats clean and unclean; I am incapable of recollecting what was argued, so as

to give you a tolerable account of it; time has worn it ſo much off my memory: beſides, it wou'd take up ſeveral ſheets of paper. Nor do you, I ſuppoſe, ſo much deſire a particular relation of that, as an anſwer to the more general queſtion you ſtated; *viz.*

> Whether the goſpel of Chriſt, the doctrine of the New Teſtament, doth declare an aboliſhment of the law of Moſes in any one particular to the Jews?

To which I anſwer affirmatively: and for the proof of what I hold, ſhall alledge ſome few plain texts of ſcripture out of the epiſtle to the Hebrews; that ſo I may give a full and punctual anſwer to the queſtion; becauſe, that what is there wrote has reference to the Jews, is ſo plain, that it will admit of no exception.

Heb. vii. 12. *For the prieſt-hood being changed, there is made of neceſſity a change alſo of the law.*

This text, I think, plainly informs us, that the Levitical prieſthood is chang'd; and therefore by a neceſſary conſequence the law that related to that prieſthood, as ſuch, is chang'd. That the apoſtle ſpeaks here of the Levitical prieſthood, appears by the context. What thoſe particular laws are, which related to that prieſthood as

as ſuch, is not our buſineſs now to examine: 'tis ſufficient for our purpoſe, that this ſcripture proves a change of the law belonging to the Levitical prieſthood.

Chap. x. 1, 2. *For the law having a ſhadow of good things to come, and not the very image of the things, can never with thoſe ſacrifices which they offered year by year continually, make the comers thereunto perfect. For then would they not have ceaſed to have been offered? becauſe that the worſhippers once purged, ſhou'd have had no more conſcience of ſins.*

Hence it appears,

1. That thoſe ſacrifices of the Levitical prieſthood are ceas'd; and that, becauſe they were not perfect to purge ſinners, and take away the conſcience of ſin: and their ceaſing was to make way for that moſt perfect ſacrifice of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, as may be further ſeen in the context.

2. That as the offering of Chriſt's body was made by reaſon of the imperfection of the Levitical ſacrifices; which, if they had been perfect, would not have ceas'd, nor mankind needed any other: ſo theſe ſacrifices cannot ſurvive that of Chriſt Jeſus; becauſe it is perfect, and conſequently mankind needs no other. If the Levitical ſacrifices had been perfect, there would have been no need of the ſacrifice of Chriſt; but being imperfect they

ceaſed, when his actually took place: now the ſacrifice of Chriſt being abſolutely perfect, there can be no need of any other; for where there is perfection, there needs no addition or ſupplement.

Ver. 8, 9. *Above, when he ſaid, ſacrifice and offering, and burnt-offerings, and offering for ſin, thou wouldſt not, neither hadſt pleaſure therein, which are offered by the law: then, ſaid he, Lo, I come to do thy will, O God. He taketh away the firſt, that he may eſtabliſh the ſecond.*

This ſcripture, compar'd with the above-mentioned, informs us, that the Levitical offerings being imperfect, were taken away, or aboliſhed, that Chriſt's perfect ſacrifice might be eſtabliſh'd: it was neceſſary that thoſe ſhould be abrogated, that this might be ratified; if the firſt was taken away to eſtabliſh the ſecond; to continue the firſt, would be to derogate from the dignity and perfection of the ſecond.

Ver. 10. *By the which will we are ſanctified, through the offering of the body of Chriſt once for all.*

Ver. 12. *But this man after he had offered one ſacrifice for ſins, for ever ſat down on the right hand of God.*

Ver. 14. *For by one offering he hath perfected for ever them that are ſanctified.*

From theſe paſſages 'tis evident, that the ſacrifice of Chriſt was perfect, and there-

therefore the virtue of it permanent; ſo that there needs no other ſacrifice for ſin. That offering of his once for all doth for ever perfect thoſe that are ſanctified, and excludes all the Levitical and Typical ſacrifices.

There are many more paſſages in this epiſtle, as well as in other parts of ſcripture, that might be produced to back what has been ſaid; but, I think, theſe few inferences from the ſcriptures here cited are ſo evident, and ſo naturally deduced from them, that it is not neceſſary to multiply quotations.

Sir, I very well approve of the expedient you propoſe, to make the controverſy we are entring on eaſy, by confining ourſelves to two ſides of a ſheet.

My ſincere wiſh is, we may be led into all truth by the Spirit of God, and be as ready to embrace and yield to what truths we may not yet know, when convinced of them, as to maintain and plead for what we think we have ground from the word of God to believe to be ſo; and, I queſtion not, but your deſire is the ſame. I am,

SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

Jo. Stennett.

LETTER II.

London, Octob. 4, 1687.

Honoured Sir,

I Have been much troubled that I have been ſo long prevented of my deſire of giving you a reply. Be pleas'd to aſſure yourſelf, that not a will to ſerve you, but opportunity of doing it, has been wanting to me.

I cannot hope, Sir, in the compaſs of half a ſheet, to give a complete anſwer to your laſt: and therefore, becauſe I did but curſorily give my ſenſe on ſome few ſcriptures laſt time, ſhall now content myſelf to elucidate and confirm the inferences and arguments I then brought from thoſe ſeveral paſſages in the epiſtle to the Hebrews, which may in part obviate what is objected, and facilitate my way to a more direct anſwer to your objections hereafter.

My

My method ſhall be to lay down ſeveral reaſons that perſuade me to believe the aboliſhment of the law relating to the Levitical prieſthood.

1. Becauſe the ſcripture ſeems to inform us, that Chriſt's exerciſe of his prieſtly office, under the goſpel diſpenſation, and the continuation of the Aaronical prieſthood, are incompatible. Which I conclude, firſt, from the word μετατιθεμένης. uſed *Heb.* vii. 12. which ſignifies *tranſlated: the prieſthood being tranſlated there is alſo a tranſlation of the law.* Now, I conceive, the term of *tranſlating* comprehends an excluſion of one thing to introduce another. If a kingdom be tranſlated from one family to another, both families do not remain in exerciſe of dominion. Secondly, This further appears, in that the law forbids that there ſhould any ſupply the prieſtly office, who were not of the tribe of Levi, and of the family of Aaron; and *curſed is he*, ſaith the ſcripture, *that doth not all the words of this law.* But Chriſt, by taking upon him the prieſtly office, made a change, or *tranſlation*, of that office from the tribe of Levi to the tribe of Judah; and from the family of Aaron to that of David: and conſequently made a change, or *tranſlation, of the law* thereunto appertaining.

Heb. x. 9. *He taketh away the firſt, that he may eſtabliſh the ſecond.*

2. This *change of the prieſthood* being from an imperfect to a perfect ſtate, and from a temporary ſtate to an eternal; the neceſſity and uſe of the Levitical prieſthood is thereby excluded. For, firſt, where there is a perfect offering once made, there needs no other for the expiation of ſin. Heb. x. 1, 2. *For the law having a ſhadow of good things to come, and not the very image of the things, can never with thoſe ſacrifices which they offered year by year continually, make the comers thereunto perfect. For then would they not have ceaſed to be offered? becauſe the worſhippers once purged, ſhould have had no more conſcience of ſins.* I find ſome copies read it ἐπεὶ ἂν ἐπαύσαντο προσφερόμεναι, *ſure then they would have ceaſed:* and if we take it according to others, ἢ ἂν ἐπαύσαντο, by placing a note of interrogation after it, it ſpeaks the ſame ſenſe, *would they not then have ceaſed?* for ſuch an interrogation among the Hebrews, you know, Sir, has the force of a ſtrong affirmation. If then the reaſon of the repetition of ſacrifices under the law was their imperfection, becauſe they could not make a perfect expiation; the ſacrifice of Chriſt's body on the croſs excludes any other offering, becauſe itſelf is perfect, and doth intirely expiate. There would have been a ceſſation of thoſe legal offerings, if any one of them had been ſufficient to expiate for

for ſin: therefore the ſacrifice of Chriſt's body being all-ſufficient, muſt needs put a period to all other ſacrifices of the law, and render them uſeleſs. Secondly, This change of the prieſthood is from temporary to *eternal.* Therefore, *Heb.* vii. 21. 'tis ſaid, *Thou art a prieſt for ever after the order of Melchizedeck.* And ver. 23, 24. *They were many prieſts, becauſe they were not ſuffered to continue by reaſon of death; but this man, becauſe he continueth ever, hath an unchangeable prieſthood.* Ver. 27. *Who needeth not daily, as thoſe high-prieſts, to offer up ſacrifice, firſt for his own ſins, and then for the people's; for this he did once when he offer'd up himſelf.* It appears from hence, that the reaſon of the prieſts ſucceſſion under the law, was their mortality; but Chriſt being immortal, his prieſthood is thereby render'd immutable and eternal; and therefore excludes the uſe and neceſſity of any other. Heb. x. 10. *By the which will we are ſanctified, through the offering of the body of Chriſt once for all.* Ver. 12. *But this man, after he had offered one ſacrifice for ſins, for ever ſat down on the right hand of God.* Ver. 14. *For by one offering he hath for ever perfected them that be ſanctified.*

3. The Levitical prieſthod, I think, cannot be ſuppos'd immutable; becauſe it takes date too late, to be thought an inſtitution moral and durable. The pa-

triarchs were without it, and the exerciſe of the ſacerdotal function was committed to the eldeſt of every family, till the giving of the law in the wilderneſs. Since therefore this prieſthood, and the law appertaining to it, was not inſtituted from the beginning, it cannot be a moral and unchangeable law; but, on the contrary, muſt be ſuppos'd to be alterable, as the fore-mention'd ſcriptures intimate: for if that form of worſhip was not morally neceſſary in the days of the patriarchs, when the manifeſtation of Chriſt was ſo far diſtant; how much leſs can it be thought morally neceſſary to be continued ſince the manifeſtation of Chriſt in the fleſh, whom it typically prefigur'd, and in whom it receiv'd its accompliſhment?

4. I cannot think, that in the primitive and glorious plantation of the chriſtian church, this prieſthood would not have been eſtabliſh'd in its greateſt ſplendor, if Chriſt had deſign'd its continuance; and the apoſtles would certainly have preach'd up ſo neceſſary a part of worſhip, wherever they went; and not contrarily have ſpoken of the abolition of it, as the apoſtle Paul does in the above-mention'd texts, and elſewhere in others of his epiſtles. For tho he did at firſt indulge the Jews who were newly converted, in their opinion for the obſervation of the Levitical law, and that in ſome things,

things, even by his own practice, as a tender father humours a peeviſh child, that is recovering out of a fit of ſickneſs: yet he fails not in other inſtances to declaim againſt the opinion of having that law continued, as, I think appears above. God was, by his providence, then demoliſhing that form of worſhip, which, if it were to have continued, would, in probability, have been intirely reſtor'd and ratify'd by the providence of God, in that moſt pure and ſhining age of the church, which was founded by Chriſt and his apoſtles: that nothing might have been wanting to perfect and embelliſh that ſpiritual building.

Sir, I at preſent recommend theſe reaſons to your conſideration; which, tho they do not directly anſwer all you object, yet may ſeem to have ſome general influence on your laſt paper, and tend to clear up my meaning in my laſt. Be pleas'd to diſpenſe with the method I have taken, tho it ſeem a little indirect. I hope hereafter to come particularly to anſwer your objections: but now I am conſtrain'd to conclude, in aſſuring you that I am,

SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

Jo. Stennett.

LET-

LETTER III.

To Mr. *W. K.* jun^r.

Bednal-green, May 9, 1692.

Dear Sir,

MY own inclination to ſerve you, and the obligations I have receiv'd from your honoured parents, and the hope of having a letter from you the ſooner, for which I have your promiſe already, make me very willing to begin a correſpondency with you by writing. And how preſſing ſoever my affairs are, I can no longer forbear to tell you, that I ſhare in the joy of your worthy relations, while they inform me that you are extremely pleaſed with the place of your preſent reſidence,

ſidence, and with your company, but eſpecially with your ſtudy, and with your reverend tutor: who, it ſeems, intends firſt to inſtruct you in the mathematicks; a ſtudy that muſt needs be very agreeable to you, becauſe you are to take nothing for granted therein but what is demonſtrable, and paſt doubt. This will lay a good foundation in your mind, and make it habitual to you to examine things well before you receive them for truth. When you come to engage in other ſtudies, this will extend, as it were, the capacity of your mind, and render it attentive: in a word, it will prepare you for all other ſciences.

I preſume, Sir, you love your book ſo well, that there's no need for me to excite you to diligence. Beſides, the counſels and wiſhes and kindneſſes of your deareſt friends, would win upon ſo tractable a diſpoſition as yours, to aſpire to learning purely to oblige them, without the bias of your own inclination to ſtudy. But this, conſpiring with thoſe other motives ſo ſtrong and endearing, muſt needs make the ſtudious employment very pleaſing to you. And tho the pious and frequent inſtructions of your deareſt relations, and of the worthy gentleman under whoſe tuition you live, may render whatever advice I can give ſuperfluous; yet I can't per-

perſuade myſelf to omit giving you ſome teſtimony of the reſpect I bear you, by putting you in mind of that which ought to be the chief ſcope and end of your ſtudy, and that which alone can render it truly advantageous to you.

I deſire you, above all things, to conſider to whom you owe the faculties of your mind and the temper of your body, and all the advantages you have, that give your friends ſo large hopes of your proficiency in learning. Remember that *every good and perfect gift comes from God:* and, if your prayers daily accompany your ſtudies, and you deſign 'em to his glory, that you may know him the more, and ſerve him the better; the hopes of your friends will ſtill increaſe together with their joy.

To conclude: that you may not only have all the true accompliſhments of a gentleman, but the more ornamental graces of a chriſtian; that you may be as uſeful in your generation as yourſelf can wiſh to be honourable therein; that your riper years may perform the large promiſes of your hopeful youth; and that your honoured parents may reap with joy the fruit of their many prayers, their cares, their admonitions, and their hopes, concerning you; and you enjoy the happy conſequences of a good education well improved:

improved: in a word, that you may grow in grace as well as in knowledge; is the hearty desire of,

SIR,

Your sincere friend,

and humble servant,

Jo. Stennett.

REMARKS

REMARKS

UPON A

LETTER

SENT TO

Mr. CHARSLEY *of* Agmondesham.

SIR,

SInce you have been pleas'd to desire my thoughts on Mr. *Ball*'s letter to Mr. *Charsley*, which you lately communicated to me; I am not willing to deny you; especially since I am inform'd that the author of that letter and his admirers make it

it a mighty occaſion of triumph, that no perſon has yet thought meet to anſwer it, and therefore conclude it unanſwerable; whereas they ought to conſider, that 'tis poſſible for a writer to owe his ſecurity from animadverſions to the meanneſs of his performance, rather than to the ſtrength of his arguments. Whether Mr. *C.*'s antagoniſt is ſo formidable a champion, as ſome of his friends ſeem by their boaſting to imagine, will ſoon appear to any one who ſhall impartially examine his letter and the following reflections upon it.

I ſhall conſider the two things by which Mr. *B.* pretends to prove that Mr. *C.* deſerves not to be call'd reverend. Firſt, ſays he, " I'll ſhew that " you have no ordinary vocation in the " miniſtry: ſecondly, that you have no " extraordinary one."

To prove that Mr. *C.* has no ordinary vocation in the miniſtry, as he is pleas'd to expreſs it, he endeavours to ſhew, that Chriſt in his commiſſion, *Matt.* xxviii. 19, 20. *Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them*, &c. reſpects not only the apoſtles to whom it was immediately given, but all the true miniſters to the end of the world: which, I preſume, Mr. *C.* would have readily granted, without putting him to the trouble of formally proving it. He then ſtates this queſtion; how

muſt

muſt ſuch perſons come by their authority? To which, he ſays, he anſwers categorically; "that this power was tranſ-"mitted from Chriſt to his apoſtles, and "alone by the apoſtles on thoſe whom "they approv'd as worthy and capable "of diſcharging this province." This he confirms by *Matt.* xxviii. 18. *All power is given to me in heaven*, &c. which he firſt quotes in Greek; not that he has any remark to make on the original text, to elucidate the Engliſh tranſlation; but becauſe he thinks it very edifying to adorn his letter with a little Greek, as he does afterwards with a ſcrap or two of Latin, his philoſophical axioms, and his ſyllogiſms, when he writes to one who is "al-"moſt ignorant of his primer," as he in his letter is pleas'd to ſay of Mr. *C.* If he thinks Mr. *C.* underſtands theſe learned languages and ſciences; why does he ſay he is almoſt ignorant of his primer? If he believes he does not underſtand them; to what purpoſe does he uſe all this learning in a letter to an illiterate man?

But to return to his argument. He brings the matter to this reſult: that if Mr. *C.* has a right of adminiſtring the word and ſacraments, he muſt prove his miſſion from apoſtolical ſucceſſion, or a continu'd ſucceſſion of miniſtry from the apoſtles: and concludes, that Mr. *C.* has had no continu'd ſucceſſion of miniſtry from

from the apoſtles, and therefore he has no right of adminiſtring, *&c.*

But Mr. *B.* is not aware, that if this argument proves any thing, it proves too much; and will ſhake the authority of the miniſters of the church of England, and indeed of all other churches, as well as that of Mr. *C.* For I deſire Mr. *B.* would produce one miniſter who is able clearly to prove the ſucceſſive derivation of his miniſtry from hand to hand without interruption from the apoſtles. What miniſter who is ordain'd, can be certain that the perſon who ordains him has by an uninterrupted ſucceſſion deriv'd his authority from the apoſtles? And how can the people be ſatisfied that they have any lawful Miniſtry at all; unleſs they could know that the line of their ſucceſſion has never been broken ſince the apoſtolick times? which is impoſſible for them to know without examining the hiſtory of the church for above 1600 years. Nor indeed if they were capable of ſuch an examination, could they arrive at a certainty in this matter; becauſe ſome records that are neceſſary to this purpoſe are loſt, and others that are extant contradict each other; ſome have the characters of a ſpurious original, ſome have been interpolated, and moſt of 'em leave us under great uncertainty, eſpecially in ſuch particularities as theſe; ſo that the

greateſt criticks would find inſuperable difficulties in ſuch a re-ſearch. It muſt needs therefore be a work utterly impracticable by the common people: and yet according to Mr. *B.* no miniſter's authority can be prov'd without it. If he is himſelf in orders, I ſhould be glad to ſee him prove his authority by an uninterrupted ſucceſſion from the apoſtles: or elſe for want of this proof he may, according to his own account, be "look'd "upon no better than a murderer, muſt "be highly criminal for robbing God of "his honour;" for theſe are the ſevere terms which Mr. *B.* uſes on this occaſion, that he may vent his anger againſt Mr. *C.* not conſidering that his hypotheſis involves the miniſters of his own church in the ſame guilt, and makes them worſe than murderers, *&c.* unleſs they can prove their ſucceſſion in an uninterrupted line from the apoſtles.

Nor is this gentleman better founded in what he ſays afterwards; namely, that Mr. *C.* can't have ſuch a ſucceſſion, becauſe "the names and tenets of the Ana-"baptiſts were not heard of till the mid-"dle of the third century:" for ſuppoſe an Anabaptiſt was not heard of till that time, that does not hinder but the firſt Anabaptiſt miniſter might derive his miniſtry from the apoſtles as well as others, and might tranſmit it by ſucceſſion down

to following ages as well as they. If he urge that the miniſtry ſo tranſmitted would ceaſe to be lawful, when deriv'd from the hand of an Anabaptiſt; he ought to prove it. If he pretends anabaptiſm is hereſy, and therefore deprives him that holds it of his miniſterial authority *ipſo facto*; then who knows how many of the church of England, and other churches, have deriv'd orders immediately from hereticks, or from thoſe who have receiv'd orders from hereticks in ſome age or other ſince the apoſtles? And how can any man that is ordain'd, be ſure that he who ordains him is not an heretick, unleſs he were capable of perfectly knowing his heart, which is the incommunicable prerogative of the Almighty? And ſeeing the miniſters of the church of England deriv'd their orders before the reformation, from the church of Rome; their orders muſt be void, if the Romiſh biſhops were guilty of hereſy, as I believe 'tis no hard matter to prove they were; and of idolatry too, which is as bad: I am ſure their errors were much worſe than what is call'd Anabaptiſm, ſuppoſing that were an error. At this rate what will become of Mr. *B.*'s fine diſcourſe of a miniſterial ſucceſſion without interruption? and into what a labyrinth has his way of reaſoning brought him? I ſhould think therefore, thoſe who are competently qualified for the mi-

niſterial office, and are regularly choſen by the people over whom they are to preſide, and then ordain'd by the impoſition of the hands of ſuch elders or miniſters as were allow'd to be inveſted with that office before 'em, may be ſatisfied with their call to the miniſtry; and the people under their charge ſatisfied with their adminiſtration, without attempting to trace a ſucceſſion without any flaw from the apoſtolick times.

But all this while I can by no means grant, that the Anabaptiſts, as Mr. *B.* is pleas'd to call 'em, are of ſo late a date as he pretends. As for thoſe he mentions in the third century, he acknowledges them to be ſo call'd, becauſe they were for rebaptizing thoſe that were baptiz'd by hereticks; for which he ſays they were condemn'd as heretical by the church, and that theſe are not ſuch as Mr. *C.* "But, "ſays he, the ſect who deny that infants "have a right to baptiſm, *&c.* had no "exiſtence till about the year 1524. in "Germany; where the principal leaders "in this faction play'd ſuch pranks, as "you would be very unwilling to hear "of. And this is a very ſhrewd argu-"ment to prove you have no church, be-"cauſe, muſhroom-like, you ſprung from "the earth in a night's ſpace, and as ſoon "diſappear'd again, *&c.*"

Whether

Whether Mr. *C.* and thoſe of his profeſſion are in the right to deny baptiſm to infants, will beſt appear by the reaſons ſome of them have publiſh'd to the world againſt this practice of infant-baptiſm. If Mr. *B.* will anſwer their difficulties, and ſhew 'em a divine precept for infant-baptiſm, they will be very much oblig'd to him. But he betrays his great ignorance of eccleſiaſtick hiſtory, in pretending that thoſe who denied infant-baptiſm had no being till the year 1524: for 'tis evident many of the antient Vaudois and Albigeois, divers ages before the time this gentleman ſpeaks of, were againſt infant-baptiſm; as I have clearly prov'd in my anſwer to Ruſſen, pag. 81, 82, 83, 84. And Tertullian, who liv'd in the ſecond century, ſpeaks expreſly againſt infant-baptiſm: whoſe words I have cited in the 69th page of the book abovemention'd.

Nay, unleſs Mr. *B.* can prove infant-baptiſm to have been the apoſtolick practice, he'll find it of later date than the opinion of thoſe whom he calls Anabaptiſts. For 'tis certain that the practice of baptizing adult perſons is apoſtolical, and has a divine inſtitution; but I preſume he will find it difficult to produce one proof that infant-baptiſm was practis'd in the chriſtian church, till near two hundred years after the birth of Chriſt.

Again, what can be the meaning of the pleaſant turn he gives this matter, in ſaying to Mr. *C.* " You, muſhroom-like, " ſprung from the earth in a night's ſpace, " and as ſoon diſappear'd again ?" for if Mr. *C.* and thoſe of his opinion ſprung up as ſuddenly and as lately as he pretends, yet 'tis certain they have not diſappear'd again; nay, they appear to be abundantly increas'd ſince the time he ſpeaks of. Now to make any tolerable ſenſe of this paſſage ſeems very difficult. If the Anabaptiſts are all vaniſh'd, what need had this gentleman to trouble his head about them and their miniſtry ? If they ſtill appear in the world, and their number is much increas'd ſince the time he mentions, why does he affirm that they ſoon diſappear'd again after they ſprung up ? So that his inference is ill-founded, that the Anabaptiſts can't be of the true *church* of Chriſt againſt whom he promis'd *the gates of hell ſhould not prevail*, becauſe of their ſudden diſappearing in the world; ſince they ſtill ſubſiſt, and are likely ſo to do, unleſs convinc'd or confuted by better arguments than thoſe he is pleas'd to produce againſt 'em.

As to the pranks ſome German Anabaptiſts play'd, and which he ſays Mr. *C.* would be unwilling to hear of; they are no worſe than have been often play'd by the Pædo-baptiſts of different na-

nations: and it would be eaſy to recriminate particularly, if it were neceſſary. If you pleaſe, Sir, to lend Mr. *B.* my anſwer to Mr. Ruſſen, he will find by reading the 11th chapter of that book, that he has no reaſon to charge on the Anabaptiſts in England the mad pranks of ſome enthuſiaſtick people of diverſe opinions in Germany.

Mr. *B.* concludes this head in inſulting Mr. *C.* after the following manner. "But, ſays he, if ſtill you will be laying "hold on ſomething to ſuſtain yourſelf, "and keep your ordinary vocation in "the miniſtry from ſinking; you muſt "no longer pretend to be authoriz'd by "apoſtolical ſucceſſion, but have recourſe "to the fag-end, and beſtow the power "of confering ordination on the people. "But here you will be at as great a loſs "as you were before; becauſe you cannot "produce one inſtance either from ſcripture or antiquity that will be ſerviceable to your doctrine. You may indeed from ſcripture track the preſence "and approbation of the people at ordinations. But this is ſo far from proving that they had ſuch a power, that "you may as well ſay, that I have right "to make a juſtice of the peace, a baronet, or a peer of the realm, becauſe I "ſtood by at the ſolemnity, and approv'd

" of thoſe perſons, whom the ſupreme " power dignify'd with theſe titles and " preferments, *&c.*"

But I have ſhown already, that there is no need for Mr. *C.* to beſtow the power of ordination upon the people, as Mr. *B.* expreſſes it; ſeeing there may be good and regular ordination by the hands of miniſters, according to the divine rule, without the neceſſity of proving an uninterrupted ſucceſſion of ordination from the apoſtles: and tho the people cannot ordain, they have a right to chuſe officers in the church, as is evident from their choice of deacons, *Acts* vi. 5. and from the choice of perſons to travel with the apoſtles, 2 *Cor.* viii. 19. In both which places the Greek word ſignifies, *a choice by holding up the hands:* which ſignifies more than the bare preſence or approbation, as Mr. *B.* ſuggeſts, when he would have Mr. *C.* think that the choice of the people mention'd in ſcripture, ſignifies no more right of election " than he has to make a juſtice " of the peace, a baronet, or a peer of " the realm, becauſe he ſtands by at the " ſolemnity, and approves of thoſe per- " ſons whom the ſupreme power dignifies " with theſe titles and preferments."

Mr. *B.* now diſmiſſes the firſt and main point he undertook, which was to diſprove M. *C.*'s ordinary call to the miniſtry: this he preſumes is ſufficiently done, and

and therefore proceeds to diſprove his extraordinary vocation.

And here he preſumes that Mr. *C.* and thoſe with him pretend to " immediate " inſpiration, or elſe they would not pre- " tend, conſidering their want of learn- " ing, to preach to the people." I muſt obſerve to this gentleman, that it does not follow, that becauſe a man who wants human learning preaches, therefore he pretends to immediate inſpiration. For Mr. *B.* for inſtance, may inſtruct the people in what he knows, by reading the ſcripture, meditating on it, and making uſe of various annotations and other writings, to explain it, that are extant in the Engliſh tongue, without leading them ſwiftly into deſtruction, as he uncharitably repreſents, and without any pretence to immediate revelation. Nay, a man of good ſenſe, with ſuch helps as I have mention'd, and the application of his mind to the ſtudy of the ſcripture, eſpecially if his converſation be exemplary, may be much more capable of edifying his neighbours, than a man of more learning, who has leſs ſenſe, and improves not the talent he has, in applying himſelf to that ſtrict ſtudy of the word of God, nor exemplifies the doctrine of Chriſt in the conduct of his life. And if at the beginning of the reformation in England, none but men of learning had been allow'd

to

to preach, few parishes had been supplied with ministers, nor would there have been a necessity to compose for them a book of homilies, to read to the people, because few of them knew how to preach. Sure Mr. *B.* will hardly censure those unlearned ministers, or such as now want learning in the church of England, " as " carrying all that depend upon their " conduct, swiftly to the abyss of de- " struction." For 'tis no hard matter to find clergymen in the church of England, who have a very poor stock of learning. I confess it were to be wish'd, that the ministers of all churches had much more learning than they generally are possess'd of. In the mean time, it would more become Mr. *B.* to improve what learning he has, than to despise his neighbours for having wanted a liberal education, tho they have the better qualities of piety and charity; and, on that account, are very worthy of his imitation.

But when Mr. *B.* affirms that Mr. *C.* and most of the teachers of the Anabaptists, are almost ignorant of their primer, he would certainly be thought to know them very well; else how could he take so exact a measure of their knowledge? And yet the judgment he makes is a plain proof that he is unacquainted with them, since they are far from being so despicably ignorant as he pretends. There is no

party

party of chriſtians but have ſome ignorant people among them, who are unreaſonably conceited of their abilities to inſtruct others; but if the folly of ſome ſhould be imputed to all, all parties would on this account be liable to equal cenſure.

Mr. *B.* might have ſpar'd the pains he takes in proving that Mr. *C.* and the reſt of the Anabaptiſts are not immediately inſpir'd, till they pretend to an extraordinary miſſion: for they will readily grant that ſuch a miſſion is not to be allow'd without the extraordinary proof he mentions. And as to what he ſays concerning the pretence of the chief of Mr. *C.*'s faction, that is, I ſuppoſe, of the Anabaptiſts, to this extraordinary miſſion; 'tis boldly aſſerted, but he is not pleas'd to attempt the proof of it, no doubt for a very good reaſon. What he ſays of Spittlehouſe, and of ſome others, whoſe names he thinks not fit to mention, who, he tells us, were miſtaken in their predictions about the millennium, will by no means prove, that the chief of the Anabaptiſts pretend to immediate inſpiration and an extraordinary miſſion, any more than the falſe predictions of the late Mr. Maſon of Northamptonſhire, about the coming of Chriſt and the millennium, and the whimſies of other Enthuſiaſts of the church of England, prove that the chief of that party pretend to immediate inſpiration, *&c.*

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For Mr. *B.* can't make it appear, that Mr. Spittlehouſe and thoſe other nameleſs perſons to whom he refers, were the chief of the Anabaptiſts.

When he ſays the predeceſſors of the Anabaptiſts ought to have ſuffer'd death, he but too plainly intimates what treatment he would give their ſucceſſors, if it were in his power. But, thanks be to God, our governors have more wiſdom and charity, than to perſecute the poor Anabaptiſts for conſcience ſake, however the effuſion of their blood might gratify ſome men.

What he ſays of John of Leyden and his collegues, affects the Anabaptiſts no more than the enthuſiaſm and wickedneſs, ſome of thoſe of the church Mr. *B.* belongs to have been guilty of, concerns that whole body.

But leſt the charge of falſe prophecy and blaſphemy ſhould not render the Anabaptiſts infamous enough, and make ſome of them, at leaſt, thought worthy of capital puniſhment, Mr. *B.* is pleas'd to charge them with treaſon: for, I ſuppoſe, 'tis not merely Mr. *C.* but the Anabaptiſts in general, that he attacks in the following terms, *viz.* " It is plain you preach " up doctrine that is contrary to the word " of God, as the diſobedience to, and ex- " tirpation of, kings, *&c.*

One

One would think by this account, that the Britiſh government were in great danger by the Anabaptiſts, and that there were a great number of nonjurors among them; whereas I believe 'twill be hard for Mr. *B.* to find one of that character in the whole party; while he knows, there are many of the church of England, who refuſe to ſwear to the preſent government. So that if we may judge of mens principles by their practices, there is a conſiderable number of the church Mr. *B.* relates to, who are ill affected to the preſent government; while Mr. *B.* can find no diſaffected party, nor perhaps one diſloyal perſon among the Anabaptiſts. Let any one judge then, what juſtice there appears in this man's accuſation. 'Tis no hard matter to gueſs what puniſhment this gentleman would award to thoſe whom he accuſes of ſuch crimes as theſe, beſides the levelling principle of aſſerting, "that none ought to be greater than "other; and that chriſtians ought to "enjoy all things in common;" of railing and backbiting, and of evil ſurmiſes, and of ſpeaking evil of things which they underſtand not at all; "which, he ſays, are number'd among "the works of darkneſs." But 'tis certain, this accuſation will deſerve to be number'd among the works of darkneſs too, till the truth of it be ſet in a clear light.

light. And as Mr. *B.* concludes, in recommending to Mr. *C.* and other Anabaptiſts, the ſerious conſideration of the 11th verſe of the epiſtle of Jude, *Wo unto them, for they have gone in the way of Cain, and ran greedily after the error of Balaam for reward, and periſhed in the gain-ſaying of Corah*; ſo I wiſh he had explain'd his meaning. Do the Anabaptiſts *go in the way of Cain*, by envying and perſecuting their brethren, becauſe more righteous than themſelves? do they *run greedily after the error of Balaam for reward*, in tempting others to lewdneſs and idolatry? or do they preſumptuouſly oppoſe divine revelation, like thoſe that *periſh'd in the gain-ſaying of Corah?* 'Tis ſtrange that Mr. *B.* ſhould give himſelf the liberty of cenſuring innocent men in a manner ſo groſs, and without any proof or tolerable appearance of reaſon. Mr. *B.* would do well to beware leſt himſelf fall under the guilt of any of thoſe crimes, with which he ſo liberally beſpatters his neighbours. The ſpirit of perſecution he breathes in this letter, ſeems too much to reſemble the temper of Cain, and calls for Mr. *B.*'s ſerious conſideration and repentance.

It were eaſy, Sir, to add to theſe reflections many others that would not be impertinent: but I think I have ſufficiently inſiſted on the moſt material things in Mr.

Mr. *B.*'s letter. I give you leave to communicate this to whom you think fit: but in a particular manner I deſire Mr. *B.* may ſee it, in hopes it may diſengage him from his prejudices, and induce him to think more humbly of himſelf, and more charitably of his honeſt neighbours and other innocent people, whom he has egregiouſly abus'd. I conclude, in offering my hearty prayers to almighty God to make him ſenſible of his error, and of his unaccountable fury; to pardon his raſhneſs, and want of charity; and to give him a better temper of mind. I am,

SIR,

Your very humble ſervant,

Joſ. Stennett.

OF

Occasional Conformity

TO THE

Church of *England.*

IN A

LETTER

TO

Mr. *J*—— *B*——.

Novemb. 27, 1710.

OF

Occaſional Conformity

TO THE

CHURCH of ENGLAND, *&c.*

Cheapſide, Nov. 27, 1710.

SIR,

ACcording to your deſire, and my promiſe, I here ſend you ſome of the principal reaſons, why I think the members of our congregations ought not to receive the Lord's ſupper in the communion of the church of England.

(1.) The firſt reaſon I offer againſt this practice, is founded on the great diffe-ence there is between the conſtitution of

our churches, and that of the church of England.

We hold, that a church of Chriſt conſiſts of ſuch a number of perſons as are capable of meeting together in one place, to celebrate all the ordinances of ſocial worſhip which Chriſt has ordained: that men are qualified for this privilege, by making a credible profeſſion of their faith in Jeſus Chriſt, and of their obedience to him; without which they ought not to be admitted into any chriſtian church: and that ſuch a church as this, which, for diſtinction ſake, we call congregational, is independent on all other churches; and having within itſelf ſufficient power, when duly organiz'd with proper officers, for the adminiſtration of all ordinances, and the due exerciſe of diſcipline, is not under the juriſdiction or authority of any other Church whatſoever; which, however, does not hinder its charitable regard to other particular churches, and a becoming deference to their advice, if found to be conſiſtent with the obedience they owe to their common Lord: whereas the church of England conſiſts of the people of England in common; and is therefore of a national form and conſtitution: 'tis divided into provincial churches; theſe into dioceſan, and theſe laſt are ſubdivided into parochial.

I need not tell you, Sir, how little regard is had to a credible profeſſion of faith in Chriſt, and of obedience to him in the admiſſion of members into this church; ſince, you know, the generality of 'em are admitted into it when they are uncapable of ſuch a profeſſion, and are ſuffer'd to continue in it, tho the far greateſt part of 'em are either extremely ignorant, or ſcandalouſly vitious.

And indeed 'tis impoſſible that the diſcipline Chriſt has ordain'd, ſhould be well obſerved in a church of this conſtitution; becauſe the rules he has ſet, are calculated for churches of a different form, ſuch as I deſcribed before.

The church of England has the king or queen of Great Britain for its head; a multitude of officers, whoſe names and diſtinct functions are foreign to the word of God, owe their origine to ſuperſtition, and their eſtabliſhment and authority only to the law of the land.

Now the members of our churches are ſuppoſed to believe as they profeſs: namely, that theſe churches being formed according to the direction of the word of God, and the pattern of the firſt and pureſt churches of Chriſt, are founded on divine authority: and conſequently, that the conſtitution of the church of England, which is ſo oppoſite to the other, can't derive its being from the divine

word, but owes its frame to human authority.

'Tis therefore evident, that they ought not to receive the Lord's ſupper in the church of England, unleſs they can believe it reaſonable to communicate with a church whoſe conſtitution and form is contrary to what the word of God preſcribes. For if it be unlawful to conſtitute a chriſtian church, after a manner contrary to the rules Chriſt has given us, then 'tis unlawful to communicate with ſuch a church; becauſe this is to approve, or at leaſt to give countenance to, the tranſgreſſion of the laws of Chriſt; nay, to concur with them in this tranſgreſſion, by becoming a part of a body ſo irregularly conſtituted.

For the act of receiving the Lord's ſupper in any church, is taken for a plain declaration of the receivers, that they are members of that church, at leaſt *pro tempore*; and this not only in the opinion of the vulgar, but alſo in the ſenſe of the law of the land. This act is therefore interpreted as an acknowledgment that they are members of this church; and conſequently, either that this church is founded on the divine authority directly, or that 'tis left to the legiſlature of the nation to conſtitute a church after what manner they pleaſe; either of which conceſſions would be

contrary

contrary to their own avow'd principles, which have been ſtated before. *Happy is he who condemns not himſelf in the thing which he allows*, Rom. xiv. 22.

(2.) Another thing which, in my opinion, renders the above-mention'd practice unwarrantable, is, that thoſe who communicate with the church of England, are neceſſitated in ſo doing to comply with ſuch ceremonies and modes, at the adminiſtration of the Lord's-ſupper, as are no where preſcrib'd in the holy ſcripture to be uſed on that occaſion.

I ſhall, at preſent, only inſtance in the ceremony of kneeling; which is impoſed on thoſe who receive this ſacrament in the church of England.

This geſture, tho different from that which our Saviour and his diſciples uſed at the inſtitution of this ordinance, is yet made neceſſary to the reception of it in the church. Whereas, without entering into any diſpute about the lawfulneſs, or fitneſs of this poſture on this occaſion, ſhould we ſuppoſe it a matter indifferent in its own nature; for that very reaſon it ought not to be made neceſſary. For I would fain know, what right and power any church can fairly pretend to have, to alter the nature of things. It ſeems reaſonable that the order of things neceſſary, and that of things in-

indifferent, ſhould not be confounded; but each left in its proper rank. Therefore what God has made neceſſary, let not Men make indifferent: and what he has left indifferent, let not men make neceſſary.

Now, ſince the church of England makes the geſture of kneeling at the Lord's-ſupper neceſſary, ſo that without this the beſt and devouteſt chriſtian is not admitted to her communion; what is this but to render this ceremony eſſential to the ordinance of the holy ſupper; and to make an inſtitution of men, of equal authority with the command of God? ſince kneeling at this ſacrament is made as neceſſary as the reception of the bread and wine.

If it be ſaid, in anſwer to this, that this ceremony is in itſelf very innocent: the reply is eaſy; that this can by no means juſtify the impoſition of it. The ceremony of waſhing of hands practiſed among the Jews immediately before eating, was as harmleſs in itſelf as any thing can be ſuppoſed to be: but when men preſumed to make a religious rite of this indifferent thing, and to eſtabliſh it as a neceſſary ceremony, our Saviour cenſured 'em for it after the ſevereſt manner: *Well hath Eſaias propheſied*, ſaith he, *of you hypocrites, as it is written, This people honours me with their lips, but their heart is*

is far from me. Howbeit, in vain do they worſhip me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men, Mark vii. 6, 7.

Nay, to refuſe the Lord's-ſupper to thoſe who are qualified for it according to the rules Chriſt and his apoſtles have left us, merely becauſe they think themſelves bound in conſcience to imitate, as near as they can, the geſture of our Saviour and his diſciples at the inſtitution of it, and therefore ſcruple kneeling on this occaſion; is to make an inſtitution, merely humane, not only of equal authority with the commands of God, but in ſome reſpects ſuperior to 'em: ſince it is pretended to have force and efficacy ſufficient to vacate the command of Chriſt, which directs that ſuch conſcientious perſons *(Rom.* xiv. 1.*) ſhould be received* to his ordinances, even when ſuppoſed to be *weak in the faith:* for the church of England refuſes to admit them to the Lord's-ſupper, tho Chriſt has given them a right to it. Now to refuſe it to perſons qualified for it, to ſuch as Chriſt himſelf allows and commands to be received to this privilege, is to be guilty of unjuſtly offending thoſe *for whom Chriſt died,* Rom. xiii. 15. 1 Cor. viii. 11.

It ſeems therefore highly reaſonable to refuſe to communicate with that church, which not only makes thoſe things neceſſary

ceſſary to communion which are not authoriz'd by him; but, by theſe impoſitions, ſets aſide the authority of ſome of his expreſs commands.

(3.) Again; the perverſion of the ordinance of the Lord's-ſupper in the church of England, by making it a civil teſt, is another thing that renders it unwarrantable for the members of our churches to communicate with them. For this is ſo great a proſtitution of this ordinance to ſiniſter ends, and ſo contrary to the original deſign of it; that many of the members of that church are themſelves not a little aſham'd of it, and look upon it as a profanation of the holy ſupper.

However 'tis well known, that 'tis very frequently adminiſter'd and received, to qualify men for civil and military employments. And perſons of very profligate lives are admitted to it for this end, tho they approach it with reluctancy; being convicted in their own conſciences that they are guilty of preſumption in receiving it; yet are afraid to decline it, becauſe of the pecuniary penalty the law impoſes on thoſe who exerciſe certain offices without this qualification. This has very much ſcandaliz'd a great number of good men of different perſuaſions: and as this practice is unlawful in itſelf;

ſo

ſo I take it to be one juſt reaſon for refuſing to have communion with that church which has ſo perverted this ſacred inſtitution; and that ſo generally, that every miniſter is obliged to give the ſacrament to this end, when an occaſion offers.

The end and deſign of this ſacred ſymbol is the principal thing to be regarded in it. This is, 1 Cor. xi. 29. *the diſcerning the Lord's body* by faith, in order to excite repentance, love to God, hope, thankfulneſs, *&c.* in our ſouls. Now if another deſign be added to this, which is of a ſecular nature, and which many of the communicants have principally in view; *viz.* that of qualifying them for offices in the ſtate; I think it ſo great an abuſe, that this alone would juſtify refuſal to communicate with that church that orders it to be adminiſtred and received to ſuch a purpoſe.

It was a perverſion of the deſign of the Lord's ſupper, in the church of *Corinth*, and a diſorderly reception of it by perſons unprepared for that ſolemnity, that drew down the judgments of God upon them, and render'd it dangerous for them to approach the holy table again without deep repentance and other ſentiments concerning that ordinance than thoſe they had before.

(4.) A-

(4.) Again; let it be conſidered that every man ought to propoſe ſome good end to himſelf, even in the common actions of life, much more in the ſacred exerciſes of religion. Now I can't ſee any good end thoſe of our communion can propoſe to themſelves, in communicating with the church of England; while they have the privilege of enjoying this ordinance of the Lord's-ſupper in ſuch churches as they believe are rightly conſtituted, and adminiſtred after ſuch a manner as is agreeable to their own ſentiments.

The urgency of a caſe of neceſſity can't be pleaded, while they can enjoy this ordinance in churches of the primitive form, and celebrated according to the inſtitution of Chriſt.

Nor can the deſign of promoting charity be reaſonably pretended in this caſe; ſince it is notorious that the practice of occaſional conformity, in this reſpect, has ſcandaliz'd a great part of the members of the church of England to a very great degree; and has given them occaſion to repreſent the diſſenters as hypocrites, and as men capable of ſacrificing their conſciences to their temporal intereſt. And it is as evident that this practice has given great offence alſo to a great number of the diſſenters, eſpecially thoſe of the independent

dependent form, and particularly to thoſe of our communion; ſince 'tis utterly inconſiſtent with our principles, as has been made appear before. So that inſtead of promoting charity, this practice is an occaſion of ſcandal on both ſides.

(5.) Conſidering the great difference there is between the principles of our congregations, and thoſe of the church of England, in the points above-mention'd, and many other things; if our people ſhould communicate with them at the Lord's ſupper after this manner, it is obvious that this would naturally tend to make them indifferent in matters of religion, and regardleſs of the commands of God in things relating to his worſhip. For if men may be allowed to join in the ſtricteſt acts of communion with a church whoſe very conſtitution is contrary to the appointment of our Saviour; this will eaſily open a way for the impoſition of new innovations, and a ſervile compliance with them: whereas God has ſtrictly prohibited both an addition to, and diminution from his inſtitutions, *Deut.* xii. *ult.*

The conſequence of this would be, to put an effectual bar to all reformation for the future, and to diſſolve thoſe churches that are formed after the primitive pattern: ſince, if it be lawful to

communicate with the church of England in the ordinance of the Lord's-ſupper, which is one of the ſtricteſt acts of communion, as we have obſerved before; it will eaſily be infer'd, that that church may be complied with in leſſer matters; eſpecially when a man is prompted to it by his ſecular intereſt, which generally lies on the ſide of the eſtabliſh'd church.

Now ſince the purity of divine worſhip and diſcipline are in the holy ſcripture repreſented to us as matters of the greateſt moment, and worthy our ſtricteſt care; and no church has power to hinder us from worſhipping God after ſuch a manner as we think moſt agreeable to his will: it is evident, that we ought to employ our intereſt, and whatever talents God has given us, to promote the honour of his name in his worſhip, and to diſpoſe the minds of men to reform that as well as other things, according to the rule of his word; and, conſequently, to do what in us lies, to ſupport thoſe ſocieties of chriſtians, who moſt ſtrictly adhere to the divine inſtitutions, and refuſe to ſtoop to the arbitrary impoſitions of men in matters of religion.

If theſe arguments had not that degree of evidence I preſume they have, but ſhould only come into the rank of thoſe that are termed probable; I think they might

might well determine the practice of thoſe of our communion, as to the matter in debate.

For certainly, it is much better for them to communicate with thoſe whoſe conſtitution they are perfectly ſatisfied is of divine appointment, than to venture to join themſelves, tho but occaſionally, to a church which they believe to be only of human inſtitution, and the form of which is not to be found in the holy ſcripture; eſpecially when the natural conſequences of this, which have been ſpecified above, are duly conſidered.

Nay, if all that has been ſaid ſhould amount to no more than only to make it doubtful, whether the practice under conſideration is lawful or not; yet even this were ſufficient to decide the queſtion: ſince it is plain, that a man ought, in religious matters eſpecially, to chuſe the ſafeſt ſide; rather to receive the Lord's ſupper, for inſtance, in a communion with which he is intirely ſatisfied, than to go with a mind perplexed with doubts and ſcruples, to communicate with a church whoſe conſtitution he believes to rely merely on human authority; whoſe ceremonies are the inventions of men, and the impoſition of them directly contrary to the word of God, and to chriſtian liberty. I ſay, if a man only doubts of the lawfulneſs of communicating with ſuch a

church, this doubt ought to determine him to forbear it: for in ſuch caſes, according to the apoſtle, *whatſoever is not of faith is ſin*, Rom. xiv. *ult.*

To conclude, Sir, if by endeavouring brevity in theſe papers, I have happen'd in any thing to be obſcure, I ſhall be willing to explain myſelf more fully when I have the honour to ſee you. In the mean time, I heartily recommend you, and all the hopeful branches of your family, to the divine grace and protection. I am,

SIR,

Your ſincere friend,

and obliged humble ſervant,

J. S.

FINIS.